# THE Hudson REVIEW

JOSEPH BENNETT:
*From an Indian Diary*

CAROLYN KIZER:
*Pakistan Journal*

JOAO CABRAL DE MELO NETO:
*The Dog Without Feather—a long poem*

GUY DAVENPORT:
*The Antiquities of Elis—a story*

ULLI BEIER:
*Literature in New Guinea*

*Versions from Quechua by* W. S. MERWIN,
*and from Chinese by* JEROME P. SEATON.

*Articles and Reviews by* PATRICK CRUTTWELL, MARVIN MUDRICK, B. H. HAGGIN, VERNON YOUNG, WILLIAM DICKEY, JOHN SIMON, HAYDEN CARRUTH, ROGER SALE, CHARLES W. MILLARD, EARL MINER.

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# Letters to the Editor

Dear Sir:

A certain reckless rhetoric and imprecision was to be expected from a High Poundian like Mr. Guy Davenport in his review of my *Life of Ezra Pound* (THE HUDSON REVIEW, Winter 1970-71). Together with the anecdotes and knowingness they are the badges of his office and to be accepted as such. But the true nature of his undertaking is revealed on page 756 in his statements about my earlier book *Reading the Cantos:*

> I have a feeling that if I were to tell Mr. Stock that Longfellow's "footprints in the sands of time" is an image derived from Hugh Miller's geological studies of the old red sandstone, he would feel a sharp disappointment that Longfellow did not make that clear, and complain that if one has to have such inside information, then the poem is a failure. Longfellow had no intention of preserving in his poem the geological fact that instigated it.

As anyone knows who has read my *Reading the Cantos* the following is what I say there, time and time again: 1) In so far as Ezra Pound does in his cantos what Longfellow does with Miller in his "footsteps" there is no problem, we enjoy the poetry; and 2) The *Cantos* is a failure because Pound too often gives us only a passage or fragment or page number from some document like Miller's geological report; he fails, that is, to turn it into poetry.

Lest the innocent reader think this letter part of a scholastic contest over some subtle point of literary interpretation, allow me to quote, for comparison with Mr. Davenport above, the following passage from page 34 of *Reading the Cantos:*

> If comparisons will aid, let us look at Saint John Perse's *Anabasis.* It, too, is a poem including history. But we notice the difference immediately. He has subjected the history to the poem, and it is the poetic unity that is paramount. Everything: tone, story, images are turned into poetry. And if, tomorrow, all the history on which it is based is found to be defective, the clay tablets wrongly interpreted, or the whole formed out of a mistaken identification of several periods and places, our reading of it would not be affected in the slightest, for the Stranger, the City, the sights, smells and sounds, formed by the poet out of history and human activity, are real now at another level of being.

This idea is repeated in various ways throughout the book where it is applied to Pound's text and illustrated by numerous examples.

*Toledo, Ohio* NOEL STOCK

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Dear Sir:

To assert, as Mr. Stock does in his *Reading the Cantos,* that Ezra Pound cannot write and that Hugh Kenner cannot read, and to entertain the notion that *The Cantos* are "a work which nobody has yet shown any signs of understanding" is so curious a critical position that I don't know whether I am more appalled by the negative emptiness of it or by its obvious uselessness to the innocent reader who is otherwise an object of Mr. Stock's solicitude.

But my review was not of Mr. Stock's book on *The Cantos* but of his biography of Pound, which seems to me to treat its subject with less than adequate comprehension of the arts in our century, and with an unsubstantial idea of Pound's achievement as a poet. Biographies, before they became scientifically disinterested and monumentally trivial, were written with admiration and displayed their subjects as models to emulate. Mr. Stock has revived a form useful to Bunyan and the satirists but never before, to my knowledge, used for a poet. He has written literary history's first cautionary biography.

GUY DAVENPORT

*Lexington, Kentucky*

Dear Sir:

It is difficult to follow the logic of Mr. Mudrick's pettish and irascible review of Ada Louise Huxtable's book (THE HUDSON REVIEW, Vol. XXIII, No. 4, Winter 1970-71). Since he nowhere comes to grips with the issues with which she deals in these reprinted pieces from *The New York Times,* one gets the impression that it is she—and not the issues she discusses—who is the real object of his spleen.

There are some seventy-five separate pieces in her book. Considering the fact that they were all written for a newspaper, under the pressure of all that that entails, they seem to me to have worn remarkably well. In this book, they are grouped by subject matter and not chronologically: This organization conceals the very quality which has most impressed me about Mrs. Huxtable's work for the *Times* in the eight years she has been its architectural critic—namely, the steady maturation of both her esthetic and her socio-cultural perspectives.

It is easy enough to take exception to her literary style, which may on occasion be a bit flowery; or to chide her for covering this story while ignoring that one. But no one who is familiar with the stormy backgrounds of many of these stories can deny the courage with which she has tackled them or the intelligence and accuracy of her research and reporting. I have the feeling that the patronizing jocularity of Mr. Mudrick's review is designed to conceal his own hard-nosed and reactionary attitude towards just these contemporary problems in architecture and urbanism. His defense of the right of American building

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consumers to reject Mrs. Huxtable's effete concern for their sensibilities sounds close to Spiro Agnew's recent concern for another sort of silent majority.

Is he literally opposed to every cause which Mrs. Huxtable espouses? She praises dozens of buildings which she considers successful and criticizes many others which she rates as failures for which she offers perfectly cogent reasons. Is it possible to disagree with every one of her judgments, as Mudrick pretends? Does he approve of the wanton destruction of historic landmarks which is the source of widening concern to Americans everywhere? Does he approve of the collapse of public mass transit and its replacement by a madly-spiralling chaos of automotive traffic? Would he actually be in favor of the destruction of historic centers like the Vieux Carre by an iron maiden of elevated highways? Or, to put it another way, does he consider the citizens of San Francisco effete in stopping such an attack on their waterfront in mid-air and demanding that the built portion be wrecked? Is he really prepared to defend everything that speculative builders put up? Or, contrariwise, does he feel that responsible landlords, like those of the Seagram Building, should be penalized for having erected *too handsome* a building?

In reading Mr. Mudrick's review of *Will They Ever Finish Bruckner Boulevard?* I had a queasy feeling of déjà-vu. Where had one met this particular form of swashbuckling populism, this jousting with un-American strawmen? Where else but in the H. L. Mencken of half a century ago, with his radical-sounding crusade against the booboisie? Unfunny then and unfunny now: Mrs. Huxtable may well share with other critics some errors in judgment or lapses in taste. But, on the record, her point of view seems to me far more viable than that displayed by her current reviewer. The discrepancy between the great potentials and the actual accomplishments of American architecture—the central theme of all these essays—is too serious and too poignant to be entrusted to Mr. Mudrick's bumptious handling.

JAMES MARSTON FITCH
School of Architecture
Columbia University

*New York, New York*

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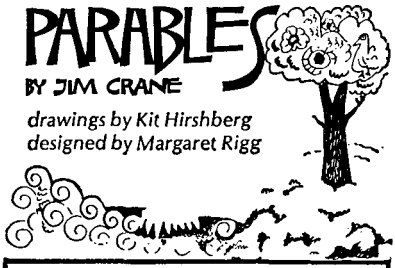
## *Notes on Contributors*

W. S. MERWIN's most recent books are *The Carrier of Ladders* (poems) and *The Miner's Pale Children* (prose); both are published by Atheneum. His Quechua poems in this issue were adapted from Spanish versions. Mr. Merwin is currently living in Mexico.

JOAO CABRAL DE MELO NETO*, considered by many critics the most important living Brazilian poet, was born in Recife in 1920. He has served for many years in the Brazilian diplomatic corps; after holding the position of Consul General in Barcelona, he was recently transferred to Asunción, Paraguay. His *Poesias Completas (1940-1965)* was published in Rio de Janeiro by Editôra Sabiá. THOMAS COLCHIE* is a specialist in Luso-Brazilian literature, who lives in New York City. He has recently been commissioned by the Center for Inter-American Relations to translate Cabral's poem-play, *Death and Life of Severino* (1956). Mr. Colchie will spend the next year in Lis-

*(Continued on page 118)*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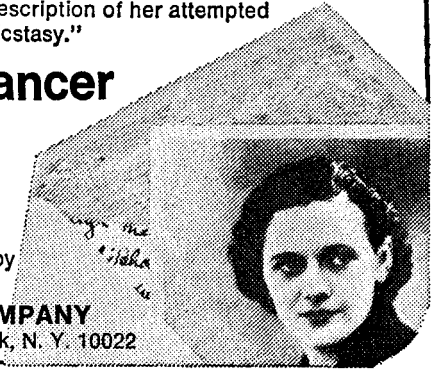

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W. S. MERWIN

# Eight Quechua Poems

I *Prayer*

O you

from whom it came
comes
you
lord of what is

whether you're
a man
whether you're
a woman
lord
of what's born

whatever you are
lord of the sight beyond

where are you

you above at this moment
you below at this moment

presence
throne sceptre
shining around them

hear
me

maybe the sky is your floor
maybe the sea is your roof
maker of above and below

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as we are you made us
lord above lords

my eyes are weak
with longing to see you
only with longing
to know you

make it be
that I see you
make it be
that I know you
make it be
that I hold you in my thought
make it be
that you are clear in my mind

look at me
for you know me

sun and moon
day and night
spring and winter
you set them in order
you

from whom it came
comes
all of them run
the course you marked out for them
all of them reach
the goal you set for them
wherever you wanted it

you bearing
the king's scepter

hear me
choose me

do not let me grow tired
do not let me die

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II *Prayer*

You

from whom the universe came
from whom the universe came

you
who made it everything

burn alone
alone only you
in the night that is my heart

when dawn comes let it show me
the joy of your eyes

when the wind
comes let it warm me with
your breath

let your hand that gives
be held out forever

and what you want forever
be the only
flower

III *Prayer*

Come closer truth from above us
truth from below us

who made the form of the world

you
who let it all exist

who alone made man

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ten times with eyes full of darkness
I must worship you

saying Brightness

stretched out before you

look at me
lord
notice me

and your rivers your waterfalls
your birds

give me your
life
all you can

help me to call
with your voices

even now we taste
the joy of your will
and we remember it all
we are happy

even so we are filled
as we go away
as we go

IV *Herder's Song*

I wish for a llama
with a gold coat
like the sun's

strong as love
soft as the cloud dissolving
at daybreak

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from its hair I'd make
a knotted cord

the knots counting
the moons going
the flowers dying

V

Joy in your mouth
joy on your tongue
all day
and tonight

you will fast
and later you will sing like a lark

then it may be that in our joy
in the smiling upon us

from some place in the world
the one who made us

the lord of the powers
will hear you

Ho

he will say to you

and wherever you are
you will live
forever

with no other lord

you will be

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VI

I'm bringing up a fly
with golden wings
bringing up a fly
with eyes burning

it carries death
in its eyes of fire
carries death
in its golden hair
in its gorgeous wings

in a green bottle
I'm bringing it up

nobody knows
if it drinks

nobody knows
if it eats

at night it goes wandering
like a star

wounding to death
with red rays
from its eyes of fire

it carries love
in its eyes of fire
flashes in the night
its blood
the love it bears in its breast

insect of night
fly bearing death

in a green bottle
I'm bringing it up

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I love it
that much

but nobody
no
nobody knows

if I give it to drink
nobody knows if I feed it

VII

My mother brought me to life
ay
in a rain cloud
ay
like rain to weep
ay
like rain to go around
ay
passing from door to door
ay
like a feather in the air
ay

VIII

When you find you're alone on the island in the river
your father won't be there
to call you
aloo
my daughter

your mother won't be able
to reach you
aloo
my daughter

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only the royal duck will stay near you
with the rain in its eyes
with tears of blood
        with the rain in its eyes
        tears of blood

and even the royal duck will leave you
when the waves of the river
        boil
when the waves
        race on the river

but then I'll go and stay near you
singing
        I'll steal her young heart
        on the island

        her young heart
        in the storm

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JOAO CABRAL DE MELO NETO

# The Dog Without Feather

*For Joaquim Cardozo, Poet of the Capibaribe*

I

*(Landscape of the Capibaribe)*

The city is entered by the river
the way a street
is entered by a mongrel;
a fruit
by a sword.

The river suggests now
the smooth tongue of a dog,
now the sad stomach of a dog,
now the other river's
dark, filthy fabric
in the eyes of a dog.

That river
is like a dog without feather—
knew nothing about the blue rain,
about the rose-colored fountains,
about water from a glass of water
about pitcher-water,
about freshwater fish,
about the breeze in water.

It knew about crabs
of silt and rustiness.
Knew about mud
like a mucous membrane.
Must have known about octopus.
Knew infallibly
about the febrile woman who inhabits oysters.

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That river
never opens itself to fish,
to brightness,
to the uneasiness of knives
that there is in fish.
Never opens itself in fish.

Opens itself in flowers
poor and black
like negroes.
Opens itself in a flora
filthy and so beggarly
the way the negro beggars are.
Opens itself in mangroves
with leaves, hard and kinky
like a negro.

Smooth like the belly
of a fecund bitch,
the river grows
without ever bursting.
It gives birth,
the river, fluid and invertebrate,
like a bitch.

And I've never seen it boil
(the way bread,
when fermenting, boils).
In silence,
the river carries its poor fecundity,
pregnant with black land.

Gives itself in silence:
in gelations of black land,
in capes of black land,
in boots or gloves of black land
for the foot or the hand
that immerses itself.

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The way at times
it happens with dogs,
the river would seem to stagnate.
Its waters would flow then
more dense and moody;
flow with the motions
dense and moody
of a snake.

It had something, then,
of that stagnation of a cretin.
Something of that stagnation
of the hospital, of the penitentiary, of asylums,
of the filthy and suffocating life
(filthy and suffocating clothes)
where it came crawling along.

Something of that stagnation
of corrupted palaces,
eaten
by mist and mistletoe.
Something of that stagnation
of the fat trees
dripping the myriad sugars
of Pernambuco dining rooms,
—where it came crawling along.

(It is there,
but with backs to the river,
that "the great spiritual families" of the city
crack the obese eggs
of their prose.
In the roundish peace of kitchens,
how they stir viciously
their caldrons
of viscous indolence.)

Are those waters
the fruit of some tree?

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Why did that water
seem ripe?
Why the flies above it, always,
as if about to land?

Did that river
gush happily somewhere?
Was it a song or a fountain
somewhere?
Why then had its eyes
been painted blue
on maps?

II

*(Landscape of the Capibaribe)*

Within the landscape
the river flowed
like a sword of heavy liquid.
Like a dog
humble and heavy.

Within the landscape
(flowed)
of men planted in the mud;
of houses of mud
planted in islands
coagulated in the mud;
landscape of amphibians
of mud and mud.

Like the river,
those men
are like dogs without feather.
(A dog without feather
is more
than a dog devastated;

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is more
than a dog assassinated.
A dog without feather
is when a tree without voice.
Is when from a bird
its roots in the air.
Is when for something
they scrape so deep-
down to what it has not).

The river knew
about those men without feather.
Knew
about their beards exposed,
about their sorrowful hair
of shrimp and hemp.

It knew as well
about the great warehouses alongside the quays,
where all
is an immense door
without doors,
wide open
to the horizons that smell of gasoline.

And knew
about the gaunt city of cork,
where rawboned men,
where bridges, rawboned dwellings
(everyone wears
hopsacking clothes)
dry up
to their thickest whitewash crust.

But it understood better
the men without feather.
These
dry up
even further

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beyond their innermost whitewash layer;
even further
beyond their straw;
further
beyond the straw of their hat;
further
even
beyond the shirt they have not;
much further beyond the name
even written on the sheet
of the driest paper.

Because it is in those waters
that they are lost
(slowly
and without sharpness).
There they are lost
(the way a needle is not lost).
There they are lost
(the way a clock is not broken).
There they are lost
the way a mirror is not broken.
There they are lost
the way water is lost from spilling:
without the sharp teeth
with which suddenly
in a man is severed
the cord of man.

In that water,
slowly,
they are being lost
in mud; in a mud
which little by little
also knows not speaking:
which little by little
gathers the defunct gestures
of the mud;
the sticky blood,
the paralytic eye
of the mud.

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In the landscape of the river
it is hard to know
where the river begins;
where the mud
begins from the river;
where the land
begins from the mud;
where the man,
where the skin
begins from the mud;
where begins the man
in that man.

It is hard to know
whether that man
is no longer
more to this side of the man;
more to this side of the man
at least able to gnaw
the bones of a living;
able to let blood
in the plaza;
able to scream
if the grindstone chews his arm,
able
to have his life chewed
and not just
dissolved
(in that soft water
that softens his bones
the way it softened the stones).

III

*(Fable of the Capibaribe)*

The city is made fecund
by that sword
which spills itself,

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by that
moist gumming of sword.

At the end of the river
the sea stretches
like a shirt or sheet
across its skeletons
of washed sand.

(The way the river was a mongrel
the sea could be a banner
blue and white
unfurled
at the end of the course
—or the mast—of the river.

A banner
which might have had teeth:
since the sea is always
with its teeth and its scour
gnawing its beaches.

A banner
which might have had teeth:
like a pure poet
polishing skeletons,
like a pure rodent,
a pure policeman
elaborating skeletons,
the sea, with great care,
is always once-more-washing
its pure skeleton of sand.

The sea and its incense,
the sea and its acids,
the sea and the mouth of its acids,
the sea and its stomach,
which eats and eats itself,
the sea and its flesh
vitreous, like a statue,

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its silence attained
at the cost of always saying
the same thing,
the sea and its so-pure
professor of geometry.)

The river stands in fear of that sea
the way a mongrel
stands in fear of a door momentarily open,
the way a beggar fears
the church apparently open.

First,
the sea resists the river.
The sea refuses the river
its white sheets.
The sea refuses itself
to all in the river
which are flowers of land,
image of dog or beggar.

Then,
the sea invades the river.
The sea
wanting
to destroy in the river
its flowers of tumid land,
all in that land
which can grow and burst
like an island,
a fruit.

But before reaching the sea
the river lingers
in mangroves of stagnant water.
The river is joined
by other rivers
in a lagoon, in swamps
where, torpid, life boils.

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The river is joined
to other rivers.
Together
all the rivers
prepare for their struggle
of stagnant water,
for their struggle
of stagnant fruit.

(The way the river was a mongrel,
the way the sea was a banner,
those mangroves
are an enormous fruit:

The same mechanism
patient and useful
of a fruit,
the same force
invincible and anonymous
of a fruit
—still producing its sugar,
even after being severed—.

The way drop by drop
until the sugar,
drop by drop
until the crowns of land,
the way drop by drop
until a new plant,
drop by drop
until the sudden islands
emerging happily.)

IV

*(Discourse of the Capibaribe)*

That river
is in the memory

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like a living dog
inside a room.
Like a living dog
inside a pocket.
Like a living dog
underneath the covers,
under the shirt,
under the skin.

A dog, because it lives,
is sharp.
What is living
does not weaken.
What is living wounds.
Man,
because he lives,
collides with what is living.
To live
is to go into what is living.

What is living
discommodes life's
silence, the sleep, the body
that dreamed for itself
clothing cut from cloud.
What is living collides,
has teeth, edges, is heavy.
What is living is heavy
like a dog, a man,
like that river.

The way everything real
is heavy.
That river
is heavy and real.
The way an apple
is heavy.
The way a mongrel
is heavier than an apple.

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The way heavier
is the blood of the mongrel
than the mongrel itself.
The way heavier
is a man
than the blood of a mongrel.
The way much heavier
is the blood of a man
than the dream of a man.

Heavy
the way an apple is heavy.
The way an apple
is much heavier
if a man eats it
than if a man sees it.
The way it is even heavier
if famine eats it.
The way it is even much heavier
if unable to eat it
famine sees it.

That river
is heavy
like the most-heavy real.
Heavy
with its heavy landscape,
where famine
spreads its battalions of secret
and intimate ants.

And heavy
with its heavy legend;
with the flow
of its gelations of land;
giving birth
to its islands of black land.

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Because much heavier is
the life which unfolds
in more life,
the way a fruit
is heavier
than its flower,
the way the tree
is heavier
than its seed,
the way the flower
is heavier
than its tree,
etc., etc.

Heavy,
because heavier is
the life which is fought
every day,
the day which is gained
every day
(the way a bird is
striving every second
to conquer its flight).

—*Translated by Thomas Colchie*

# A Knife All Blade

Like a bullet
buried in flesh
weighting down one side
of the dead man,

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like a bullet
made of a heavier lead
lodged in some muscle
making the man tip to one side,

like a bullet fired
from a living machine
a bullet which had
its own heartbeat,

like a clock's
beating deep down in the body
of a clock who once lived
and rebelled,

clock whose hands
had knife-edges
and all the pitilessness
of blued steel.

Yes, like a knife
which had no sheath
which turned itself in a part
of your body,

a most intimate knife
only to be used inside you,
a knife that lives in the body
like the skeleton

of the man who owns it,
in pain, always in pain,
of the man who cut himself against
his own bones.

—*Translated by Galway Kinnell*

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# Weaving the Morning

One rooster does not weave a morning,
he will always need the other roosters,
one to pick up the shout that he
and toss it to another, another rooster
to pick up the shout that a rooster before him
and toss it to another, and other roosters
with many other roosters to criss-cross
the sun-threads of their rooster-shouts
so that the morning, starting from a frail cobweb,
may go on being woven, among all the roosters.

And growing larger, becoming cloth,
pitching itself a tent where they all may enter,
inter-unfurling itself for them all, in the tent
(the morning) which soars free of ties and ropes—
the morning, tent of a weave so light
that once woven it lifts itself through itself, ballooning of
light.

—*Translated by Galway Kinnell*

# The Emptiness of Man

The emptiness of man is not like
any other—not like an empty coat
or empty sack (things which do not stand up
when empty, such as an empty man),
the emptiness of man is more like fullness
in swollen things which keep on swelling,
the way a sack must feel
that is being filled, or any sack at all.

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The emptiness of man, this full emptiness,
is not like a sack of bricks' emptiness
or a sack of rivets', it does not have the pulse
that beats in a seed bag or bag of eggs.

The emptiness of man, though it resembles
fullness, and seems all of a piece, actually
is made of nothings, bits of emptiness,
like the sponge, empty when filled,
swollen like the sponge, with air, with empty air;
it has copied its very structure from the sponge,
it is made up in clusters, of bubbles, of non-grapes.
Man's empty fullness is like a sack
filled with sponges, and each sponge is filled with emptiness:
so man's emptiness, this swollen emptiness,
emptiness which swells the more for being empty.

—*Translated by Galway Kinnell*

# Cemetery in Pernambuco

*(St. Lawrence of the Woods)*

This is a marine cemetery
but marine of some other sea.
It was opened for the dead
drowned by the canefield.

The mounds in the dirt seem
waves of any sea—
even waves of sugarcane lapping,
far out, those whitewashed walls.

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Because the drifts of earth
seem waves of sea
they have no names: where
was a wave ever christened?

Marine also: because
what fallen crosses you see
are less crosses than masts
already half shipwrecked.

*—Translated by Jane Cooper*

# Cemetery in Pernambuco

*(Our Lady of Light)*

Nobody lies in this earth
because no river is at rest
in any other river, nor is the sea
a potter's field of rivers.

None of these dead men here
comes dressed in a coffin.
Therefore they are not buried
but spilled out on the ground.

Wrapped in the hammocks they slept in,
naked to sun and rain,
they come bringing their own flies.
The ground fits them like a glove.

Dead, they lived in the open air.
Today they inhabit live earth,
so much the earth's that the earth
does not feel their intrusion.

*—Translated by Jane Cooper*

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JOSEPH BENNETT

# From an Indian Diary

In the Bombay Gymkhana club, in former colonial days, the rich British merchants looked down enviously on the aristocratic but impecunious British administrators and military officers congregated in the rival Willingdon Club. Both institutions retain their imperial grandeur, without European membership. The brown *sahibs* of the Willingdon Club, the high civil officials and military grandees of Congress India, look scornfully today, from the pinnacle of their slim salaries and enormous power, down at the rich brown *sahibs* of the Bombay Gym, where the new India of the private sector, the giant native combines and international corporations, has its domain. The Tatas still head the Parsi groups, the more dynamic Birlas head the Marwaris; Lever, Shell, Burmah Oil, Dunlop, Findlay, Glaxo are the most prominent foreign corporations. The private sector is winning the economic battle, because it has logic, prosperity, the outside world and the future on its side. The public sector, centering on Mrs. Gandhi's close advisers, has a slightly Fabian, out-of-date air, as if it were an illustration of the socialist theory in a Shaw play, counterfoil to an Undershaft. The influence of public-ownership Oxbridge Fabianism on the intellectuals of Mrs. Gandhi's group is a palpable one today, an economic anachronism which makes the unwieldy Federal complex even more unwieldy, and makes the proliferation of "babus" a reproductive process. "Babu," the universal term for government clerks, means "gentleman"; it means one who has soft hands and polished nails and does no manual work; one who sits and has his shoes shined; one who has a starched, immaculate white shirt or garment; and, today, often a jacket and tie.

A few years ago, the Administrative Reforms Commission put the number of Government servants at six million; the bureaucrats, both in the States and at the Center multiply at the rate of six per cent a year. This means that, at the present population level of 535,000,000, if you are a male citizen between the ages of twenty-one and sixty, you have six chances in a hundred of

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joining the privileged class. If you are one of the unlucky ninety-four who are not selected, you must labor to support these "babus" by the sweat of your taxes. But the ambition of every Indian is to become a "babu"; many are the applicants and few are the positions; many are the intrigues and schemings and marriages, favors and substantial gifts, involved in the process of becoming a "babu." So exhausting is the gauntlet, so improbable the outcome, that success appears to come at the end of a lifetime of effort somehow telescoped into two or three short years of striving. Granted his ordeal, it is useless, and indeed painfully, rudely unkind, a raw brash Western-style breach of etiquette, to ask a babu to do any work once he has secured the job. He looks at you in surprise; his work is already done, it was expended in getting the job. The millions of bicycles all over India arrive at local, state and Federal government offices to clock in precisely on time; by half an hour to forty-five minutes later most have drifted off in vague directions; one clerk holds the desks of five or six. Again in the evening the truants all return to clock themselves out; the millions of cycles clog the roads.

Of the many hours spent in the anterooms and waiting rooms of "babus" in all parts of India, I select the most recent and the most typical—the central office of the State Bank of India, in Lucknow, capital of Uttar Pradesh, the largest state in India, with over 80,000,000 population. I arrive exactly at 10 A.M., the official bank opening time. Not a single babu is visible at any desk until 10:25, although floor sweepers and shoe-shine boys are in evidence. A few desks become occupied; shoes are shined; there is yawning; all are wearing white coats and black ties. The desk carrying the plaque, "Foreign Exchange," remains unoccupied. I protest, waving my small-denomination traveler's check. There are weary smiles, tolerant; there is an intramural discussion of cricket scores of the bank's cricket team. At 10:35 in response to my clamor, someone actually does sit down at the foreign exchange desk, but he seems unfamiliar with the appearance of traveler's checks, holding mine up to the light, comparing signatures with the passport signature, asking why the middle name is not given on the traveler's check also. Long streamers of attached pages covered with the visas of many of the countries of the world fall out of the passport, and those at other desks who

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had been discussing cricket scores cluster around to comment upon the exotic locales disclosed by the visas. The passport is passed from hand to hand. No one seems to have familiarity with traveler's checks. By 10:45 a few more desks fill up. The babu who had sat for a while at the foreign exchange desk goes back to his own desk, but en route disappears, with my passport in hand, to an inner area, where the suddenly opened door reveals a group of white-jacketed babus laughing and enjoying tea. They smile at me, from a protected distance. Time passes. At 10:55 a burst of laughter signifies a re-opening of the door and some of those inside the privileged area wave at me gaily. The babu who had sat briefly at the foreign exchange desk returns my passport with a sheaf of papers and a brass counter for presentation at the cashier's window, for payment. Then he returns to his own desk, where one of the shoe-shine boys still awaits him.

Meanwhile someone darts out of the inner room to occupy one of the ten or twelve empty cashier's wickets. He has heard about the visas and grabs the passport for an unhurried perusal of them. "What is your native place? Why did you come to Lucknow? What is your income? Do you have a car?" Two upper-class Hindu ladies, beautifully dressed, with handsome gold jewelry and speaking flawless English, have leapt forward, seeing one of the cashier's windows opened, to present drafts on the State Bank, duly certified, for payment. They are told to return, "after an hour." But in my case, he implies, money to exchange my $20 check will be forthcoming. The ladies return to their bench. After all, they are only Indians, and this is a babu. But I am a foreigner. At 11:10 I receive the money. "How much are you paying at your hotel? How much did your ticket to India cost?" Not only the banks, but the internal airlines, the post offices, the railways, the bus-system are babu-infested, as well as all specifically governmental and agricultural, all educational and university institutions, all state-owned enterprises (and they are vast). Each office, no matter what the ostensible nature of its business or responsibility, is run as a private club for the benefit of the lucky members.

The Federal superstructure lies uneasily and precariously across an amalgamation of mutually-hostile national states, who question

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the need for its existence, and occasionally actively oppose its right to exist at all. The self-determination of peoples erodes the Indian realm, and at times the outcries and protestations of Mrs. Gandhi and her advisers in Delhi seem as remote from India as those of the Emperor Karl in the Schonbrunn from the Austria-Hungary of 1918.

British New Delhi is one of the most beautiful cities in the world. To Lutyens (rather than Baker) must go the credit for its harmoniousness and other-worldliness. As the creator of Munstead Wood, and the other famous dream-houses, Deanery Garden and Papillon Hall in the English countryside, he brought the reveries of Barrie to rest in misty gables, high-pitched roofs, lavender walks and lily ponds. In British New Delhi he brought to being a dream-city of rosy stone, magical, as if borne on a cloud, worthy to be set down amongst the great pink ruins of Purana Qal'a, Humayun's tomb, the Qutb-Minar and Shah Jahan's fort and mosque. These encompass Lutyens' city and to them its green perspectives lead.

Delhi is a city of regrets and past utterances, of hopes and dreams and musings and mumblings. It is beautiful and unreal; Lutyens' fantasies and rotundas raise their pink domes against a winter sky of flawless blue, in endless perspectives of malls and flowers and lush verdure, circular avenues with pink Sanchi walls, Moghul fountains dripping in white marble, and Moghul gardens. Fittingly, it is the home of Fabianism, Federalism and the public sector; the seat of power of the Moghuls and the final British proconsuls. But it is in Bombay and Bangalore that India is making accommodation to the world of the present, and in the national, regional capitals which eventually will blot out the influence of Delhi politically, and ultimately destroy its revenue, so that its fountains stop, and its grass lawns return to sandy stubble once again, as in the time of Bahadur Shah, the last king of Delhi. The desert surrounds it, waiting. The skyscraper flats of high government servants stand out in the fields of tombs south of Lutyens' green city, watching the brown stubble and the crumbling Muslim domes over the graves of so many Muslim officials, of so many regimes, in every direction, from the time of the first of the eight cities, Qal'a Rai Pithora, 750 years ago. The water, and with it the grass, has never reached, will never

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reach here. Lutyens and the Moghuls created the gardens; the monuments of Delhi are all those of foreigners.

. . . . How pretentious and self-regarding Malraux's account of Elephanta is, how superficial his view of India, how slight and how brief his acquaintance with it. His preoccupation with politicians, with demonstrating his celebrities. He is an *arriviste* in more ways than one: he arrives, but does not stay. For contemplation, he substitutes a glance.

Elephanta is dazzling in the cool sunlight of early February: the boat-ride, the distant shores with the bulb of their nuclear station; the causeway, the long climb; and then the bright darkness of the cave, the *trimurti* lurking in the background, giving out its dark luminescence. One enters this vast room, with its instructive panels round about, transfixed by the central image in the rear: especially the tusks of Shiva the destroyer, the round ball of his third eye bulging on his forehead. Again, in a side panel, Shiva rings the bell in triumph, as he drains the blood of an evil demon into a bowl. On a perfect day one enters this room in the early morning, with the women going through to the right side to collect their cistern-water in brass pots. One does not emerge the same. Benares is explained, in the triple-faced context; one knows that Shiva is Lord of the Universe, and Shiva alone. Shiva the Nata-raja in the dance of creation; Shiva of death.

Of little significance is the abstract face of the bland Creator, Brahma; the jolly, reassuring Vishnu is a teller of tales: the pranks of Krishna, the bow-and-arrow exploits of Rama. But the vast process of the river at Benares: the bodies entering the water and entering the flame, the dance of the fakirs as they inhale into their lungs the smoke of the still-glowing coals of human vertebrae, raked from the fires; those insane eyes and thick beards, ash-colored bodies like abstracts of skeletons, the thick smoke of inhaled human bones pouring out gray from their mouths and nostrils yet they do not cough—Indian religion is the veneration of process and change, forms spinning about eternal patterns, in excrement and mud and filthy water. Bodies float in the Ganges, trussed up with hands behind backs, too poor to be burnt on the expensive pyres; released above the Holy City they float downward wrapped in yards of white cotton, tiny, aged, female; they bump

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against the banks of the ghats; crows take up their stations on them; boatmen fend them off; crows piercing the belly grasp the tip of the intestine and pull it out, cawing; spectators gaze idly from the banks; it is the crow which is the holy bird of India, not the vulture; at Benares the crow performs essential services to Shiva.

Cremations are expensive; there are only one hundred-fifty per day; good wood must be used, and perfumes; the litter-bearers run singing joyously through the streets, scattering flowers, crying *"Ráma nám, a sáti hái";* the scrawny toes of the washed, aged corpse stick out of the white clothes of the litter. The old in easy circumstances come to Benares to die, to spend the last year or two of their lives, in countless eyrie apartments, the most prized those above the Ganges facing the sunrise; if one dies within the circuit of the Panch Koshi pilgrimage around the city, one goes direct to heaven, regardless of one's misdeeds, without awkward, unnecessary and often humiliating (such as dog or insect) incarnations. The tall mosques above Benares on the sacred west bank proclaim the futility of Allah; the British cut down the minarets of one, to save them; the other, rising out of a solidly sculptured Hindu temple near the Vishwanath, holiest of Benares temples, stands empty with its cheap white stucco onion domes amid the gentle, rambling, defecating cows and the gentle, fluttering hordes of fragile, flower-bearing, chanting pipe-stem-thin people who mill back and forth around the sacred pilgrimage points burning coconut oil, carrying offerings of hot glutinous sugar-streaming grains.

Allah is an abstract bubble, best seen in deserts, or at imperial courts; necessitous of architects. Allah appealed to the viceroys, the British proconsuls, whose Lord God of Hosts came more and more to resemble him; the Italian baroque of the Victoria Memorial in Calcutta becomes Lord Curzon's monument to Allah, by the white marble of its material, and the bulbous domes of its construction, another garden-tomb like the Taj, or Humayun's, Akbar's or Jahangir's. The British sympathy for Moghul monuments is evident in the Anglo-Persian style of their trading centers, Bombay and Madras and Calcutta; the Jesus of their sham-Gothic plaster Anglican cathedrals has the bland face of a model colonial administrator: deferential, polite, industrious, self-

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effacing, unselfish; a younger son who has done credit to an aristocratic family.

A good place to put tombs in, mainly of military men felled before their time, these Anglican cathedrals; one thinks of the pathetic British cemetery on the esplanade at Trincomalee, the great outpost of Britian's sea-power; one hundred years of mainly bowel and fever interments, baroque obelisks and giant pillars weathering quickly out of stucco into brick and brick into dust, cows and small boys wandering about at will. The British, continuing with Allah, built tombs; only in Kerala did Christianity in a mystical and fecundating sense take root, first in Syrian, then in Roman Catholic form. And was not Curzon's endless repetition of Victoria statues the most blasphemous of acts: the representation of Allah not only in a carven shape, but in female form? Except in Bangalore, Victoria is in the back yards of museums, along with her son and grandson; the sole remaining example in Bombay stands in front of the museum he founded as Prince of Wales, and shows George V in a more-than-usually knock-kneed aspect; this candor of the sculptor perhaps accounting for the statue's temporary preservation.

As to what has replaced Victoria in public statuary, that is easy to see. Not Shiva, not the terrifying face of Benares and the tusked, forehead-eye-bulging image of Elephanta, but the peaceful reassuring shape of Vishnu, with all his legends and stories and gentle games and dreams. Vishnu appears in a new form, not as fish, tortoise, boar or lion, dwarf or Rama or Krishna, nor in his most recent form, as Buddha; but in the tenth, and long-awaited incarnation, as Great Soul. Kalki, who is to usher in the millennium, should have ridden a white horse; instead he appeared in an unexpected form. Even for the sculptor accustomed to the grotesqueness of polymorphic Vaishnavite iconography, the graphic depiction of the Great Soul presents difficulties. An emaciated physical structure, like that of the fasting Gandhara Buddha of Lahore, complete with *dhoti,* must be joined to enormous spectacles and a large walking-staff. Furthermore, the figure must be seen to be striding vigorously forward. The fully-emaciated image, intended to represent benevolence, and often silvered over with paint, assumes a frightening hideousness in city squares and country towns. If there was ever a public figure for

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whom sculpture should be banned as a means of commemoration, it is the Great Soul. But now that twenty-two years have passed since his martyrdom, there is a tendency for Gandhi to revert to the sculptural norm: he is plumping out, developing calves and thighs, and definitely, in the enormous, silvered new Pondicherry statue, biceps. The Pondicherry statue is remarkable, for it makes the first artistic memorial of the transition of a mortal into immortal hero and saint.

The head and shoulders of the torso are surrounded by a horseshoe halo of bright electric bulbs, in Italian style. The walking staff has become more ornamental, and regal; more sceptre-like. The spectacles, particularly, have changed markedly toward becoming a pleasing, decorative element, a point at which the sculptor can exercise his own whimsicality and frivolity, like the groups of tiny peasants and farm animals in the rear perspectives of Flemish painting. It is easy to imagine that in a hundred years the walking staff will have become a magnificently carved caduceus, and the spectacles a type of intricate double-rosette ornament, rich with floral motifs in gold, like the sumptuous over-eyes ornaments worn by Red-tati characters in the Kerala Kathakali dances, re-enacting the lives of the gods and ancient semi-divine heroes in a richly symbolic manner. The Gandhiji (the "*ji*" being merely the conventional "respected sir" in common mortal use) will appear with the full, rounded contours of the sculpture of Rama and Krishna, in costumes as rich as theirs, with functions as useful. The Quoit and Conch, symbols of Vishnu, will appear above the transformed walking staff and spectacles, necessitating an additional pair of arms, and he will become the long-expected tenth avatar, Kalki without a horse, of the god who is destined to appear, like the Mahdi and the Messiah, before the end of the world. The previous avatar was the ninth, Gautama Buddha, who also appeared in historical times, some 2500 years earlier, with equally unfortunate sculptural results, but with the opposite deformity, obesity, in most conventional images.

Certainly for the Hindu Mahdi, for the tenth avatar, the Gandhi memorial at Cape Comorin, where his ashes were consigned to the sea at the southernmost tip of the subcontinent, is the worst insult that a supposedly grateful and architecturally sophisticated (think of Agra and Konarak) nation could create

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to crucify their Messiah aesthetically. Take a child's idea of a mosque made of cream cake with flagpole *deul* towers covered with icing, cut out from it cookie-cutter holes in the shape of bells, surround these holes with garish color-borders, and the whole has the effect of a giant home for the Old Lady Who Lived in a Shoe, particularly if child visitors are peeping out of the bell-hole towers. Bureaucracy in action.

In the cities the patriots who have knocked down the bronze and marble statues of the King and Queen Emperors and replaced them with the images of political leaders could profit from the example of Constantine and the later Roman Emperors who prudently and economically substituted their own heads for those of their predecessors, in the process preserving works which today are of immense cultural value. One felt this particularly when the lovely bronze of Queen Alexandra in Bombay went; she was remarkably similar in physique and style to Mrs. Gandhi; and the substitution of Mme. Indira's comely head for her crowned one would have been a pleasant and tasteful mode of recognizing continuity in progress, as well as a saving for a public economy faced with hunger and periodic starvation. Mme. Indira could provide a substitute as well for Victoria, sitting as she does by the thousands in back yards, still undecapitated. Nehru would sit well on Edward VII's shoulders, the Nehru jacket being not unlike the upper decoration-blooming part of Edward's robes; Shastri could replace the head of George V, if not the knock-knees. The stately shoulders of Victoria, the Paris-fattened corpulence of Edward VII; surely they can be put to good use by a parsimonious state.

Madurai: dusty, disorganized, humorous, an overgrown village swollen to half a million. The second-class tourist bungalow teeming with humanity, the usual half-naked caste-conscious plumpies barging around in half of a sheet asking questions: what is your native place? The public life of a Hindu hotel. Swinging doors cover half of the entrance to the rooms, but closing them merely produces heads on tiptoe, looking over. Facing the heat, after a two-hour rest. Removing the sandals, but the temple floors are filthy. The huge gopuram-towers of this giant, living temple swarm with lividly-colored plaster figures, constantly renewed, vulgarities of a Hindu cartoonist. The gaunt figures of the low-

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caste, purifying themselves in the tank. A silly western girl with long blond tresses dawdling, in Punjabi pants costume (beloved of westerners), near the Hindu-only enclosure, peeking in. Flapping with odd bits of cotton cloth the devotees trot around the large cage containing the black, oiled effigies of the nine planets. The enclosure reeks with incense, the black granite images gleam with the daily application of ghee. Night-time, romantic in the guide-books from the days of coconut-oil lamps, complete with reflections on effigies and water-tanks, has been spoiled by neon-tube lighting. Only in Quilon in Kerala, with the full moon, at the Krishna festival on April 14th, when the electricity failed, and the elephant and maiden procession came into the compound bearing the flashing lights, was the magic of earlier years recaptured—the gleaming gilded pillars, the Brahmin swaying atop the elephant, the semi-amateur country-style Kathakali, begun by the light of coconut alone. When the lights came on, all and suddenly, brutally, it was a sadistic wrench from a dream of classical India to the neon-lit reality of today's public-address-system religion.

And one remembered that just before the current failed, there had been a rendition of Western-style rock-and-roll music from the same platform, garishly amplified, where the Brahmin had harangued the crowd and the Kathakali now played.

A shock at Cheruthuruthy, in Kerala, the center of the classical tradition of Kathakali, in all its purity, to find neon tubes and public-address used, in that small enclosure. To which question the utterly dedicated Director replied that it was to enable all the people, more people, to enjoy it more fully. Always the same excuse for the corruption of ancient ways, the loss of magic to propagation.

Orissa: a broken trident tops the *deul* tower of the great Shiva-temple of Bhubaneswar, a symbol of discontinuity, of the interruption of life. Within, the Lord of the Three Worlds is represented by a block of granite eight feet in diameter, which is bathed daily in water, milk and liquid butter; its differently shaded sections, reminiscent of Elephanta, represent Brahma, Vishnu and Shiva. The divinity must be dressed, fed, have its teeth washed, etc., daily. The hordes of pilgrims on their way to the Krishna temple of Puri, the Lord Jagannath and his jolly wooden dolls,

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and his wonderful tales and pranks, stop here to be reminded of their end. A few miles away, at Konarak, pilgrims still worship the sun. The gargantuan Konarak temple, un-Indian and seemingly a piece of contemporary Angkor transported across the Bay of Bengal, is alive one day each year with devotees who worship the sun at its rising from the sea. One hears them this morning in procession chanting on their way to the shore in the pre-dawn hours; then by the thousands they file past the proud basalt image of Surya the Sun, with its broken hands, meant for carrying full-blown lotus flowers. They leave offerings of flowers before the image, while their hot actual lord, having risen in their presence from the sea, burns their heads and shoulders from above. Then they file through a shed to worship the nine statues of the *navagraha;* the sun, the moon, the five inner planets, the rising moon, and, in a terrific aspect, the waning moon. A fair is held the night before; the worship of the rising sun here long antedates the construction of the temple around 1200 A.D.; some believe it to be the most ancient religious observance existing in India today.

Those same rajahs of Puri who today head the vast enterprise that is the Puri Jagannath temple dismantled much of the Konarak temple to adorn their own profitable one. What is left was saved by the British as an aid to navigation,—the Black Pagoda of Konarak, coming after the white one of Puri, giving merchant sailing vessels the necessary bearings on the difficult tacking up the sandy, treacherous coast to the mouths of the Hooghly and Calcutta. From all over India, the 20,000 temple servants escort groups of pilgrims to the Puri temple; most have never seen the sea before. Young and old, sturdy and weak, they are seized by the thin black fishermen and plunged helplessly into the terrifying surf, where they fear Jagannath may let them drown. Only after the purifying salt-water bath can they approach the Puri temple, along the lengthy road, a via dolorosa of India's most grotesque paralytics, epileptics, lepers and limbless torsos. Leprosy is here raised to an art of deterioration, as is the art of presenting filthy ancient bandages; the most successful and dynamic torso is one, minus all four limbs, that writhes its black abdominal muscles and fleshy thigh-stumps in a dance accompanied by drums while the head is covered with a burlap sack.

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At the least the advancing pilgrim must carry a pound or two of uncooked rice, which he drops grain by grain into the outstretched bowls. But coins are expected—the money changers convert the rupee notes into small cents at a commission of 10%; this is regulated by the temple which takes a weekly fee from the concessionaires, and controlled against outsiders by the police. The police station half way along the 1½ mile track of the via dolorosa suddenly erupts in activity: a fracas has broken out. Each beggar, each nursing mother, each trachoma-eyed child with flies nibbling at its eyes, each mutilated body and each vaudeville of leprosy has its assigned post along the street of charity, often handed down in the same family of beggars, and under rigid control by the temple. But a maverick beggar, a non-conformist, or a newcomer, is moving with the pilgrims; he is ambulatory, he covers and obscures the static posts of stationary sufferers as he bounds along beside the pilgrims soliciting the alms that rightfully belong to those fixed at the roadside. Then Jesus appears on earth: miracles occur; the sick arise, the dead walk. Lepers leap from their pallets with hidden reserves of strength; mothers fling their babes away; those without arms or legs roll in the dust to bite the spoiler's shins and feet; those with arms rend his flesh with their nails, standing on their stumps like crazed dwarfs; those with legs, but no arms, kick at him savagely. He falls to the dust, bloodied and set upon; the white-clad pilgrims shy away. The police rescue him to the lock-up.

Inside the temple enclosure, vast quantities of special rice, from the god's own extensive rice fields, are cooked up twice daily for the meals of the Lord Jagannath and his brother and sister, primitive, rough-hewn wooden images that are obvious survivals of aboriginal, tribal animistic deities. These crude and vital wooden dolls, not unlike Easter Island sculpture, have a tremendous hold on the Hindu mind, and being associated with Krishna, the most popular of the gods, have made the Jagannath cult and the Puri temple second in importance only to the Shiva complex at Benares. The hypnotic round garish eyes of Jagannath and his black face, from which they stare out whitely, are hard for anyone to forget; this is the cult of life and joy, whereas the Shiva is the cult of death and renewal through procreation and process. The rice cooked for the Lord's meal is bought and eaten

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by pilgrims; the vast excess over what they can eat within the temple grounds is purchased by concessionaires; coolies, acting on their orders, pour out of the principal temple gate after the morning and afternoon meals bearing great pots and cauldrons of warm cooked rice on their shoulders; these are dumped into waiting jeeps and carried off to distant points. Healthy female beggars congregate at the main temple gate, where a jolly ash-coated fakir breathes in wood-smoke from fresh-burning coals. The beggars ask for alms; I point at the hundredweights of freshly-cooked, odorous rice crashing on to the jeeps. The coolies laugh. The drivers laugh. Not a grain of rice will they give her. She is expected to collect from the pilgrims, not the professionals. The fakir has a good business and is amicably disposed, sitting at the foot of the exquisitely carved monolith column brought from Konarak by the Rajah and set up before the gate. Two aggressive young guardians crack snake whips at the portal with accomplished panache; drums sound within; unbelievers and Europeans are warned against entering. The traffic in and out is enormous. And this is the off-day of an off-week of an off-month. The single superb Konarak column contrasts with the heavy lackadaisacal coarseness of the vast whitewashed temple pile.

The revenue from the cooked rice alone is said to be very large. At the temple of Karni Mata at Deshnoke in Bikaner state, fifty-five kilograms of grain are fed daily to the five thousand rats which are the pets, or *"kabas"* of this powerful goddess, a fact pointed out on the floor of the Delhi Parliament by the Prime Minister herself, during a discussion of famine in the region, since the incumbent Member of Parliament, Dr. Karni Singh, who is named after the goddess and who, as Maharajah of Bikaner, has the goddess as his family's tutelary deity, is her political opponent. At Deshnoke, as you approach the Karni Mata statue, you cannot walk; you must tread on the rats. And throughout India millions of kilograms of grain are devoured by rats in Government storehouses and as standing crops. And the Prime Minister's opponent, Dr. Karni Singh, the only medal-winning member of India's Olympic team, is widely respected as an electricity-and-irrigation expert, continuing the work of his development-minded grandfather, who was at once India's pioneer concrete canal-builder, India's delegate to the Versailles Peace

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Conference, and so great a devotee of Karni Mata that he constructed the lavish marble rat-temple at his own expense.

What happens on the famine-ridden deserts of Bikaner or the shores of Puri or the river-banks of Benares is as important as what happens in the streets of Calcutta, or Madras or Bombay. The roots of political power in India lie in the village, where the numerically dominant caste elects its members to the provincial and federal parliaments. Today, increasingly, these politicians are no longer British-educated, touched by Parliamentary tradition, or even English-speaking. They tend to speak only the local language, far removed from the official Hindi and practical Parliamentary and bureaucratic English of Delhi; they tend to oppose the less numerous local castes; they tend to have an association of interests with small local landowners, money-lenders and established shopkeepers. The grandiose plans of Delhi meet with only a limited response; from the small but vocal minority which is superficially urbanized. And this group, too, is as prone to go on strike against publicly-owned enterprises as against private sector ones. To village India and to the sectional political parties what is important is Karni Mata and her grain-eating rats; Puri and its tons of sweetened cooked rice and its beggar industry; Benares and the unhoped-for chance of burning there.

Much of what Delhi says or does today seems Allah-obsessed, Allah-inspired, including much that is done in the name of the mild Vishnu, Gandhi. It ignores the fact that Benares, not Delhi, is the true capital of India, if there is a Hindu India; and that Lord Shiva is the god of Hindu India, not the kind and improbable Vishnu of the story-books and miniature illustrations. Thus the provincial governments, really small national governments, have a closer hold on reality and a closer connection with the people, with their regional languages and gods. Thus too some of the despised former maharajahs, where they have high priestly functions in connection with the local deities (as in Mysore with the goddess Chamundi, a Durga form, and Travancore with the Padmanabha Anandasayana, a Vishnu serpent-creator form) enjoy immense local prestige. The business-oriented Gwalior family dominates the politics of the vast state of Madhya Pradesh; the equally progressive Bikaner, protector of the family cult of Karni Mata, is the voice in Parliament of the waterless desert

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areas. The Sikhs and the Jats have maharajahs representing them; the government of Orissa state is more or less in the hands of its petty rajahs. Even such overtly international cafe society figures as the Maharani of Jaipur can reach Parliament if they wish, such is the power of the past; a recent visit to Jodhpur and Jaisalmer gave the impression that they are once again desert kingdoms, freed from interfering British advisers and pursuing patriarchal, pastoral ways: a feudal pattern. And the greatest dynast of them all is Madame Indira herself, succeeding in unbroken line of direct succession her imperious, absolutist grandfather Motilal, and her subtle, adaptable all-powerful father Jawaharlal. The Nehru dynasty continues with Mme. Indira's son; there seemed to be no contradiction in the public mind or in the family's press relations bureau, that in the week in which Mme. Indira would announce a sweeping, all-inclusive march-forward to public ownership of private sector corporations, her son would promote in the newspapers his scheme to produce India's only small car on a monopolistic basis, by a private company to be owned jointly by himself and the present Nizam of Hyderabad, his friend and contemporary. After the purge of the Syndicate members recently from her government, who should obtain a high Cabinet post but the youthful Maharajah of Baroda, another contemporary of her son's, a personage of immense political power in Gujerat State, and in wealth second only to the Nizam. It was only with great anguish that the Prime Minister gave up the appointment, and the young Maharajah wrote his manful letter of resignation. It is significant too that all these crowned and princely high-jinks are going on around the throne at a time when the throne itself is ostensibly demanding the abolition of princely purses and privileges. But the unavoidable fact remains that the great princes are important political figures in key states at a time when power is visibly ebbing away from the central government toward the regional legislators and leaders, and that the basis of Mme. Indira's own power is no different from that of the princes, being dynastic and thus semi-mystical in origin.

When we read that in 1968 caste Hindus in the Thanjavur district of Madras state, peasant cultivators, surrounded twenty-eight Harijans (Untouchables: landless farm laborers) in a hut, then set it on fire and burnt them to death, preventing them from

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escaping; when we read that in December, 1969, a merchant in a district not far from Agra itself had an adolescent Harijan boy butchered by temple servants for the purpose of divining (from the entrails) the location of buried treasure, we are up against the actual day-to-day realities of the four hundred million village cultivators, unreachable by railway line or highway, who are as unaffected by the radio broadcasts of Mrs. Gandhi's ruling party as they are by the one-million circulation of the English-language urban daily newspapers of her Opposition. The essence of Hinduism is status, and lack of movement. In the form in which it expresses the life process, death is merely a phase, an alteration in that process. From the Marxist point of view, and to the despair of Moscow and Peking alike, Hinduism is a disease; nowhere can proselytizing efforts find less likely ground; nowhere is the ownership of infinitesimal bits of all types of property so bound up in the concept of status, and nowhere else is the concept of status so absolute and unchanging. This is why the cause of the Untouchables is dead; this is why official statistics reporting the annual increase in population at only 2.5% (13,000,000) are false; this is why the birth-control program, reaching only the already-urbanized, will never touch the villages, the orthodox, or those who have dedicated their lives to Shiva. How can grain be released from a prosperous irrigated village in the Punjab to, say, a starving rainless one in Bihar? Who will give the orders to release it? What committee of village elders and politicians would ever dare give the orders to release it?

The Goan ruins, once so romantic and overgrown, in the wet jungle, so suited to engravings and prints, were antiseptically cleaned up by the Salazar regime, seeming to shrink in size in the process. One approaches them on asphalt roads through tidy lawns, and a circular flower bed with the bronze of Albuquerque. The ruins, roof-collapsed, of St. Augustine's happily remain to give some idea of the desolation which once prevailed. Glossy tour buses blare out screaming tunes from the Hindi film from huge loudspeakers mounted atop their roofs, at intolerable decibel levels, while their Indian occupants file around the tomb of St. Francis Xavier. The jungle resounds for miles around with the Indian equivalent of Hollywood film music.

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The Goan beach of Calangute, at its northern end, is a refuge for a comfortably-provided race of American, with some French, hippies. Total nudity is the fashion, and on holidays, trousered, English-speaking educated Hindus file up and down the hippie area of the beach, eyes popping, cameras clicking. This hippie colony is a gentle, pastoral one, with some marijuana smoking, some book reading, and a good deal of pleasant conversation. Their life is clean, and their surroundings are beautiful. An innocently attractive young blonde woman shepherding four naked little girls along the rock-path by the seaside was minding the children of three other young mothers; they had Australian or British passports, not needing visas; fathers did not seem to be in evidence; they had been for two years on this beach, spending the monsoon season in the Kulu valley of the Punjab mountains; they got there by hitch-hiking; they lived mainly under canvas. About this group of hippies there was a defenseless, child-like, vulnerable air; they are shamefully exploited by the Calangute landlords and shopkeepers.

At the head of their social system is an elite provided with second-hand Volkswagen camper-buses driven from Europe across Afghanistan; the majority live in palm-thatched, wooden-floored "bungalows" at high rates; the least fortunate sleep under canvas or under the skies. All drink the disease-prone water of the wells on the beach. Puritanically-Hindu writers from Maharashtra and the north let loose blasts against them in the local journal; but the only authentic case of rape seems to have been by camera-carrying trousered Indian tourists against a hippie girl; the hippies live in harmony with the local fishing population. Here at Calangute this colony of expatriates has developed a peaceful, detached and rather appealing mode of life, as distinct from the exhibitionism, noisiness, and overly restless drug-experimentation of the squalid Katmandu community. In Katmandu, the male hippie has the choice of leaving Nepal or shedding his hirsute ornaments every two weeks, since visas are on a 15-day basis and are renewed only for the shorn. But in India, they are not bothered. Khajuraho also has a small floating community, living often in the uncatalogued, scattered small temples; Bombay and Delhi, as the termini of the overland Iran-Afghanistan route, attract less savory types. . . .

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Two years ago the bridge across the Mandovi at Panjim, Goa's capital, still lacked the final small span to link its many arches to the south bank. Today, in 1970, that same small span is still missing; the same workers seem to be carrying the same reinforcing bars back and forth along the completed portion. The same sand piles, and concrete mixer, the worse for two monsoons, are standing by the still uncompleted south viaduct. The same contractor's sign, weather-beaten now, stands there, with the same provincial state authority's name carried on the project. Only one little span, out of ten or twelve, and all the grandiose approaches and viaducts and dramatic cuts blasted through the north-bank hillside all completed, waiting there for two years; only one little span is needed . . . A graphic portrayal of the Indian bureaucracy. . . .

The Goans, with their useful skills and malleable character, are adaptable to the changing, race-obsessed society of Asia, but they, hotel and restaurant people, are an exception. Everywhere in Asia political regimes must stress racial purity and rule by racial majority to survive. Everywhere the races unscramble themselves, striving for greater and greater racial one-ness; minorities face transplantation, confiscation, destitution, unemployment and exile; if not burnings and killings as in some isolated areas. In Bombay, the Anglo-Indian secretary-stenographer, with her unhealthy atabrine skin, her sharp nose and cheekbones, her frizzed hair, is in demand for her efficiency, her crispness, her dependability, her flawless English. She knows very little of the native languages; rides the crowded suburban trains clutching a worn copy of *Reader's Digest* desperately to her bosom. Child of a British father or grandfather, and an Indian mother, marriage for her is difficult; office life is full of envyings and rivalries from pure-bloods seeking to displace her. With names like Johnson and Munro, her brothers cannot get jobs; they crowd the railway clubs, lay their hands on marijuana and liquor. Many come from Kanpur, the great center of the British railway system; they drop their marijuana cigarettes to attend the British church proudly; their British progenitors often left families behind in England and raised second families in railway towns. After they died, their savings went to their British families; their paid-up homes were in England; rented dwellings, a few sticks of furniture and old clothes fell to the Indian families.

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Searching for a second-hand piano in Bangalore, I enter a fragile but respectable bungalow, up a walk bordered by dying grass-plots. On the right of the room is an immense photo of the Victoria Memorial, in all its reflecting-pool, marble, Moghul-Italianate splendor. To the left a view of Kashmir; and immense, in the center, over the upright piano, is a retouched photo of a white-haired British army officer, with a bar moustache and cap, resplendent in khakis and beribboned with decorations. Beneath I read: "First Sergeant Henry A. Thompson, His Majesty's . . ." with name of regiment and list of honors. The owner of the piano, a dusky replica of the photo, and white-haired himself, must be the son, not the grandson, of the military hero. And the Sergeant must have thought well of his Indian family, to provide such a carpeted bungalow, with such a fine piano. . . .

But most are less fortunate. An adept and skillful Sindhi, Mohan by name, rules the pavement of the Apollo Bunder, near the Gateway of India, the most lucrative area of Bombay for slightly shady operations. He employs largely Anglo-Indians, and their money goes for marijuana and less innocent drugs. If something is stolen and you cannot recover it, you go to Mohan Bhai ("Brother Mohan"). Resourceful and cheerful, sleeping on the choicest area of pavement in front of the finest Bombay restaurant, he is an example of the Sindhi Hindu refugees from Pakistan who have adapted themselves so readily to megalopolitan life all over Asia, and who now are one of the richest trading communities in Hong Kong. An enthusiastic friend, he will accompany you on shopping trips, buy you expensive gifts, offer you the services of his complete organization, gratis. You ask him why, with his large income and his tax-free status, he sleeps on the pavement: he answers, to keep in touch with my business. He owns at least one bar on the choice Apollo Bunder; and elsewhere, lodging houses and "hotels," as cheap eating places are called. On my departure to Aurangabad, he presents me with a stolen smuggled watch, Swiss-made. I am overwhelmed. I cannot refuse. This is a Sandoz watch, the standard smuggled watch of India, with a retail value of 125 rupees.

On Churchgate, where Mohan's empire does not extend, the dark-skinned South Indians have their domain. From the railway station to Marine Drive, no one can take a step, leave a car, or

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enter a building without being not only noticed, but in a way recorded, catalogued, made note of for future use, as if a vast central computer were accumulating information for its own inscrutable purposes. My friend Mohan Bhai makes light of me for being so crass as to go far out of his territory to the famous cages, a tourist sight, on the Falkland Road, off the Grant Road intersection; the second and third letters of "Falkland" have their inevitable Anglo-Saxon alteration. He laughs at the crudity of those who would visit there. Indeed, the section south of Grant Road, meant for native coolies with a rupee or two to spare, is comical and lurid, each booth with its naked light bulb, curtain, and brightly-painted denizen; different sections have specialities; a catamite area offers the advantage of cut prices. Foreigners are shunted northwards of the Grant Road and upstairs, to the "numbered" establishments on the west side of Falkland. Here the merchant marine of one of the world's great ports reigns, amid frowzy hostesses and servants carrying whisky. The prices go up as the house numbers rise to the north; the last has a courtyard, dim lighting, a discreet unfrequented bar, large, luxuriously furnished separate rooms, and mixed-blood Chinese and Anglo-Indian specialists. The prices are a hundred times what the coolie pays in the booths of the cages one block south. Taxis crowd the curbs. Mohan, in the upper ranges, has better prices than Falkland Road, more refined hostesses, more accomplished specialists, and immediate availability, in Bombay's leading hotel-and-restaurant area. He offers to guarantee against medical risk. I suspect him of having an interest in a hospital as well. "No—no hospital. I have an interest in a nursing home."

India is littered with abandoned capitals, most of them of predecessor Muslim states, liquidated by the Moghuls; of these Sarkhej, near Ahmedabad, and Bijapur, are the most moving, the most deserted. Difficult of access, and covering a vast area, without any facilities for visitors, Bijapur was abandoned only recently, being taken by Aurangzeb in 1686. There is a poignancy in Muslim ruins, as if the architect and planner had eternity in mind, and the ephemeral nature of empire. Here is the vast complex of domed tombs, mosques, stone palaces and forts and gates, walled, stretching over miles that were formerly filled with houses.

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The process of creating new ruins and abandoning capitals goes on: Chandigarh, completed by Le Corbusier only in 1953, dusts down and deteriorates quickly all around the edges, made with low quality cement; already, more than half its power base has eroded, for the larger southern portion of the Punjab State seceded in 1966, to form the Hindu state of Haryana; and earlier its northeastern section removed itself to join Himachal Pradesh; approximately one third of the original area remains to support the shabbily grandiose and weedy capital. It had been the dream of the Sikhs to set up Chandigarh to counterbalance the proud and magnificent traditional Sikh capital of Lahore, lost to Pakistan in the 1947 partition. Chandigarh is vaster than Lahore; covering 11 square miles, it is as vast as Bijapur, but not nearly so permanent; quickly made, expertly designed, but of inferior materials, its most enduring aspect is its immense rose garden, so oddly and uncannily reminiscent of Moghul tastes, and of the Moghul gardens of Shalimar at Lahore and nearby Pinjore.

The magnificence of the Moghul Lahore Fort, the slender, star-gazing elegance of its great mosque, the narrow streets and bazaars and Persian tiled mosques of its walled desert city; the immensely eloquent statement of its tomb complex, Jahangir's, and Asaf Khan's, and Nur Jahan's, make it one of the most moving of India's abandoned capitals; that the Pakistanis have chosen to make it a monument to the cultural conformity of their fanatically theocratical police state is their answer to Chandigarh. One is not allowed to enter the Sikh shrines in Lahore, where their great King, Ranjit Singh, lies beneath a marble lotus flower, surrounded by eleven smaller flowers for the eleven wives and concubines who were burnt alive on his funeral pyre in 1839. It is amusing to compare the half of the British museum of priceless Gandhara sculpture left in Lahore with the matching half taken to Chandigarh; pairs of heads, pairs of panels, divided each to each, so that one must make notes. Pakistan, as a state erected solely on a religious basis, must perforce subsist unnaturally on a theocratic basis and on theological disputes, to justify its separateness; the strained atmosphere, and the obsession with conformity and orthodoxy make it exhausting and nerve-wracking; even the beauty of Lahore cannot compensate for this. Erected over the blood of the Sikhs and then over Muslim martyrs,

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Pakistan was even more the object of the special hatred of the Congress Party leaders in India. This was because it represented even at that early stage the underlying truth which the Congress party ignored and on which the whole concept of India must finally founder: that the sub-continent was tribal, made up of a complex of warring races, religions, castes, and languages united only geographically by the might of British tradition and British prestige. The Queen's statue, the King's, and the next King's, were what held India together; now these statues have mostly been knocked down. If the Congress could not lay claim, as the successor government, to Burma, Ceylon and the Straits Settlements, which had once also been under the sway of the Governor-General in Calcutta, they must at least stand fast in their claim to Muslim Kashmir, West Punjab, the Sind and East Bengal.

Chandigarh, the newest abandoned capital, comes only a hundred years after Lucknow, deserted since 1856. Lucknow seems to have been made of more resistant materials; its architecture rises to improbable heights, all impossibly pointed. Its two great mosques still raise their slim and ambitious minarets, without slippage of the foundations; its high gates bristle with trumpet-like excrescences resembling the radial spines of cockleshells. Tombs and Imambaras, domes and minarets, all of the finest brick construction, stuccoed over—the entire complex with its surrounding parks and river is among the most romantic in India, closer to the child's dream of the Arabian Nights than old Cairo, because uncluttered with houses and streets. The gaudy kings of Oudh, true sensual Faroukians removed for extravagance by the Marquis of Dalhousie, a puritanical Scotsman, look down from the walls of museums and institutions, arrayed in glittering Graustarkian gold crowns, ermines, and theatrical robes of crimson velvet; institutions that their land grants of one hundred and fifty years ago still support. Oddly enough their successor as landowner after 1856 was not the British raj, but a Sikh warlord, the Raja of Kapurthala, whose bloodthirsty tribal warriors rushed from the Punjab seven hundred miles away to put down the Mutiny which occurred only one year after the annexation of Oudh, in 1857; this bullet-vested, unwashed chieftain and his issue became among the richest men in British India, and in Kapurthala, a petty statelet near the present Pakistan border, an

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immense Mansard palace in authentic Louis XIV style in real marble and real sandstone, with imported gilt bronze railings, done by imported French architects, rose on the rents of a hundred thousand or more peasants in the rich Gangetic valley so many miles away. The Kapurthala Rajas, as late as Lord Willingdon's administration in the early 1930's, made use of Delhi's tallest monument, the Qutb Minar pillar, for the disposal of inconvenient wives and concubines, a fact once cited by an ardent Congress Party leader in demonstrating the collusion between Viceroys and native rulers.

Sarkhej, its delicately-carved tombs and vast stone palaces ranged around an immense empty terraced stone tank, is the most unexpected, unannounced, unspoiled, and cinematic of the abandoned capitals, standing six miles from Ahmedabad. These are sunset cities, situated in deserts with an affinity for the camel: Bijapur, and Sarkhej; Golconda, Jaunpur, Fatehpur Sikri, Agra, Seringapatam, Amber and Chittorgarh and Daulatabad, Bundi and Mandu and Murshidabad, Fyazabad, Hampi, Kanchipuram, Lahore and Lucknow and now Chandigarh, and the first, second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth cities of Delhi, the Delhis of Qutbu'd Din, and Tughluq, through those of Firuz Shah, Sher Shah, Shah Jahan and Lutyens and Baker. They repeat themselves all over India, and from four o'clock, in the winter desert, in the loneliness, as the crows fly over, the domes and the arches, the onion-bulbs begin to stand out starkly against the dry gold of the sky. Similarly in the morning, at dawn, with the strident cry of the Indian cuckoo echoing against their turrets and crenellations, the green, long-tailed native parrakeet moves everywhere, talkative, up and down the tombs of Akbar and Mumtaz, the Elephant Gate of Fatehpur, darting over their cities, their palaces, their lakes and their islands.

A mile or two off Calicut, an American grain ship lies anchored, full of relief wheat. But a pre-monsoon storm has spilled hundreds and hundreds of sacks from the decks of the lighters attempting to make the landing pier. Now divers, authorized and unauthorized, are removing the heavy sacks, full of sweet rich wheat, from the surf off the sandy beach. As each sack reaches the shore, its top is ripped open, and one-quarter to one-fifth of the fat

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grains are scooped into bags and tin basins by eager thin black arms, gazed at lovingly by hungry faces. After the quarter or fifth is removed, the watching police intervene and send the depleted bags up to the warehouse.

Here at least some of the American bounty is actually reaching the hungry, abysmally poor people who need it most, without cost, without gouging and without political strings. What happens to the rest? The four fifths, or three quarters, after it reaches the warehouse? It disappears—in trucks, in railcars—some of it is distributed some day to some far-off area, some of it is eaten not by temple rats, but by storage-bin rats. Some is held for higher prices, for more desperate times. Most often, it falls into the hands of the local and regional political leaders, who are also the caste and religious (Hindu) leaders, who are also the village chiefs, and the money-lenders and landowners of the fields on which the tenant-farmers work. It disappears. Those in power profit from it, by increasing their power. The poor and the hungry pay for it, in various ways. In an average agricultural district the leaders of the most numerous caste are also the political leaders; they select the candidates for the regional and national parliaments; money-lending (at rates double, triple, quadruple the legal maximum) is the source of their economic power; rent-collection is only one facet of their money-lending. The British were careful to hold the money-lenders in check, in favor of the peasants, and prohibited their most flagrantly outrageous practices. Now this protection for the poor is gone, and with independence, in many rural districts, these very money-lenders are those who control the village life completely, through their political power as party leaders. Their caste, whatever it is, already the most numerous in the district, will grow stronger and depress the lesser castes as it exercises its political power for an uninterrupted period. The case of Father Ferrer, a Spanish agricultural missionary, is to the point: operating in the Manmad area of Maharashtra State, perhaps the most reactionary of all the states in so far as political power in the rural areas is concentrated in the money-lending class, Ferrer introduced cooperative and scientific agriculture, drilled wells, introduced fertilizer and most importantly, lent money out, through a cooperative, at nominal rates of interest. Instead of renting the lands of the

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political leaders, he improved barren lands leased at nominal rents. He was driven from the Manmad and from Maharashtra State amid cries of outraged Hindu religious sanctity: he was luring the poor away from Hinduism and cow-worship to seduce them into Catholicism. Maharashtra is fanatically Hindu and has its own para-military fascist organization, the Shiv Sena, which enforces Maharashtrian nationalism, Maharashtrian conformity and orthodoxy, and persecutes racial minorities who come in from outside the state as well as, of course, all other religions. Somehow, Maharashtra got Father Ferrer expelled not only from Maharashtra but from India as well (long arms reaching to Delhi). This was picked up by the Catholic press in Europe, and the Prime Minister had to intervene and allow him to move to another state, an action which was bitterly resented. Maharashtra, with its Shiv Sena, is one of the most truculent of all the states, threatening to make war with its own army against Mysore State over border territories, constantly attempting to absorb Goa, burning down the shanty towns of the South Indian immigrant slum-dwellers in Bombay.

Badami: A strange red hill above the great tank, women working, tiny, on the steps far below; water buffaloes bathing and wallowing in the transparent water like giant brigs. Far off, on the other edge, boys diving. The town is of mud, with a temple here and there. The caves in the hillside are small, but the sculptures are exact and enticing. The Vamana dwarf incarnation of Vishnu lifts his leg to the sky, defiantly, daring the universe and the earth. One thinks of the mysterious depths of the Ellora caves, particularly the triple-tiered Buddhist one where only at sunset can the horizontal rays of the sun penetrate the deep chamber at the rear of the top tier, with its rows of colossal Buddhas sitting under trees and under umbrellas. The level rays of the golden sun play about the mouths of the smiling great Teacher, as his eyes close, and the Great Expirations, twenty of them, commence. The rays fail as the sun sinks; in a moment the sun is below the horizon and the Buddhas fade into the darkness. Then you must stumble out, and down the stairs in the shadows. One thinks of the Kailasa, with the sculptured panels of the incarnations around the three-sided gallery of that dark carved castle of living black rock, hewn out of the Ellora hillside;

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the Hindu caves with the great Brahmanical panel of Shiva's Katisama dance; the cave that resembles the Elephanta cave, with its watery light; the jeweled tracery and carving of the Jain caves, perfect and small. The ensemble of Ellora is so immense, the thirty-four caves spread out in awesome array over nearly two miles of horizontal cliffside. The Ajanta caves twist to follow their ravine; there are Buddhist *chaityas,* heavy, with squat pillars, penetrating the hillside deeply; the Buddha of the Blue Lotus floating within in flickering pastels; the electricity reverberating against the jumble of court ladies and lovers in pillared pavilions, processions, all floating on the walls. In the caves that have been left dark one stumbles along toward the back to bump up against the vast knees and hands of the Buddha, in the teaching pose, in the rear compartment; very little light can penetrate from the twisting ravine. At Bagh the caves are all ruined, the frontal frescoes washed away, by water seepage through the limestone, all in recent years.

Here at Badami the effect is simple and bright; the shallow caves are not mysterious. But the sculptured panels are brilliant and instructive, poised high above the great tank. Badami is in the heart of nowhere, in the wasteland, in the barren heart of the Deccan.

There is an ozone in the air of Elephanta in winter; a rupture in space as you enter the cave for the first time, after the long brilliance of the boat ride over sparkling waters. There is too much oxygen, too much intoxicant, a break in the veil. You are dizzy in the shadows, figuring out the sculptured panels. So much deep darkness, the bright green and the blue sea framed outside. The shadows become dryer and clearer and more brown; the three-headed shape takes form in the rear of the cave. As you move toward it, and on through the deep sculptured caves of Ellora, the painted caves of Ajanta, the river of Benares, the sun and Shiva and Jagannath temples of Konarak and Bhubaneshwar and Puri, the gaudy, showy, noisy vast temple-complexes of Madurai and Tiruchendur and Sri Rangam, Rameswaram and Chidambaram in the South, you are approaching one of the fundamental statements about the position of mankind, a statement

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that is still, and visibly, being made, enthusiastically, with undiminished fervor. Nothing like this exists in the West, or in the rational East of the Chinese and Japanese. Confucians and Buddhists are as much "peoples of the book" as are Jews, Christians and Muslims. But here there is no book, only a burning of oils, a trampling of elephants, a ringing of bells; smells and flowers and dirt, and bathing, low black-stone oiled lingams and high polished-brass pillars piercing the temple roof, pillars and roofs sometimes plated in silver and gold. The religions of the book tell us to eschew such vanities. But Shiva is alive, and has many arms, today; and the others are dead. That Shiva is alive, and that he dances, and that in one of his arms he holds a death's head, in another a gong to celebrate the defeat of an enemy, and in another a bowl to collect his blood, to know this one has only to move among the throngs on the side of the river, at Manikarnika in Benares, where the bodies are aromatically burned in the presence of Shiva and the ashes are thrown into his river, which comes down from his Himalayan abode; to know this, one has only to move among the caves, some of pure light, some of pure darkness.

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CAROLYN KIZER

# Pakistan Journal

*Friday, September 12, 1969; In flight, P.I.A.:*

As we leave Lebanon behind us, to span the mountains and oceans of dust, and salty lake-beds, and dead cities between us and our destination, I feel excited joy at returning to Pakistan after four years. In America, particularly among those of my acquaintances who have spent time in India, these feelings are met with some incredulity. But such a reaction is rare among those who know Pakistan, and have fallen under its peculiar spell.

During the time that I lived there—from September, 1964 to April, 1965—I thought that I was maintaining a wholly detached attitude towards the place and the people, right up till the end of my visit. Then, when I went to the Lahore Airport about six in the morning, I was startled to find a contingent of about a dozen Americans and a dozen Pakistanis who had come to see me off. I climbed on the plane, decked out in the chains with silver pendants and the wreaths of jasmine or marigolds which are customary gifts to the dear departing. My emotions were focussed on getting home and seeing my family again. Then I looked out of the plane window and saw the straggling mass of my friends alternately waving their handkerchiefs and dabbing at their eyes, and thought, how extraordinary.

"I don't feel a thing," I said to myself. The waving continued at a more frantic pace as the plane taxied off, and suddenly there was a rush of tears to my eyes, and I was beating on the plane's window and shouting—although of course they couldn't hear me—"I'll be back! I'll be back!"

As the plane took off, and turned in a great half-circle towards the south, I sat there numb: "So I'm hooked," I thought. "I am well and truly hooked, like those old relicts of the British Raj you find teaching school in the Sind or managing hotels in Peshawar, or sitting in their rockers on the porches of cottages in the Murree Hills. They never belonged, and they never will belong, but they're stuck, and so am I." By the time you realize

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it's happened to you, it's too late to escape. It was unnerving then, and it still is, as I return.

*Later:* With the exception of a Pakistani intellectual from London, I seem to be the only person on this chartered plane-load of delegates to a scholarly conference who has been there before. As I listen to myself answering questions from every side, I feel that I am making noises like an Old—or at least Middle-Aged—Pakistani Hand. And I lived there just long enough to know how little I knew. But, by golly, I was a Lahore-wallah, and this feels more like coming home than it would to, say, Seattle, Washington, where I spent fifteen years of my life feeling like a transient.

*Lahore, September 13, 3 a.m.:* It's 11 p.m., London time. The temperature is about 90°, and the humidity goes right along with it. We're sitting numbly in the—thank God—air-conditioned transit lounge, waiting for a mass clearance of immigration and customs. . . . *Later:* The Intercontinental Hotel was just a hole in the ground when I left. It's opposite Faletti's, that gloomy old caravanserai surrounded by huge dark trees decked with colored lights. Louis MacNeice wrote a poem on his fortieth birthday in Faletti's, his first visit since Partition. Fortunately, I have with me the diary I kept five years ago, and I look at the poem again:

Along and back the creamed arcade
The tall scared Sikh had paced and paced,
Beyond the asylum of the hotel
The Five Rivers had run to waste
With rivers of men's blood as well,
While on the lawn the colored lights
And tawdry band jollied the nights
A little along, a little back.

'So long! Come back!' So back I came
To find Lahore a matter of course,
At peace, and dull . . .
Town of the Moghuls, town of fear,
Where is your cyclist with the spear
Who lurked so long, who looked so back?

Along and back, along and round:
Maybe the cyclist killed the Sikh,

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Maybe Jahangir in his tomb,
Though slow and dead, inspired the quick
To gems of fury, flowers of doom.
No matter: this remains Lahore,
Oxcarts and tongas, as before,
Jingling along or lumbering back.

I spent my fortieth birthday here too, and wrote my poem about it. Now Louis is dead, and Faletti's is superseded by this monster hotel, where I stand looking at the arcades across the way, faintly silver in the rain and dawn, and the little colored lights that burn all night. Lahore remains Lahore. . . .

*Later:* I rise at noon, and go down to the lobby. I woke at nine and debated: Shall I go to Anarkali Bazaar, where the writer Intezar Husain took me, shortly after I arrived, to show me "the real Pakistan"? We ate fresh, chopped fruit mixed with nuts (damn, I forget what it's called), and *ferni* (a kind of smooth custard made with rice flour and flavored with pistachio nuts, in little, disposable pottery bowls), outside the great Wazir Khan Mosque presiding majestically over its slums; I took my first tonga ride, and little boys ran out of the side streets and began beating on my legs with sticks because my skirt exposed my legs from the knees down. We went to the Pak Tea House, where the writers hang out all day and half the night, getting as high as talkers in an Irish pub, on coffee and the Kashmir dispute.

Or shall I take a taxi to the Bad Shahi Mosque, my favorite structure in the world—it, and the Lahore Fort, and Jahangir's tomb, two miles out of town, make the Taj Mahal look carved out of Ivory Soap, to my taste. Then I could salaam in the direction of Iqbal's tomb, to the left of the entrance. After all, today is the twenty-first anniversary of the death of Mohammad Ali Jinnah, and one should pay at least token obeisance to the poet who invented "Pakistan" for him.

First, though, a quick swim. Five years ago I didn't see a swimming pool in all Pakistan, though perhaps there were some tucked away in back yards in some of the fancier establishments in Gulberg. One step onto my balcony kills that idea. The air is as wet as the pool. I picked up the *Pakistan Times* which had been shoved under the door. O blessed oblivion, conferred by a highly

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selective memory! I had forgotten the true quality of that gruesome journal, where English syntax has suffered such fatty degeneration that you can read the same paragraph four times over and not have the least idea what it is trying to convey. I read the headlines with one eye shut, breaking myself in gently: FLU EPIDEMIC RAGES IN LAHORE. With a shudder, I read the weather report. I went back to bed. Now it is raining, raining, raining, great horizontal sweeps and curves across the entire sky. The scholars are milling around the lobby waiting to have their passports returned to them. Strange how many Americans, particularly inexperienced travellers like most of these, suffer from passport panic. The man in charge on arrival practically had to pry their fingers loose from their little blue-grey security symbols.

Easily I've slipped back into the old, patient rhythms. We may be here half the day. I gaze placidly out of the French doors towards the new swimming pool, cracked and empty except for rain and leaves; and an embryonic golf course stretches back to a mud village, not fifty yards from the hotel. A mud village just like the one beside my old house on Sikandar Road (named for Alexander the Great, no doubt), where the tinny, amplified voice of the mullah calling the faithful to prayer used to punctuate my days. Now, I am told, the live mullah in his minar has been replaced by a recording. The Progress of Reaction might be a pretty good title for a piece on the Muslim world.

Now a hotel functionary is dealing out the passports like a quick game of poker. No one knows enough to be in the least grateful for the favor done them: On my arrival, last time, I waited interminably at the pleasure of the Lahore fuzz. I remember the sight of great, rust-colored splashes on the walls of the stairway leading to Police Headquarters, shuddering at the thought they might be bloodstains of prisoners being dragged to and from interrogation. They were, of course, the stains made from spitting out chewed betel nut.

*Evening, Islamabad:* The rain had much abated by the time we took plane for Rawalpindi. So all that I saw of my lovely old Lahore was the great stretch of the Upper Mall lined with massive plane trees. Lahore looked fresh and clean, whether because the rains had laid her habitual red-brown dust and swept clear her avenues, or because the city has tidied itself up in recent

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times. I missed the camels, scooters, mendicants, holy men dabbled with dust and chalk and kohl stretched out beside the road, the cricket swarms of children, the gaudy, dilapidated tongas, the saggy taxis, donkeys, bicycles laden with tottering towers of fodder or boards, the burquas of the women providing black accents to a dusty scene. I had seen a sign announcing that the zoo is being remodelled at the cost of a couple of lakhs of rupees. Having seen the poor people of Lahore, I never had the courage to visit the zoo. . . .

The skies were clear over 'Pindi airport, which also serves Islamabad, the brand new capital. The bus drove through an ugly part of 'Pindi unfamiliar to me. I think of it as a gracious town with broad avenues, trees that rustle incessantly in the slight wind, and at night the soft—yes, soft—cawing of crows among the leaves. (Against this, the nightmare in broad day of a human spider scuttling across the avenue, ubiquitous figure out of Kafka—undoubtedly kidnapped as a child, its limbs broken and forced into this black parable of man become insect.)

From the sky, Islamabad looks as geometrical as a chessboard, defying the undulating Rawalpindi landscape, which resembles Urdu script. Approaching by car, Islamabad is indeed square, but our hotel is set apart in lots of green space, with the breathtaking Margala foothills as a backdrop.

Hundreds of cups of tea are lined up in rows awaiting us, as we fall gratefully through the door into the air-conditioned lobby. I've been thirsting for Pakistani *chai* for four long years. After several gulps of non-ambrosial liquid, I notice the tell-tale cardboard squares hanging over the sides of the pot. Lipton's, by God! And I curse as I formulate Kizer's Law of Emerging Nations: when air-conditioning comes in the window (which is promptly sealed forever), an old amenity flies out the door. When I return, five years hence, *Insha'allah,* the busses will be air-conditioned and we will be served Diet Pepsi.

Before I retire to my room, after the usual, interminable wait, I am introduced to Ralph Russell, the distinguished Urdu and Persian scholar from London University. He is small and prematurely white-haired, and full of ebullient charm. His eyes are bright as a bird's, and he talks entrancingly of Ghalib. I feel slightly better about having muffed all my chances to meet Arthur Waley. . . .

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*September 14:* My old friend, B., has arrived, and we have a beer and a chat in the late morning. I have many questions to ask him, based on a close reading of the English-language papers. I can't ask most Pakistanis, because they simply tell me that the English-language press is no good, and I should read the Urdu papers. Yes, well I know *that,* but I don't know Urdu. I mention the increased frankness of the press since Ayub Khan's regime, citing an article on the two dozen families who control the Pakistan economy, for example. B. says he is worried about the polarization between the students, the intellectual and professional classes, and much of the working class on one side, and the *ulema* (right-wing religious leaders) on the other, backed by much of the illiterate peasantry. These religious fanatics are more dangerous, in the long run, than the wealthy and privileged, who may even have a fragmentary idea or two about social progress inasmuch as it relates to their self-interest and survival. But the *ulema* and their supporters want to drag Pakistan even farther back into a distant and partly imaginary past: total theocracy is their aim and game—all power to the pulpit! There are disturbing indications that some of the more progressive politicians, who know better, are paying increased lip-service to this, to garner votes for next year's elections.

Ayub Khan, when he took over Pakistan, was a tough military man, and considered incorruptible at that time. Like General Eisenhower, he had the approval of most of his people, and his spiritual life concerned him about as much as it did Eisenhower. However, Billy Graham is about the worst we have to offer in the way of organized hypocrisy, relatively harmless by comparison to the political ambitions of the *ulema,* who are determined to own and operate the state. Ayub continually catered to the official Islamic pieties, thereby encouraging the recrudescence of religious fanaticism. Although in a strong position, at the beginning, to bring about reform along the lines of Kemal Ataturk, curtailing the power of the *ulema,* and doing away with purdah and the veil (he might well have been less abrupt than Ataturk, and, like the present leaders of Afghanistan and Iran, liberated the young girls from the portable jail of the burqua, while allowing the older women—like old prison lags who can't endure the reality of freedom—peaceably to wear their shrouds into the grave), Ayub did

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very little. The tragedy of Islam: Fanaticism, all too prone to break through the membrane of gentleness, natural courtesy and spontaneous friendliness of this people, has been encouraged rather than otherwise. And it is entirely possible that our children, or the children of our children, will die horribly because of this single fact. One of every five members of the human race is a Muslim.

*September 15:* Although the newspapers no longer resemble government press handouts, I notice an ominous pattern in the headlines now: constant references to "anti-Islamic activities." This must make some of my liberal Pakistani friends shudder all over, the way it would affect anybody who lived in the America of the fifties. On the lighter side, one article quotes from a booklet called, "The Islamic Constitution," published by the Khatib of a Lahore mosque and signed by ten *ulema;* I am particularly infatuated by their proposed Article II: "No films will be shown in cinema houses except those which have an all-male caste [sic]." They also advocate the abolition of banks and insurance companies (they must own stock in a mattress monopoly), and the reinstitution of slavery. They want an unpaid army which will live off booty, and "each soldier will acquire the property of the enemy whom he kills in battle." (How would they arrange this with India and Afghanistan? Through the U.N.?) This is a nut group; but history has taught us not to disregard nut groups, or we may find ourselves laughing all the way to the morgue.

*September 16:* Yesterday, everyone went off to Taxila, but I preferred to stay here and talk to various Pakistanis. It stormed violently all morning, and I congratulated myself on not squelching through the glutinous red mud of that impressive memorial to Ghandaran civilization. My most vivid memory of an earlier visit is peripheral to the site itself: we were invited to tea by a farm family living in a tiny cluster of mud huts on the edge of the ruins. We sat on a *charpoi* while my friend Tony practised his tea-table Urdu. When asked if I wanted milk in my *chai,* I nodded (sideways, in Urdu), and the man of the house took my filled tea-cup into the yard and held it under a water buffalo. Squirt! The rich milk poured from udder to cup while a baby buffalo looked on with a certain amount of resentment. That is

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my favorite cup of tea for all time. Sanitary too, unless the buffalo had had tuberculosis (a disease which, I am told, has now been brought almost entirely under control).

*Later:* I have been writing through most of the night, and now, at five, I hear the ringing of bells, and the discreet taps of the bearers on my neighbors' doors, rousing the group for an early morning flight to Peshawar (where I am going next week, so again I abstain). It is raining again, with furious lightning bursts, as it was when I first took plane for Peshawar five years ago, the skies black at midday. I hadn't been well all day. My only intestinal ailment in Pakistan occurred after staying at the A.I.D. Staff House in 'Pindi, which was sterilized till it squeaked, thus illustrating another of Kizer's Laws of Emerging Nations: Eat everything in moderation, so that the local bacteria don't feel rejected and wreak their revenge. It was a terribly rough flight; finally I sidled off the plane in the bitter darkness, and crouched beside a fence, where I vomited onto the tarmac. Then I threw back my head, mouth open into the strong black rain which cleansed me. I nipped back onto the plane, made up hastily, and exited ceremonially right into the arms of my reception committe, which had just pulled up. I spent that evening lying in front of a hospitable fire while various people recited poetry in Pushto, and the Head of the English Department at Peshawar (who was also a Head in current usage) smiled opaquely and gently crossed his eyes. . . .

*September 17:* Ralph Russell made a sign in Urdu for me to prop on my typewriter. I asked him to write, "Do not touch the papers," but Ralph said that would be baffling in Urdu. After some thought, he wrote, "Do not move the papers from one place to another." Through this I have acquired great prestige with all the bearers on the floor, who believe that I wrote it. I have no intention of disabusing them unless trapped.

I show Ralph a sample sentence from a "Teach Yourself Urdu" book that I had picked up in the lobby: "The British have the biggest navel in the world." "Now I know the basis for that British air of superiority," I tell him.

I spent the better part of yesterday in 'Pindi with B. We told our driver that we wanted to get some Urdu books (recent poetry, fiction) so, quite sensibly, he took us to the Urdu textbook bazaar,

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a long, long, book-lined alley in the old part of the city. Neither B. nor I have been in the 'Pindi bazaars before, although he comes here on business at least twice a month. I love so much these crowded alleys, the streets of silk, the streets of brass and copper, streets for glass bangles, and bedspreads, and children's toys, and tea in bulk, and persimmons, and tailors (though I have to avert my eyes in the meat street, I confess)—the whole desperate, vivid, earth-clawing life of the very poor—that I utterly fail to comprehend the overheard remarks of some scholarly delegates: "*Don't* waste your time at the bazaar here. There's nothing to buy, and it's dirty, and smelly and awful. . . ."

Our driver gamely tries again, and we find ourselves in the technical book bazaar. (To the driver, I suspect, as with the majority of Pakistanis, literature is not something written down, but something you have in your *head*—the tales of the story-tellers in the bazaars, the hundreds of lines of Persian and Urdu poetry that thousands and thousands of illiterate people have by heart, the songs one hears on the street and in the tea and coffee houses—no religious prejudice in *music:* Ragas are much beloved—popular music which may be set to lyrics composed by the greatest poets living and dead: as if we had Crashaw and Keats and Yeats and Berryman pouring out of our jukeboxes and Muzak.)

We ask the driver to take us downtown, and from there we walk to a wonderful bookshop next to Shezan's restaurant, owned by a local poet. B. buys a copy of a magazine run by the Maudoodi crowd (Maulana Abul Aala Maudoodi, head of Jamaat-i-Islam, a right-wing group of religious reactionaries), widely believed to be supported by the C.I.A. B. says to the intelligent bookstore owner, "They talk too much about Islam." "Doesn't everybody?" I remark automatically, and raise a general laugh that I hadn't expected.

We go to Shezan's for tea. At once we are encumbered with waiters, who take our order promptly and disappear for half an hour. B. finally collars the manager. As usual, B., a brave, wise, amusing man, makes unpleasant truths palatable. He asks the manager to join him in prayer. The bewildered manager asks why. "*Tea,* for the love of Allah!" He points out that I have waited four years for a decent cup of tea, and asks if the manager is

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trying for five. We are then overwhelmed by a flurry of service. I have not only tea but pomegranate juice, lavender and lovely. Surely if there is a paradisal liquid, it is here, it is here, it is here.

*September 18:* A marvellous expedition to the Murree Hills yesterday: up, up through the mountains, on our right shadowy stands of giant pine, and rock outcropping that convinced one that God is a Japanese gardener; on the left, saffron-colored valleys surrounded by terraced slopes. Lots of corn growing. Lots of melons. What great vineyards could be here! A girl in a flame-red *kurta* and dark green trousers stands by the door of an orange barn in the middle distance, the glowing fields at her back. I think again, resentfully, how this country has needed great artists, and how great artists need *her*. (Who can paint Rome, or the bridge at Avignon, again?) But with the old Muslim proscription against anything but decorative design, and the modern prohibitive duty on art materials of all kinds, the artists of Pakistan are either mediocre representationalists of tourist-shop quality (unless they live in Paris) or Abstract Expressionist (as they would have it) daubers, who've not had the opportunity of seeing the stream of great world painting except through the most inferior of reproductions. Yet the light, the landscape, the dramatic power of the isolated human figure, cry out for a Manet or a Corot. The trouble is—I think I'm about to promulgate another of Kizer's Laws—if an Emerging Nation happens to skip a few centuries in the rush to modernise, it can't go back and pick them up later on.

The higher we climb, the more prosperous the people. And the desperate poignancy of the children's faces down below—great glittering black eyes above the thin triangles of their cheeks—is here plumped out by cleanliness, fresh air and adequate food; the latent beauty of the Muslim people flowers, far above the hell-heat of the lowlands, where the uncounted millions of the sub-continent wear out their lives.

The first stop is Lawrence College. The Principal and all his staff are on hand to greet us, dressed in academic robes. We are ushered into the great hall for the Principal's welcoming address, in English so poor that one wonders how it can be the medium of instruction here. (But he is a lava flow of eloquence compared to his staff, who fail to understand our simplest queries.) I pass the time by reading wall plaques. One of them lists the principals

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since the school's founding, in 1890, as a home for British orphans whose fathers died serving the army of occupation. The first principal was the Reverend H. W. Tabernacle. And so goes the parade of English divines, M.A. Ox., until 1958 when, in larger letters and in brighter gold appears the name, Muinuddin, B.A. Dip. Ed. The school was co-educational until Partition, when of course the first move was to throw out the girls and install them in some outbuildings down the road.

The archaic British syllabus, inculcating vast amounts of irrelevant rubbish by rote (which presumably prepared little boys for future military service, and little girls to be housemaids and seamstresses) is still in force. The Principal speaks wistfully of the time when the switch to instruction in Urdu can take place.

Outside there is a huge memorial to dead graduates who took part in the Pakistan-Bharat War of 1965: three names. The one Indian member of our group, a sour soul at best, passes by it, muttering.

I try to sit through some demonstration classes, but the spectacle of these bright-eyed little boys being yoked like the buffalo to an endless treadmill is more than I can bear. I escape to the sunlight, and spot a chapel at the top of the hill. I ask the Principal about it. The dear man is under the impression that it had been a Roman-Catholic cathedral. It is locked and bolted. He asks solicitously if I would like to have it unlocked so that I might go in and pray. I say yes. So I am admitted to the Chapel of the Holy Innocents, long abandoned to the dust. It's evident that at some point the chancery was closed off from the pews, and used for instructing the primary grades in the laws of living creatures. A few glass cases stand about: in one is a pickled python; in another a stuffed squirrel who starved to death, two ravens, and a parrot, none of them labelled. In another case, grandly, is a large, iridescent bird of fierce and splendid mien. He is labelled, *Mirgh-I-Zarreen.* I stare for a long time and work it out: He is the Golden Cockerel.

I climb the stairs to the choir loft. What a sight to behold! An advanced director or playwright would weep to transport the whole thing intact, back to off-off-off-off Broadway. The old oak pews are piled with hemp, great untidy loops and heaps of red-orange hemp, layered with dust, sliced with light from gothic windows. I run down and outside to find somebody to share this

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with, and seize on Northrop Frye, who is contemplating a Rose of Sharon bush in full bloom.

Later, we wander through the chapel, savoring, not without nostalgia mixed with pity and despair for men, the long and pointless life of the British Raj. I sound a few notes on the organ, and the ghosts wheeze faintly, "We have done the things we ought not to have done, and there is no health in us. But Thou, O Lord, have mercy upon us, miserable sinners. . . ." I examine the Bible on the lectern, and decide to play Bible Roulette before departing. I close my eyes, flip the pages, and stab my finger right on *I Kings* VIII: "I have surely built thee an house to dwell in, a settled place for thee to abide in forever." Dr. Frye and I exchange a long look, and walk out of the chapel and down the hill, forever.

*Later:* We pile on the bus for Murree, and there walk up from the Bazaar to the circular road around the summit. Once there, Kashmir, Russia, all Asia lies piled up before our eyes.

On the way down, we collapse on the grass of the kitchen garden of the British High Commissioner, and contemplate an organized fantasy of turnip beds surmounted by a single shock of corn (did Sir James Fraser plant it, perhaps?) which looks like Louis XIV, with his attendant turnips. Some shy and beautiful children approach us. I ask them about a plant which borders the turnip court. With cries of, "Muli-muli! Muli-muli!" they pull up a long, sallow dour parsnip. *It* looks like Malvolio, cross-garters and all. Clearly, the altitude has gone to my head.

Departing, we have nearly reached the top of a long flight of stone steps leading back to the road when I am halted by clear bird-cries. Some distance away, the littlest girl, the loveliest of them all, is running pell-mell after me, with a bunch of marigolds. I want my life to stop, right now, right here.

*Still later:* On the bus ride back, past opalescent mountains, through smoke, dust and moonlight, I transfer the marigolds from a heap on the floor to my capacious coat pocket. Then I proceed to sit on them. Though they look hopelessly defunct, I would as lief throw them away as the plays of Shakespeare. In my room, after they drink water for an hour or so, they are quite resurrected, glorious, gold.

*September 19:* Up until 4 a.m. with C. who arrived last night, in time for dinner. One of the most emotional and devastating

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evenings I can remember. After four years during which we haven't seen each other, or even kept track of each other since the Indo-Pakistan War, nothing has changed with him. It's a passion rather like that of a medieval troubador for a woman briefly glimpsed and fantasized about forever. But we must begin by replaying every syllable, every gesture we can recall of that time four and five years back. And *his* memory is fanatical, precise and complete, as only the inheritor of 4,000 years of oral poetry could possess. Then we must play every musical note of our separation. . . . In one way, all this is manna to my woman's ravenous heart; in another way I realize that to him I'm not anyone that I might even imperfectly recognize—almost wholly symbolic. Intently as he listens, he doesn't really listen. And what does he see?

His words flows endlessly; he cocks his head as I reply. But it is the motion of his own feelings which prompts his responses. Perhaps the suppleness of the Urdu tongue lends itself to the diminution of the distinction between language and emotion.

My marigolds, a little middle-aged, are the symbols of eternal life. I am both ruined and restored.

*Later:* The conference opens officially tomorrow, and today the Pakistani delegates are streaming in—poets from Lahore and Karachi and 'Pindi, journalists who are literary men, and literary men who have abdicated in favor of journalism (although like literary men everywhere, they don't admit it), teachers from everywhere. For political reasons both too trivial and too complicated to bother to figure out, East Pakistanis have absented themselves, leaving dangerous holes in the agenda. Frantic attempts are made to patch it up. Here is D., once a poet, from Lahore, dramatically attired in native dress, with a huge Kashmir shawl thrown across his shoulder like Julius Caesar. He recoils violently when I start to hug him. It had slipped my mind that his anti-Americanism, never feeble, had come to a boil and stayed there at the time of the war with India, when he finally abjured poetry for polemic. Unlike E., a far finer poet, who is just as outspoken in his Communism, he is a rancorous man, although trimming his sails in public, except for oblique remarks in his column which often pass unnoticed, owing to the opacity of his style in English. E. on the other hand, manages to be amiable, in a detached way, to everyone, while maintaining a far tougher position. And then, being a

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genius, he has really transcended ideology (although for various reasons he doesn't care to say so, particularly to avoid confusing the uneducated, whose tutor he is).

D. is the only Pakistani who cold-shoulders me. I am moved by the warmth by which I am greeted and embraced by old acquaintances. The great poet, Faiz Ahmad Faiz, gives me a cordial squeeze, and spirits me off to the bar. My friend Margaret Harbottle from Peshawar, who combines the finest qualities of Margaret Rutherford and Jane Austen, is here—alas, with bad news about ailing friends on the Frontier, who are in political hot water as usual, although much of the old fuss about the Pathan separatist movement seems to have calmed down; I would suppose that the customary bravery of the Pathans during the outbreak with India has had a lot to do with it.

Margaret is so great an example of what the British could have been to India that she ought to be permanently preserved after death, like Lenin. The British should have some kind of memento of their presence on this great sub-continent for a hundred years. Why not, "Margaret Harbottle Was Here"? Although she is one who became hooked on the Northwest Provinces, she is no wan relict of the past. She is a vigorous teacher, revered by the Pathans, despite race, sex and national origin. I envy her that. And in her cottage garden in Peshawar, with its ethereal, almost inhuman cranes stalking about, and the cats purring within, she is at home.

*September 20:* Last night I had a long fantasy about becoming C.'s second wife (in addition too—not by elimination of—the first Mrs. C., who is as nice as can be). The fact that I could consider such a thing, and without jealous pangs about the present incumbent or other ladies visible or invisible, makes me realize what a long way I have come—a long way towards sympathising with certain attitudes fundamental to this society. I never thought I'd make it. (Also, a good man is hard to find.)

*Later:* The conference opened officially this morning, with a brilliant address by Northrop Frye. He spoke of the unexpected and astonishing rebirth of the oral tradition in modern Western literature, and how it has invalidated some aspects of the old New Criticism. The speech was a superb bridge between the preoccupations of the Eastern and Western literary worlds represented here: "All change takes the form of the recovery of some neglected aspect

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of tradition." "Myths are culturally rooted, while folk tales are nomadic." "Where myth exists, a magic circle is drawn around society." "Literature is born of a specific culture and a specific locale." Each one of these themes would serve for meditation on the present and future direction of Asian literature. One of the major problems for the Asian writer is how to remain within the stream of his ancient literary traditions without becoming swamped. Another is how to deal with the ancient carapaces of literary form. I suspect that the way you come to terms with your literary tradition is *not* to accept it in its nineteenth-century manifestations, but to tackle it deeper down and further back, and not get stuck along the way in some mode of literary antiquarianism.

As to traditional forms, such as the Urdu *ghazil* (a subject which Ralph Russell discussed in dazzling fashion), the older poets tend to keep to the form but have cracked the shell of traditional content: roses, nightingales, the Beloved, etc.—although unrequited love will always be an important strand of poetry in a society which officially disbelieves in personal love, and does a great deal to repress and punish it. So the *ghazil* may last another lifetime, or longer, but it is clear that the fragmenting of old forms is taking place here as it is everywhere else.

*September 21:* The conference has been invited to use the swimming pool of the Islamabad Club, a mile or so from the hotel. It is patronized for the most part by families of the diplomatic missions here in the new capital. It's the finest swimming pool I have ever seen. Someone has said that it is metaphorically possible (and physically too, for that matter) in many parts of Asia to span the centuries in the course of a short walk. I think of this daily, as I walk from our modern hotel to this luxurious pool, through a landscape and past a people unchanged for a thousand years. Encapsulated culture-shock produces a pervasive sense of unreality: Someone at the pool remarks casually, "I see a unicorn over there." Ah yes, a unicorn. I look up, quite unsurprised. There is a man dressed like a Brigadier.

Listening to the idle talk around the pool, I am amused by the way many of the scholars generalize about the culture here, on the flimsiest evidence. How indignantly they would review a book based on such superficial research and such subjective reactions!

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Yet here they are, wrapping up a whole society in a catch-phrase or two.

I attract a certain amount of attention because I wear twenty-four glass bangles in swimming. (Too much trouble to take them off. Anyhow, you have to be a little drunk in order to make your hand flexible as a porpoise. Otherwise the bangle snaps, and you sustain a nasty cut in the fleshy part of the thumb.) Bangles. . . . I remember when Miss Altaf Fatima, the short, pudgy, heroic novelist (who lived next to the movie theatre, where the multiple-features accompanied her thoughts most of the night), in the cheapest of cotton saris, took me to Anarkali to buy me bangles. They cost only a few annas apiece. Another Welcome to Pakistan gesture. Bangles, the People's Jewelry. *Nobody* is too poor to wear bangles. Bangles, like the poor, have lives that are brief and fragile, and like the poor they are expendable. Bangle Time: day by day by day, they snap, and fall away, leaving your arm naked again: existential time. Bangles bestowing grace: my arm dips in the water as I swim and lifts in a graceful arc—all because of bangles glinting in the light, shedding a thousand drops of water in crystal cascades. It is well known that in a sari (or even a burqua, God forfend!) your walk becomes undulant and sexy. Add a lot of tinkling jewelry to the rustle of silk. Easy. More difficult: add a head of long, oiled, perfumed silken hair that falls down your back to the back of your knees in a braided coil as thick as your arm. Grace incarnate. (Sour postscript: Then waste 98% of your femininity in the company of other women, mainly relatives, where almost the sole topic of conversation is where you obtained your finery and how much it cost—while the men are off having what they think is a good time. I love to recall the remark made by a woman friend of mine in—I am happy to say—the American diplomatic service, at a typical party consisting of around forty men and the two of us. Fed up at last, she said, "when I first came to this country I was sorry for the women. Now I'm sorry for *you*. You don't know what you're missing.")

I bought the bangles in the Murree bazaar. For so long I've been yearning for bangles and *pan*—the collection of mild narcotics bound up in betel leaf and folded like a diaper. Two bangles broken so far. (The bangle-wallah had given me two baker's dozen.) My aging marigolds, still bright, and my bright bangles: Eternity versus existential time.

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*Later:* I went with B. and his wife, just arrived, to a reception in 'Pindi given by the Minister of Education and a clutch of Cabinet members and big shots, and their good ladies. The B's are living proof that even this system can produce a happy marriage. Although I persist in believing that there are more actively unhappy marriages here than in the West—or perhaps it would be more accurate to say more marriages where, in the words of my friend, they don't know what they're missing.)

At the reception, with that old-time hypocrisy which irritates me so intensely, they served only orange drink and the local cola. If all the men didn't drink their heads off in the privacy of their own homes, as the phrase has it, I wouldn't mind so much. As it is, it's like the Catholic Church trying to ban contraception for the rest of us. Or perhaps they just don't want to suffer watching us drink while they abstain. I was annoyed enough to lead a rump group into the hotel bar, after checking with a couple of Pakistani pals to see if that would constitute Impossible Behaviour. Not at all, they said wistfully.

I came back to the dining-room just in time for Faiz to lead me over to a table where it was wall-to-wall poets, including D., who proceeded to make rude remarks about me in Urdu. I was tempted to regale the group with stories about how he used to show up at my house in Lahore at all hours, in his Pakistani drag, go through a series of ritual courtship motions much like those of a trumpeter swan, and then sit back and wait for me to drop dead from joy. After I left Pakistan he gave up, and married his mother, or somebody. Now I restrained myself, in memory of his early, lovely poems.

I spent most of the evening being told stories by Faiz, an enchanting talker, both at dinner and back at the bar later on. I remember the first time I saw Faiz, sitting quietly on the platform at a *mushira* (a large, group out-door poetry-reading, under a canopy) waiting his turn to read. Even before he spoke—and of course I couldn't understand when he did—I knew without hesitation that he was a great man. How?

*September 22:* For days the letters column of the paper has been taken up with a subject both ominous and encouraging: ominous that it happened, encouraging that people are making a fuss, and that the paper prints their letters. When I was here before, prob-

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ably the ablest Pakistani professor of English in the country was Eric Cyprian of Islamia College. He required, and produced, a high standard of English prose and poetry. Recently he was abruptly discharged from his post for, 1) anti-Islamic activities, and 2) lack of funds to pay his salary. He was within months of retiring with a pension. Now he doesn't even get severance pay. He will be utterly destitute, as the salary scale for professors permits them to accumulate nothing but debts.

The letter-writer's standard line of defense of Professor Cyprian probably wouldn't make a good impression on either the A.C.L.U. or the A.A.U.P. A sample, under the running head, "A Sordid Affair" (I should say that the word "sordid" seems very popular among Pakistani intellectuals and journalists): "Sir, Every pupil of Mr. Cyprian must have been shocked to hear of his dismissal . . . I beg to cite just one incident: It was the month of Ramazan. We were having a meeting of The Young Writers. One young man lit a cigarette. Nobody took any notice of him except Mr. Cyprian. He made the smoker put out his cigarette, saying, 'you must respect the month of Ramazan.' As for the second objection, I say that no salary is too high for a kind, devoted and sincere teacher like Mr. Cyprian. Yours, etc."

I used to visit Cyprian's classes, to talk about American poetry, and to read the students' work and comment on it. The subject matter of much of their writing was obsessed with the cataclysm of blood, fire and brimstone which was their earliest memory: Partition. This was a time when, at two or three years old, you were dug from the bottom layer of bodies by frantic hands, barely breathing, often wounded yourself, in a railway car in Lahore station, where every adult in that car had been slaughtered. Your parents had flung themselves protectively on you, in their last moments. If they died without being disembowelled or mutilated in ways too horrible to mention, by the Sikhs of Shrinigar, as the train passed through the station, they were the fortunate dead. Can this be written of in the stately couplets and intricate rhymes of the *ghazil*?

But, not long before my stay in Pakistan, Allen Ginsberg had penetrated the sub-continent. (This is an over-simplification, but even so, the tremendous *positive* impact of his visit, in contrast to the scandalous impact which most people know about vaguely, can

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hardly be overestimated.) Through the influence of Ginsberg and his large and immediate following, free verse did more than liberate form; it liberated consciousness. Through it, the students discovered the instrument of their catharsis.

When asked to "criticise" such work, Cyprian and I tended to throw up our hands. How do you criticise a volcanic eruption? Never mind. As we have seen with our own writers who happen to be black, the shouts of pain and rage, or grievance and horror, precede the ability to create a controlled work of art. Liberation now, literature later.

But it is precisely at this point, when young writers need to make new accommodations between their traditions and their immediate experience (post-catharsis), that the help of men like Eric Cyprian is urgently required if they are to become artists, or even self-comprehending men. That is why I am so gloomy that he—and no doubt others like him—has been driven from his post. And I, as an American, am in absolutely no position to do anything to help. I confirm this with B. later, who says to stay out of it. I: "What about money?" B. (severely): "We will see that he is cared for." Bless B. I'd like to give many examples of his goodness and courage, but they would identify him too clearly, in these uncertain times.

*September 23, 6 a.m.:* I am to give my paper this morning, and then depart at once for Peshawar by car, to catch up with a party of peoples going to Swat, then to Afghanistan and Iran. I've always wanted to go to Swat, "because of Babe Ruth," I tell my Pakistani friends. Even if I explained it, I wouldn't explain anything. But that helps make up for all the jokes in Urdu that *I* don't get.

Yesterday, various emissaries from the group going to Swat came by this hotel to look for me. Everyone to whom they spoke, from manager to busboy, assured them that I was in conference, they didn't know where, and could under no circumstances be disturbed even if they did know. The hotel people knew perfectly well that I was in the bar with Faiz all afternoon, drinking gin and going over translations. They damned well weren't going to interrupt us. They know how to treat poets in this country.

*Saidu-Sharif, Swat, 8 p.m.:* My speech went over reasonably well. I closed by reading a poem of Faiz. He graciously came forward and recited it in Urdu before I read my English version. We

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brought down the house with that, although I could see some Pakistanis looking peevish at the translation—it is a *very* famous poem. But for the most part they were the kind who believe that you can't translate *anything* without losing *everything;* and people of this sort are the principle reason why the bulk of Urdu literature is so little known in the West. As I used to say to my Pakistani friends when I lived here, "Would you rather have a door open a crack into a beautiful garden, or would you prefer to keep it locked and bolted?"

Here is the poem, much improved by yesterday's session in the bar:

IF I WERE CERTAIN

If I were certain, o my dear companion,
If I were certain that your muffled pulse,
Grief in your eyes, heart in your breast afire
Could be relieved by my devoted care,
If sympathetic phrases were a cure
To lift the sterile shadows from your brain,
To wipe the stain of insult from your brow,
And to restore your failing youth again;
If I were certain, o my dear companion,
I would nurse you day and night without repose.
How I would croon you tender, moving songs,
Tunes of cascades, of spring, and orchard blossoms,
Morning's commencement, the travelling moon and planets,
How I would spin you long, romantic tales!
Tales of proud girls whose stiff, unyielding bodies
Melt beneath the urgent warmth of hands,
How the features, learned by heart, of a single face,
Alter at once, and bloom before your eyes,
How the marmoreal pallor of her skin
Warms, of a sudden, with a glow like wine.
How roses bend meek stems that you may pluck them,
And how the imperial night bursts into fragrance.
Then I would sing, sing endlessly for you,
Weaving my songs, kneel endlessly beside you.
No song of mine can be a panacea

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For suffering, though it may soothe your grief.
My song is not a lancet but a salve
Anointing the long anguish of your life.
Only a knife can end your agony,
Killing, redeeming. I cannot fulfill you
Nor any breathing being on this earth
Except yourself, except yourself, except yourself.

—*Faiz Ahmad Faiz*

*September 24:*

I split for Swat, right on schedule—good to make a fast getaway, and avoid prolonged and painful farewells. The driver made fine time out of Islamabad, and soon we swung onto The Grand Trunk Road. The world's greatest road. The road between Europe and Asia, between India and Greece, the route of Alexander, Tamurlaine and Genghis Khan, the road built by the greatest man of all, to my mind, the first Moghul Emperor, Akbar, who created more than he destroyed, who created much that still lives today. Road of traders, and armies, and nomads and fierce tribesmen, and bandits, of thousands upon thousands of caravans, camels, donkeys, horsemen, and peasants transporting their produce or fleeing their oppressors, measuring off the miles with two bare feet—road mercifully and blessedly unchanged.

As the driver tore along, I hung my head out of the car window, singing over and over, "Oh the Grand Trunk Road is a grand trunk road," exhilarated as all hell, and mad to see everything once more. At the same time I was holding back tears at having to leave my friends, and C. For another half a decade, I suppose. Well, never mind. Age cannot wither me in those eyes. And custom is damned well not going to stale my infinite variety, worse luck.

I held myself in suspense, not wanting to miss the first glimpse of a place I love: Attock Fort, at the confluence of the great Kabul and Indus Rivers. First, a couple of small, ruined caravanserais (built by Akbar, I bet); then the graveyard, and a bare, ruined mosque; then around the curve, and Attock Fort! Built by Akbar, its massive walls swoop down the hills to the river in waves of scalloped stone. (I have about eighty-five photographs of it at

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home, none of them any good.) Then we go down past the village which separates the fort from the road, to the famous suspension bridge built by the British. After the bridge, the road wanders along the river for a while, then gives itself a shake and takes off in a straight line, on a dead run, for the Frontier. At Nowshera, an old army town just this side of Peshawar, I see some soldiers making the only sensible use of a couple of armored tanks that I can imagine: grading a road. Let us beat our tanks into road-graders. . . .

We roll up to Dean's Hotel, in Peshawar, with about eleven minutes to spare.

The car broke down five times on the way to Swat, so we missed a visit to a Buddha carved in rock which has lost most of its frontage, according to my fellow-travellers. But, being tardy, we hit the Swat Valley at just the right time, late afternoon: Low sun nearing the mountains' rim, but still gleaming on green-yellow fields that give off an unearthly glow. The fields divide for a pure blue river, gliding along its broad bed. It took me quite a while to realize that the rich green crop we saw was *rice*. I'm familiar with Chinese rice fields: peasants sloshing through icy mud to harvest puny stalks no higher than your hand. This glorious stuff must be waist-high. Oceans of chartreuse rice! And melons, huge mounds of melons, like orange balloons. And nomads: stunning women, striding along with erect backs, looking you dead in the eye. (What a contrast to all that burqua-bundling and scarf-grabbing and sideways-shuffling apprehension down below!) They are dressed in a profusion of clashing prints and jangling jewels that would send Vuillard and Bonnard into fits.

The hotel is a superb old place, with ample lawns and huge trees, formerly the Wali's guest house. Our timing is not all that it might be. Today the Government put the Wali, and the heads of the other Frontier states, out of business. Their principalities are now Districts. The Wali, poor Wali, was supposed to receive us. Olly, olly, oxenfree, Wali! But the Wali is lurking, and skulking, and sulking, deep within his walls. He is weeping at the bitter ingratitude of men and states. He sends a Cabinet Minister (as of yesterday) in his place, who makes sad, polite noises to us, and we make sleepy polite noises back. And then we go tumble into our beds, by the light of a huge full moon. All goodly report of Swat is right: Paradise lives!

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*September 25, Kabul, Afghanistan:*

Swat left me speechless. Anyway, the less people know about the splendors of Swat, the better. The whole place ought to be Classified Information, or all sorts of unworthy types will be wanting to go there and spoil it. Wednesday a day of desultory sightseeing and mooning around. We drove back to Peshawar on Thursday. Wandered about in the bazaar for a while, everything permeated by the lovely, smoky, sandalwood-sweet odor of hashish. You can get high just walking around. An evening of "ethnic dancing" on the lawn of Dean's Hotel, the only amusing part of it the way the other western guests went into raptures about the two dancing girls, who were boys. Typical Pathan tarts they were, too, tough as nails, throwing in a bump here, a grind there, and batting their eyes at the guests in a parody of lust.

This morning we climbed on busses and headed for the Khyber Pass. When I was here before, I got myself adjudged a suspicious character in the eyes of the authorities because I spent too much time with the Pathan poets, some of whom were suspected of being involved with the Red Shirts, or Pathan separatist movement. When I wasn't avoiding a bumbling oaf from the C.I.A. (in those innocent days I thought the Pakistanis were paranoid about the C.I.A.—now, of course, I know better), for fear I might be thought a colleague or pal of his, I was trying to avoid well-meaning officials of both governments, who tried to dissuade me from staying near Charsadda Village with friends of mine, an experience I wasn't about to miss. My host was perhaps the best poet writing in Pushto; at any rate his poems were once used in school and college textbooks, before he got in too much political trouble. He is the son of the illustrious Abdul Ghaffar Khan, known as "the Gandhi of the Frontier," now an ancient man who is forced to live exiled in Kabul, but still a potent symbol to his followers and to his enemies. Why the Pakistani authorities worried about his son Ghani is more than I can understand. Years of prison (mostly under the British), drink, drugs, failing health and spiritual dishevelment would seem a more than effective bar to his leading a tribal uprising. Furthermore, no man as totally obsessed with art and poetry as Ghani has time for politics. But the story of my friendship and love for Ghani, and Roshan, his wife,

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is a book that I am not going to open now. All this was by way of explaining why I didn't get to the Khyber Pass in 1965. One good feint towards Afghanistan, and I probably would have been declared *persona non grata,* and pushed out of the country.

It is a fine, clear morning as we roll towards the border. The entrance to the pass is not impressive, and we are held up the usual length of time while passports are inspected. I run into the weedy son and heir of the Meer of Hunza, who was a child when I met him last in Lahore, in the hall of the Customs and Immigration Building. I suppose the poor old Meer is out of a job, too. It is amusing to introduce "the Crown Prince," wearing an ancient sweater, sneakers, and jeans, to a couple of impressionable people in our party, who barely refrain from dropping him a curtsey.

At last we're off. The mountains begin to draw closer, but I am craning my neck to stare back at the Pakistan border—a wooden gate, a cluster of shacks and parked cars, a couple of wooden conning towers and a lot of troops—for as long as I can. But I can't really see very well. I seem to be crying again. Goodbye, Pakistan! So long! I'll be back! I'll be back!

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JEROME P. SEATON

# Translations from Yun-Kang Tzu

*1*

my home's in the flowering mountain
my joy is purest idleness
in a rush hut by a blue grotto
at the end of a crazy winding path
at noon I take a simple meal
and when I'm full
I take my staff
and wander to the mountain top
and gaze.

*2*

by willow's shade
in shadows of the pine
back up against
all karma stopped
the monkey heart is skewered
the racing mind is penned
the moon bright the breeze pure
alone I speak
of endless life.

*3*

clear water-sound
fine mountain colors
nothing to do
with right and wrong
bamboo's shade on a
rush hut's window
here's music
in a way
you cannot say
to any man

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*4*

laugh if you want
I understand
so I've used up a fortune . . .
I've thought it all over, carefully
and it doesn't bother *me.*
I'll just straggle down this road
'til I've danced to
one great good place
or another.

*5*

the flour's gone sour
the grain in the bin has gone stale
my ladle is busted, and even
my old wooden bowl's got a hare-lip
no salt, just a couple of onions
I eat my heart: it's sweeter
than the sweetmeats of the world.

*6*

back to the cave
pull the brushwood door shut
call out the boy and
let's play chess
if we get sad
we'll have a few cups
drink 'til we trip
on our straw sandals
and then fall asleep
with our clothes on.

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*7*

laugh at me I understand
the moon and the wind are my friends
I sleep in the clouds
I play a jade flute
a taste for these
may be difficult for you to acquire

*8*

who envies you
o high and mighty
all done up in purple
dangling your badge of rank
my heart's at peace
I'm satisfied with me
there aren't many in the world today
to match this
crafty rascal.

*9*

in straw sandals
and a belt of hemp
in a rush raincoat
dangling an old gourd ladle
half like a fisherman
half like a woodcutter
my head like a raspberry patch
and my face like a compost heap
I'll endure your laughter

---

Yun-kang Tzu is the religious name, or pseudonym, of an otherwise anonymous Taoist poet-recluse who probably lived near the Yun-kang caves, a Buddhist and Taoist religious center in north China, in the mid-fourteenth century. In the original, each poem has only twenty-seven syllables.

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GUY DAVENPORT

# The Antiquities of Elis

On the mountain road from Olympia to Elis you come to the ruins of Pylos. White dust, which the traveller to Greece must learn to endure, had covered my mule and my baggage, the beard and eyebrows of Pyttalos my guide, and the copper hair of Lykas my courier. It was late summer, the crickets trilled all day, there was a bronze tone in the green of the Elean forests, and Pyttalos, whose face was more wrinkled than any I had ever seen, said in his offhanded way that we were in a place known to be bad for werewolves. I took him literally at first, Greeks are apt to say anything, and then I saw he was making some allusion to Lykas, whose name of course means wolf. I looked to Lykas for an explanation, or for the joke, but he was grinning as always, as good natured as a dog.

"What do the werewolves do?" I asked.

"Eat lambs," Pyttalos said. "Flatten girls and wives."

I shook dust from my sleeves, observed the varieties of nettle, star flower, asphodel, and briar, and said that Lykas hadn't bitten us yet.

Pyttalos looked surprised. He put up well with my foreign ways and astounding ignorance, though I had overheard him explaining my importance, and hence his, at Olympia. I was, he said, taking Hellas down in a book, so that the Roumeli and Calabriani could know its shrines and holy places. I asked as many questions as a philosopher, he elucidated, but was not so womanish or thick in the head.

"Not Lykas, Kyrie. Werewolves. Lykas is I should think a Bear brother, and says his prayers to Apollo Wheat Mouse, and still goes to the equinoxes with his mama. You have to belong to the Lady to get on the road you go off of into the wolf spell."

Lykas picked up a flint and shied it at a lizard. "I've been to the Artemis service," he said. "With my sister."

"Pylos," Pyttalos said, pointing.

The ruins of a wall ran in and out of wild olive across a white river bed, the Ladon when the winter rains make it into a river again.

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"Two rivers," Pyttalos explained. "Over to the left is the Peneios. The Ladon comes into it just where the old town used to be."

I was told in Elis that this Pylos was named for its founder Pylon Klesonides, that Herakles destroyed it, that the Eleans rebuilt it, but that it never amounted to anything, and has been abandoned for a century or more. They also remarked that it is the Pylos of Homer. They could be right, for the river Alph flows through Elis, and there is no such river among the Pylians on the coast across from Sphakteria, and no one has ever heard of a Pylos in Arkadia.

Before setting out for Ilis we had eaten honeycomb and goat cheese under the great oak by the sanctuary of Artemis of the Mating Dance, where the bones of Pelops lie in a bronze box. Mount Sipylos is said to be the home of that licentious and sacred dance, and Pyttalos laughed, licking honey from his fingers. "Some dance," he said. "These Eliskoi have a house for the Lady every hilltop and ash grove. I've seen the dance at the Thargely and by the Dog there wasn't a bird on its nest."

Lykas chewed his barley cake and grinned.

We had been on the road for two days when we came to the ruins of Pylos. Aside from werewolves, which Pyttalos assured us appeared there at the right time of the moon, Pylos had nothing to offer but her overgrown ruins, and we pushed on to Herakleia, an Elean village on the river Kytheros. There is a spring outside Herakleia inhabited by the nymphs Kalliphaeia, Synallasis, Pegaia, and Iasis, or Shine, Leap, Gush, and Heal. Together they are called the Ionides, named for Ion the son of Gargettos, who came here from Athens. The spring is particularly efficacious in curing arthritis and rheumatism. Pyttalos remarked that it took a poultice of asafetida and horse radish to get at the root of his aches, and that he left sitting in a cold spring to the young and the not overly bright. And added that it was scarcely decent, anyway.

We had an onion and some hot wine with sage in it at Herakleia, and looked at the sanctuary of the nymphs, scaring a heron as we approached. I admired the butterflies and lizards, Pyttalos found a trefoil which he picked, and we moved on toward Letrini.

There is little left of Letrini. A few houses still stand, and a temple of Artemis Alpheiaia. Alpheios, the legend goes, loved

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Artemis, and decided to carry her off. The goddess had come to Letrini for her night festival, to dance under the full moon with her virgins. She knew Alpheios' intent, and she and her companions smeared their faces with river mud, so that Alpheios could not tell which of the dancers was Artemis. I think rather that the temple is to Artemis Elaphiaia, Artemis of the Deer Folk, whose cult is observed at Elis. And yet the Eleans say that Elaphios was Artemis' childhood nurse.

The muddy face of Artemis was probably a misunderstanding of some rite now lost, some drama perhaps with masks, or some disguise of the goddess far more serious than a device to avert the lust of a river, and who knows what allegory, what sacred poem, lies behind that?

Elis as we approached it on its mountain plain was all honey, white, and green along the Peneus, which flashed crystal in its crooked course. The squares and oblongs of houses and temples were scattered without order among trees. The Greeks, who have such an eye for symmetry, like to dispose their buildings at odd angles, to show that geometry may please but not tyrannize. I saw instantly that I was coming to an extraordinary country town. All the grandeur of the Olympic games was at Olympia itself which in its monumentality and profusion of statuary seemed more Egyptian than Hellenic. Elis, where the athletes trained and qualified for the games, and where the judges resided for most of each year, was elegant and relaxed. The sun had bleached and mellowed it. Athletes, trainers, and officials from all over the civilized world gave it a cosmopolitan touch, and yet as soon as we were in its streets, among poultry, dogs, farmers, old women with baskets of squash, and scholarly men with books under their arms, I saw that its identity was inviolate, peculiar to itself, rich of tone.

Our inn-keeper cocked his ear, as if he were going to hear Scythian. We had come from Olympia, *yes*? His *rho* was more liquid than Pyttalos' and his use of the dative smacked of Athens. A chicken and a dog watched us unpack the mule, in hope of something dropped.

Asses brayed throughout the night, as in every part of Greece, the bronze trumpet of the Fury Megaira. Crickets chirred, the nightingale trilled, two owls called to each other from distant trees. In the false dawn all the cocks of Elis crowed.

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We rose late, the privilege of travellers, dipped fresh bread in hot wine, fought the bees from our honey, and sampled a plate of figs which the inn-keeper's wife, a provincial Hera, brought us as a token of esteem. I was, she had heard, writing the picture of Elis for the Romaioi. I looked at Pyttalos without catching his eye. Would I mention the inn, its moderate prices, its desire to accommodate the better sort of traveller? I do. It is the Xenodokheion Hermes on the Hodos Marathonos. The straw is clean, the wine salubrious, the bread excellent.

Lykas had put on a fresh tunic, Pyttalos had appeared with his staff, and we set off to see Elis.

The old gymnasium was the principal object of my visit, and we went there first. It is here that the athletes train before they go to Olympia. There is much about it that reminds me of all schools. Like my Lydian grammar school, it has a sweet quietness and intimacy which I missed at the Academy. It has the spiritual clarity of beginnings.

Tall plane trees line the tracks inside the wall that rings the Xystos, where Herakles himself once pulled up thistles. These are the training tracks. The races for the competitions are run on the Sacred Course, which is also within the walls.

Inside the gymnasium is the Plethrion, or wrestling floor a hundred feet square. Here the Hellanodikai match the wrestlers by age, weight, and ability. A group of boys stood gravely around a trainer near a door at the far end of the gymnasium. Along a wall stand altars with statues. First there is Herakles Parastatos of Ida, before which the boys take the military oath of comradeship. Then there is a statue of Eros and beside it the god Anteros, or Love Returned, the principle by which boys in love with each other do not act like boy and girl, but sustain decency and chastity in their friendship. Beyond Anteros are statues of the Barley Mother and her daughter whom we may not name.

There is no statue here of Akhilleus, or altar. An oracle forbad it, but there is a cenotaph outside where on the equal day and night at the end of summer the Elean women cover their heads with their shawls, bare their breasts, and wail for the son of Peleus and Thetis.

A smaller gymnasium near the larger one is called the Cube, for its shape. It has a wrestling floor and a boxing ring. We saw

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the soft gloves hanging on pegs, and the strapped pouches with which the boxers were girded. Opposite the door stood a Zeus bought, as it was inscribed on its pedestal, with fines paid by Sosandros of Smyrna and Polyktor of Elis.

There is a third gymnasium, for beginners, called the Moltho, or soft floor. Here we found a head and shoulders of Herakles in bronze, and a relief built into the wall showing Eros as an athlete holding a palm branch which Anteros, also an athlete, is trying to take from him, illustrating the balance and tension of comradely love, as they both wish to be the giver. The bow and the string cannot pull the same way.

On each side of the door to this third gymnasium there is a statue of the boxer Sarapion, who was born in the Alexandria which faces Pharos in Egypt. He brought wagons of wheat to Elis in the time of the famine, and one of the statues honors him for that. The other honors him for winning the crown of wild olive at the two-hundredth-and-seventeenth Olympiad. The third gymnasium is also used for the recitation of poetry and oratory. The room set aside for this is called the Lalikhmion, after the man who had it built. Round shields painted with the signs of tribes hang around the walls.

The way from the gymnasiums to the baths, cobblestoned and strewn with leaves, is called the Silent Road, and here we came to the sanctuary of Artemis Friend of Adolescents, Philomeirax, whether from her being the neighbor of the gymnasium or from a cult of olden time which eventually begat the gymnasium, the baths, the tracks, I do not know. The name of the road was explained this way: once the infantry of Oxylos was curious to know what went on in Elis, and by this road their spies came to listen at the wall, so silently that no one heard them.

I wonder if in times now forgotten the city cult was that of Artemis Philomeirax and the silence not that of Aitolian spies but of initiates whose procession came along this road to the rites.

The stone road was dusty, quiet, and slowly covering with leaves. Here a thistle had come up between stones, its leaves curled and ornate; there, a stray flax flower. The plane trees were old and tall, and we relished their shade and peacefulness. Pyttalos had been here many years before, and remarked that it was all the very same.

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Three boys came onto the road from the smaller gymnasium, the Moltho, going to the baths. Their chests rose and fell, and they breathed through their mouths. They were wrestlers, for ovals of dust spotted their oiled bodies. One had thrown a khiton over his shoulders, one wore a triangle of white linen knotted at each hip, the other was naked except for a blue ribbon around his forehead. Their hair seemed to have been cut with the bread knife. They looked at Lykas, in the manner of boys and dogs, thinking perhaps that he was someone new at the schools. He blushed.

The temple was very old. Its northern side was black with lichen, and the sun and rain had bleached its eastern wall to the whiteness of ancient bone. The statue of Artemis was carved of olive wood in the archaic style. Her face was covered with beaten gold so impure as to be red. She wore a stole of bright but countrified needlework, mere geometry to indicate blue stars, a white moon, a yellow sun with its rays, and a row of partridges. The cult statues were equally primitive and equally blunt, a girl with a rather overstated notch to emphasize her place in nature, and a boy with broad shoulders and copious testicles. The interior was dim—we looked through the latticework of the door—and smelled of clean old stone and still, dry air. The figures were serene in their half light, except for the golden mask of Artemis, which had the strict kindness of the Spartan women written on it in, so to speak, the Elean dialect. Before the altar there were terra-cotta figures, no larger than toys: horses, deer, birds, bears, lions.

These sweet temples which I have seen everywhere in Greece, her islands and colonies, with their thin, fluted columns browned by age and sunlight, with their trees, knot-kneed or mossy or slender still in their fortieth year, gather all their circumjacence, their rocks, nettles, narrow windows, god images, turning shadows, birds' nests, wasp hives, urns, priests, and acolytes into a venerable family, for how can a tree's shadow, flowered, full-leaved, or laden with snow, move on a temple's wall from the old age of Herakles to the greying of Hadrian's beard without becoming its sister or brother as those kinships stand among wood and stone? It was Herakleitos who said that some things are too slow to see, such as the growth of grass, and some too fast, like the arrow's flight. All things, I have often thought, are dancing to their own music. A Lydian song is soon over, but the music to which the zodiac is

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turning requires twelve times three thousand years to close its harmony, if we may follow the calculations of Pythagoras, and the rhythms of time for a child are so much slower than for a man that we have lived for centuries before our beards arrive. It is the young who are so very old. Yet there is a mortality even in children which we cannot discern in old temples, which, in surviving generation after generation, have taken on that grace by which their sacredness shall probably survive Greece and Rome. Earthquake and impiety cannot destroy them all.

There are two roads from the gymnasiums to the agora. One goes by the cenotaph of Akhilleus to the quarters of the Hellenodikai. It is along this road before sunrise that you can see the trainers and runners coming down to the tracks. The other road goes by residences and gardens.

The place and market at Elis is not laid out in the Ionian manner, but has kept the old style of roofed columns, with passageways between, as congenial as the eastern markets, or the shaded and comfortable back-streets of Athens and Corinth. We were amused to learn that they call their market the Hippodrome, for they tame horses here as well as buy and sell, talk and play checkers. The portico facing south has Doric columns, stately and plain. Here the Hellenodikai can usually be found passing the time of day. We were shown altars that can be moved about in the market, permanent ones being inconvenient in so busy a place. The Hellenodikai have rooms off the market-place, and live here for ten months of their term. They take instructions in the games from the judges, and decide which athletes are to be pitted against each other in all the contests.

Across the street from the portico of the Hellenodikai is the Korkyrean Portico, built with money from the raids on Korkyra in the time of the wars with that island. This series of roofed columns has a wall down the middle, with statues set against it, one of which is of the philosopher Pyrrhon, who would admit nothing. That a room might be empty, he could never subscribe to, for the predication was too fraught with ambiguities to be considered. Empty of light, it was full of dark. Empty of chairs and tables, it was full of air. Pyrrhon is buried outside Elis, at a place named the Rock, and we walked out to see his tomb. The Rock was once a town, but there is nothing there anymore. Pyrrhon's

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sarcophagos, along with some others, lies in tall grass near a grove of pine trees.

How old the world!

Another statue in the market at Elis is of Apollo Doctor, the same Apollo you find at Athens. There is also a Sun of stone, with rays coming from his head; and a Moon, with horns.

At the end of a wide street off the market is a grove of terebinth and manna ash where a delicate and elegant sandstone sanctuary of the Graces stands in a lace of shadow. Their statues are wooden, their robes gilded, their heads, hands, and feet of white marble. One holds a rose, Aphrodita's flower; another, a sprig of Myrtle, sacred to the rites of Aprodita and Adonis. The third holds a pair of dice.

Beside the Graces stands an Eros, also of wood.

Further on, there is a temple of Silenos, interesting in that it is not to Dionysos and Silenos but to Silenos alone. His image is fat and rampant. A satyr is offering him a cup of wine. It is sad to know that satyrs are mortal. I have seen the tomb of one in the land of the Hebrews, though I could not read his name or age on the red stone. A learned man of their tribe showed it to me. When I told him that the forests of my native Lydia, and of the Greeks, were as full of satyrs as the streets of Damascus with camels, he smoothed his black beard and made no comment.

There is also a satyr buried at Pergamon.

In the market-place there is also a kind of temple, a roof over pillars carved of oak, but with no walls. It is, the Eleans say, a tomb; whose, no one can remember. An old man told me that it was the tomb of Oxylos, but could say no more about it.

Near this forlorn structure is the House of the Sixteen, where select women weave the annual robe for Hera. Its yard is surrounded by a wall, and inside that by several large chestnut trees.

At the edge of the market there is a temple in ruins, with only its pillars still standing, roofless and bereft of statuary. Tall grass mixed with wild flowers grows around it, and the inside, naked of altar or images, was alive with crickets and lizards when I looked. It was in its day dedicated to the Roman emperors. I daresay it dates from the vanity of Nero Augustus, whose opulent hand touched Greece with its fever. Hadrian, who was emperor until my eighteenth year, was already beginning to shy away from the

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idea of divinity inhering in a living man; the second Antonine was too religious to encourage a cult of the emperor, and Marcus Aurelius has refused altogether to assume the title Divus.

Behind the arcade of the Korkyrean spoils there is a temple to Aphrodita of the Sky. Her image of ivory and gold is by Pheidias, and stands with one foot on a tortoise. Beside this temple is a walled grove for the Common Aphrodita. Her statue is in an underground room, a bronze Aphrodita riding on a bronze billy goat. The sculptor is Skopas, and his worldly Aphrodita on her randy buck is as well wrought in its manner as the etherial Aphrodita of Pheidias. I do not know the meaning of the tortoise.

The Eleans are the only people who have a temple to Hades. It is opened once a year, only the priest is allowed inside, and the reason is this. When Herakles was besieging the Pylos whose ruins we saw on the road from Olympia, Athena came to help him. In those days Hades had a temple at Pylos and came to the defense of the city. If Hades found his worship at Pylos acceptable, the Eleans felt that his rites ought to be established in Pylos' mother city Elis.

There is also a temple for Fortuna at Elis. Her image is enormous, and stands outside the sanctuary proper. It is of gilded wood, but the face, hands, and feet are of marble.

To the left of this temple is a small shrine to Sosipolis. The painting inside is of a dream. It depicts Sosipolis as a boy in a blue robe on which stars are painted. He holds the horn of Amaltheia. I saw no image of him as the sacred serpent, or with Ilithyia.

There is a statue of Poseidon in the residential part of Elis. He is a beardless young man with crossed legs, leaning with both hands on a spear. He is dressed by the Eleans in a tunic of linen, over which there is a flaxen khlamys and a cloak of wool. This is Poseidon of Samikon in Triphylia, brought here as a trophy. The Eleans say that it is an image of Satrapas, one of the names of Korybas, and not Poseidon at all. Poseidon to the inland Greeks is the Earth Shaker; to the Greeks of the islands and ports he is a god of the sea. Pyttalos, indeed, said that Poseidon is the god of walls, and it was his opinion that this dressed statue was of an Olympic victor, and that a gaggle of religious widows and wives with nothing better to occupy their time had set it up here to add awe and flash—here he made a curious sign with his hand, probably obscene—to the neighborhood.

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The houses hereabouts had walled gardens and were set among trees. I saw a splendid wild red of late roses through a gate, with a fall of petals beneath the bush and their musk loose in the air. There was also an old herm from the time of Alexander, and a sun-dial. Through the inner gate I could see Persian chickens in a yard, and a cart horse gone white around the muzzle munching fodder from a rick.

On the acropolis there is a temple to Athene, quite fine. The statue is of ivory and gold, the work of Pheidias, if we may believe the Eleans. A cock stands on her helmet, the emblem of her warlike genius, or perhaps the symbol of Athene the Worker.

Along the cobbled road from the market down to the River Menios we went through an old part of the town where the houses are close, the most of them being over the workshops of sandal-makers, ironmongers, smiths, potters, and dyers. We stopped to admire the crocus yellow of a cauldron of boiling willow twigs. There were cats sitting in almost every window along this busy street, and dogs and children at every door. There was even a tame owl sitting on a girl's shoulder, against which Lykas made a hex, spitting into his fingers and touching his forehead and genitals. Pyttalos remarked that an owl in town wouldn't know the Lady if it were to see her, and bore no significance whatsoever.

"They are religious about them at Athens," Lykas said. He was proud of his information, and looked at me with a congenial frankness, his head slightly lowered.

"The owl is Athene's sacred bird," I said.

"Owls," Pyttalos said, "are the next thing to chickens."

"Who," I remarked as we reached the end of the street and had to wade through sheep being driven into town, "are also sacred to Athene."

We came out onto a hill overlooking the river. Here we found the theatre. It is quite old and charmingly small. The temple of Dionysos beside it was designed by Praxiteles. It, too, is small, but strong of line and brilliantly painted. Dionysos, the Eleans say, has never failed to attend their Thyia, the grounds for which are eight stadia from the town. Three empty jars are placed in the temple on the eve of the Elean Thyia, before any witnesses who care to watch, citizens or strangers. The doors are then sealed and guarded. Next morning, the seals are opened by the priests, and

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the jars are found to be filled with wine. The Andrioi have a similar visitation of the god. If one is to believe the Greeks about such things, one might as well believe the Aithiopians above Syene, who show you a stone in a meadow which they call the table of the sun, where Helios dines. Religion is a grievous and wonderful thing.

Elis is as rich as Crete in vineyards. The god would certainly not be shy of showing himself to such diligent and worshipful votaries. The Thyia is a rite of deepest antiquity, the symbolism of which involves the winnowing basket, or *likna,* in which the infant Dionysos is said to have been cradled, the old reverence for bread and wine cherished by the Hellenes and indeed by the civilized world. The *likna* serves a third and purely religious function when it is filled by the priestesses with a toy of the god's phallos carved of fig wood. The harvest fruit is placed with it, awned wheat, gourds, leaves, and other bounty. This is then designated the cradle of Semele, and a hymn proclaims that the god is the son of his mother.

At Olympia we had seen the chair of Demeter Khamyne, whose lady bishop watches the contests, and Pyttalos explained that this Demeter is the same as Semele, or Zemele, as he called her.

"Mama of Zanysso," he added.

"She is then," I said, "the earth, and Dionysos is the vine."

"No, Kyrie, no," Pyttalos said. "The earth is Zemele; the vine is Zanysso. But not all. The gods are more than we can know of them."

"We do not speak, O Kers!"

"Touch wood," Pyttalos said.

As we walked back to our inn, all the asses of Elis began to bray, for it was their fodder time. Pyttalos and Lykas laughed, knowing my foreigner's opinion of this unnerving and peculiarly Aegean cacophony. If any other creature has the lungs of the Greek ass, I do not know it. I have heard the elephant trumpet, but its silver alarm has neither the volume nor the pitch of the Prienian ass, whose throat is of brass. And certainly none other of Zeus's animals has its satyric impudence, for like as not he accompanies his heart-stopping caterwaul with full priapic display of his considerable member, which leaps from its shaggy foreskin, for no other reason, I suppose, than that his daimon fulfills its being in his bray

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and pizzle, and that these proclaim their glory together, no doubt to the everlasting delight of the gods.

This incomparable voice is of composite majesty. In genus it is the whinny of the horse family, yet the lowing of cattle is folded in with the equine tune, and there is also to be detected in it the triumphant crow of the cock, the squealing of pigs and the howling of dogs. And noises outside the cries of nature seem to figure in its awfulness, such as the stone saw, the whine of a gale in ships' rigging, the terrible lash of siege engines hurling missiles. Neither Pyttalos nor Lykas nor any Greek is disturbed by this piercing of the ear, a cry equally frantic whether in anticipation of supper, copulation, breakfast, or hoarfrost. Indeed, I suppose it is one of the strange Greek harmonies, an analogue of the aesthetic wherein the Hellenic adoration of the body is combined with the strictest and perhaps the purest of morals, and a fierce love of freedom exists within laws which a Tartar would deem tyrannical, and a sense of color rivalling that of the Egyptians expresses itself in coarse whites, drab terra cottas, and a single blue which one sees everywhere. Pyttalos never ceased to be all mirthful wrinkles when I winced at the *hgee! HGAH!* of the Greek ass, spilling my wine if I were raising it to my lips, or scoring my papyrus if I were making a note when one of these beasts called its god, its wife, or its master.

At the inn, waiting for supper, I stole the liberty of looking into the landlord's office. Whitewashed and splendidly provincial, it was hung with wineskins and strings of red onions, a sheepskin, baskets, fishing canes, straw hats, and, curious to note, a mask of some character in a play, a godly face with elegantly curled hair and beard. From the ceiling hung a cage of plaited glass in which the household's pet cricket sat folded up, waiting for the night.

We had goat for supper, with a soup of barley and scallions. Pyttalos found an herb in his wallet and broke it into his soup.

"For old age," he said, with a wink at Lykas.

I have sweetened my life with many far places, but I think none was more quietly congenial than the town of Elis. These were the streets which I now watched with their dog-carts in which matrons under parasols rode with the aplomb of Tanagra figurines, with their moustached promoters carrying game cocks under their arms, with their troops of brown athletes walking on the balls of their

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feet beside their trainers, superbly indifferent to the gaze of the girls' faces behind every curtain of beads, to the appraisal of the Spartan eye, and the higher appraisal of the Corinthian and Platonic stare, these were the streets that Pindaros had trod. Pythagoras had been here, and the philosophers Thales and Anaxagoras. Simonides, too. Even Diogenes, it is said. Hippias was born here.

We sat after dinner with our landlord Aristander and passed the evening with pleasantries. I asked if the tomb in the market which an old man had told me was that of Oxylos was not that of the ancient king of the Eleans.

"Who knows?" he said. "Is it not written somewhere?"

"It is," I said, "but one would expect a more prominent monument."

He expressed regret by opening and closing his hands, as if to apologize for the inexplicable remissness of the elders and archon of Elis.

"Probably too stingy to put up a proper stone," he said.

"Was he a god?" Pyttalos asked.

"No," I said. "Merely a king."

"As," Aristander said confidentially, "were many of the gods that we now count among the immortals."

"So the philosophers say," I said, letting him know that I detected the source of his opinions.

"Graveyard talk," Pyttalos said. "Because the gods have not come to their dreams or favored them with a *showing*"—here he opened his ancient hands—"they think there are no gods."

"I have heard the bull-roarer," Lykas ventured.

"My great aunt," Pyttalos went on, as if Lykas had not spoken, "saw a centaur once. A philosopher came all the way from Epidauros to ask her about it. She was picking dandelions for a salad, a woman with no luck, born in a thunderstorm, and with a cast in her eye. Picking away, she was, and humming, most likely, as was her way, a hymn to the Lady, she was very religious, and looked up, and there in the broad daylight was the centaur. She bolted like the grandmother of all jack-rabbits. She screamed all the way home. She went through briars and over walls, and looked as if she'd fought a lynx when she turned up in the yard, scaring everybody out of remembering their own names. For a week she kept to her bed, living off broth.

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"To us she said it was wild and awful, *deinós*. When the philosopher came she said it was noble and religious. She cried as she told him about it, as if she'd seen the Lady or Maia."

I looked at my hands, my dusty feet.

"Did the centaur speak?" Lykas asked.

"She didn't say, dear soul," Pyttalos sighed. "She wouldn't have remembered a word if it had. Or would have added so much to what it said that the philosopher would have been there a week taking it down."

"Did she really see a centaur, Pyttalos?" I asked.

"Who knows," he said. "My grandfather saw Zeus."

Aristander looked into the wine jug.

"He was an eagle," Pyttalos continued. "*He* spoke."

"An eagle talked!" Lykas said.

"An eagle who was Zeus," I said gently.

Landlord Aristander pulled at the lobe of his ear and sat straighter.

We had to wait to hear what Zeus said while Pyttalos enjoyed his power to hold our attention. I passed him the wine bowl. He sipped and smoothed his whiskers.

"Grandfather Hippagoras, that was his name, was physicking the ass, sticking a turpentine and onion bolus down it. Cyrus was the ass's name, and there was considerable give and take in the business, as Pappa Hippagoras and Cyrus were both stubborn, and both famous for having their way. He had just got the bolus in and was on his knees holding the jaws of the ass closed with both arms, and it had just swallowed its medicine, with a kind of spasm in which, with a little more energy, it would have pulled its head off and jumped to Olympia, when the eagle—Zeus—flew by and said, 'Fine do!' "

"Fine do!" Lykas repeated.

Aristander seemed disappointed.

"He knows his animals, you see," Pyttalos explained.

We spent the evening talking of many things, the price of wool and wine, the games, the stars, the dilatoriness of the Roman bureaucracy, the wiles of tax collectors, until there were few people abroad in the streets, and Aristander was yawning politely behind his hand, Pyttalos openly, and Lykas had gone to sleep, his head on his shoulder.

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Next day we said our farewells to Elis, and set out on the road to Kyllene, the port of Elis on the Ionian. It has a good harbor, faces toward Sicily, and is a hundred and twenty stadia across the plain.

As we left the west gate, there ran by us a line of weary boys, jogging, naked, dull with dust. Their fatigue was evident in their ribs and eyes. They had run many a stadion, and breakfast was still before them. Had I been younger, I would have found great significance in their beauty, and shared their innocent knowledge of their own glory. But I took too much pleasure in the health of my middle years, thanks be to a generous fate and the kindly gods, to envy these striplings their brief splendor at the games, and found myself wishing for them the easy stamina to walk, when they are my age, across the world, and a soul to take it in.

The rich valley plains between Elis and Kyllene, now the color of stone in the late summer drought, bear the flax and hemp which the Eleans weave with every degree of fineness. Indeed, their linen is almost as fine as silk, which is not, as Pyttalos supposed, made from bark.

Silk, I explained, the manufacture of which is much misunderstood and practically a secret in the western world, is made by an insect from the land of the Seres; hence the Greek *ser*. This Serian insect, twice the size of our dung beetle, spins a web like the tree spider, which it also resembles in having eight feet. The Seres keep these insects in houses, safe from the weather, regulating the temperature for them according to the season. These creatures weave a fine thread, making a ball of it with their feet. For four years they are fed on millet, but in the fifth year, when their life span is almost over, they are fed with the tender leaves of the reed, their favorite food, which they eat until they burst, and more thread is found inside them. This is then woven into the finest of cloth.

When Pyttalos discovered that I had not been to the land of the Seres, he lost interest in my discourse.

Dust whitened us, got into our eyes and mouths, until we looked like millers. I reflected that men are what they eat, and that the Greek eats a lot of rock, and perhaps a lot of metal that is within rock, lime and iron. It is no wonder that the Greek picture of the world is wrought in rock and metal. He drinks rock in his mineral springs, breaths rock dust, and comes in time to look like rock, as Pyttalos does.

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I shook dust in clouds from my tunic. "We are approaching the sea," I said to Pyttalos, "and one might reasonably expect to see a cloud or feel a breeze and," here I pointed to the bone-dry bed of a stream, "perhaps rain." I was being city-bred and sardonic, and I detected the accusation in my idle remark that Pyttalos and his countrymen somehow loved, and even asked the gods, for an utter drought all summer long.

"Your swallow leaves in Metageitnion," he replied. "After that we get new weather. The rain comes in Boedromion, and the wind. On the fourth day after the Scorpion rises, the Pleiades set at dawn. Then you get frost. The leaves are all down by then. My rheumatism goes into my fingers and knees. On the thirteenth, Lyra rises at dawn. Winter is here."

"And you sit by the fire eating roasted chick peas," I said, "and talk of the Medes and Persians."

He looked at me and sighed.

"I was quoting an old poem," I said.

We came to a field where women were winnowing beside a white house, their blue shirts stippled with chaff. Whether they were working or dancing was a pretty question, for they dipped the grain with their long baskets to a busy music which a bearded fellow played on the bouzouki, a peasant lyre with four sets of double strings. He could have been forty or a hundred years old. Greeks go from youth to old age with no apparent transition. He could have been Orpheus himself, older than the blue mountains beyond the fields. As we came abreast of them, we could make out the song.

White was the moon
And the stars in the river.
O Anaktoria,
Do you dream of Lysander?

The dill was all yellow
And gone was the clover,
The mouse and the wheat-ear,
The last of summer.

To our surprise, Lykas began to sing in his high sweet voice, not yet that of a man.

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White was the robe
She spread for her lover,
White was the robe
And embroidered the cover.

But whiter by far
Was the snow he lies under,
And whiter the stars
Where the hill foxes wander.

And then Pyttalos joined his grizzled voice, for the ballad was endless, and we walked on singing, toward Kyllene.

First there was the wrinkling glare of the sky to show us that we were not far from the coast, then that faint bitterness in our nostrils, the smell of all ports, and then, as we came to the top of a hill, the sea itself.

Below us lay Kyllene with her ships and warehouses, sunny streets and taverns.

Here, in some days, I was to sail to Italy. After dining on octopus, which the Kyllenians serve raw in a sauce of olive oil and herbs, we set out as diligently as ever to record the port's antiquities. There is a temple of Asklepios here, as well as a sanctuary to Aphrodita.

But the most imposing of their temples is to Hermes, protector of the city and its trade. The temple is old indeed, an archaic building with old-fashioned columns which would seem to owe their inspiration to the Phoenicians. Inside, upright on a round millstone, is a blackened shaft topped by what appeared at first to be a great acorn. Except for the dolmens of Sicily or perhaps the wild tall rocks of the Calabrian coast, I had never seen any stone so primaeval in its import, nor so direct a symbol. It is, I should think, older than the idols of the Cyclades.

"But," I said, "it is nothing more than a stone phallos."

"Yes," Pyttalos said, "it is Hermes."

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JOHN SIMON

# Masterpiece-baiting

DO MASTERPIECES NEED TO BE REINTERPRETED for every revival? Are there, perhaps, no more masterpieces left at all—as Artaud proclaimed and some eminent critics and men of the theatre were only too eager to corroborate lately? What is needed, according to Robert Brustein, the most intelligent and temperate of the antimasterpiecers, is "willing[ness] to approach classical works with complete freedom, even if this means adapting them into a modern idiom."[1] Oddly enough, Brustein seems to see no significant difference between directorial reinterpretations—as when, say, *King Lear* is so edited, staged, and acted as to make it resemble a work by Beckett (Peter Brook's production); and authorial version, as when Dryden or Giraudoux writes a wholly new *Antony and Cleopatra* or *Electra*.

In his new-found role as producer and director, Brustein seems to contradict, or at least relax, his former critical standards. Thus, to bolster his argument in favor of irreverence to masterpieces, he is perfectly willing to adduce numerous examples for which he himself has no use: why, for instance, bother to mention such experiments as Dryden's with *Troilus and Cressida,* which, as Brustein states, was "a hash" of the original? And I cannot fathom what the difference is between the Stratford, Connecticut, *Much Ado,* set "in Spanish Texas around the time of the Alamo" and reprehended by Brustein; and Lowell's version of *Prometheus Bound,* as staged by Jonathan Miller, with the Greek setting or Caucasian crags abandoned for "a vague seventeenth-century background—probably Spain during the Inquisition" and defended by Brustein—indeed produced by him for the Yale Repertory Company.

The objection to leaving masterpieces more or less as they are is that they were so produced by "companies . . . more often dedicated to perpetuating the past than illuminating it, and, as a result, ended up looking more like museums than living organisms." Brustein is writing here about the Old Vic and Comédie Française, and though his intent is to decry old-fashioned productions of classics, the subject of the sentence is "companies"; in truth, it is they who end up looking like museums (and, presumably, blameworthy), not the practice of letting a masterpiece remain itself. This, of course, raises the question of what is wrong with a museum as long as it preserves and displays its treasures accessibly and tastefully? Do we have to repaint a Cézanne or rebake a Minoan terracotta to bring it up to date?

The main issue, however, is precisely how to maintain the quality of

[1] "No More Masterpieces," in Robert Brustein, *The Third Theatre* (Knopf, 1969).

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a living organism in a play. The failure to do this in so-called conventional productions does not stem from setting and staging the play logically and consistently, from not manhandling the author's text and intentions (to the extent that they are knowable), and from not being palpably and provocatively different from every other mounting of that play that ever was. The failure—and it is common enough—lies in offering a routine, bloodless production along well-trodden lines, in which the play's sights and sounds and ideas are not experienced afresh. Certainly a good production is one that suggests that we are enjoying the play with new eyes, new ears, new minds; but that does not mean that it should be revamped beyond recognition, beyond respecting at least the basic intentions and givens contained in it. To be sure, it is much easier to dazzle by doing things differently with a vengeance—say, converting outdoors into indoors, Venice into Vienna, women into men, romance into satire, etc.—but true artistry is to make things both the same *and* different.

Take, for example, *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* these comments being a preamble to a discussion of its new production by Peter Brook for the Royal Shakespeare Company, now imported by David Merrick. *Dream* can be laid in Athens, in Shakespeare's England, or in an imaginary world of the poetic fancy. Or any two of these, or all three places may be combined, and suggestions of time present can, of course, be legitimately introduced. All of these valid options allow for an individual vision on the part of the director and designer, yet would not clash with what is in the text or with the best tradition of *Dream* productions. Within this set of plausibilities one can work wonders of resourcefulness and empathetic sensitivity.

Indeed, Peter Brook has not taken significant liberties with the time of the play. Although Puck looks like a character from the commedia dell'arte, and the lovers wear mod tie-dyed togs, the period of the production is pleasantly indeterminate. But something jars even here: the costumes (by Sally Jacobs, who also designed the scenery) tend to have an inexpensive, humdrum look about them: not quite Grotowskian poverty, but a kind of flimsy, school-production economy. Where the licence—or licentiousness—comes in is with the locale, the spatial concept of the production, which is topsy-turvy, cute, and perverse without shame or surcease. To revert to Brustein: " 'No more masterpieces' means treating the theatre as informally as a circus tent, a music hall, a prize ring—a place in which the spectator participates rather than worships, and offers the stage something more than the condescension of applause."

I find that remark genuinely puzzling. Why is applause a form of condescension? It is a convention as good as any other, say, shaking hands or tipping one's hat, and has a perfectly acceptable symbolic value. It is, moreover, boisterous and informal in character. Furthermore, at the circus and the music hall, two of Brustein's suggested loca-

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tions, applause is very much the order of the day. At prizefights it is not, but I doubt whether Brustein would be happy if one of his stage productions were constantly interrupted with shouts of "Sock him!" or "Kill him!" and the various jeers and howls the punched flesh is heir to. And what about audience participation? In none of the mediums Brustein describes does the spectator participate in any tangible way; indeed, Brustein has treated with just contempt most audience-participation theatre. Clearly what is meant is some sort of emotional involvement, and that is available from any good play in a decent production, however unexperimental it may be. The key word in Brustein's statement, I dare say, is "worships": Brustein is rightly incensed by the sheep-like audiences that flock to the various temples of culture, absorb their monthly quota of self-improvement (or self-promotion), dutifully clap their hands where they are supposed to, and remain basically uninvolved throughout.

But the trouble with a theatre that wants to jolt the masses out of their torpor is that it tends to see the problem in simple black-and-white terms. Over here the snobbish, bourgeois audience in their black-and-white evening regalia, pompously or jadedly applauding their fiftieth *Romeo and Juliet* in which an effete Romeo and an elocutionary Juliet vow their love under and on the identical balcony with the selfsame pear-shaped B.B.C. diction all over again. But over there the *Romeo and Juliet* that takes place in the bohemian section of some modern city, with a drug-pusher Romeo wooing the daughter of the illegal liquor-traffic king, the words emerging tough and nervous from the top and bottom of a fire escape, and the audience all involved young people in unregimented clothing and at the edges of their seats with excitement. Not so. One can get radical productions that are absolutely awful, whereas an essentially traditional mounting may be brilliant, its conventionally attired audience genuinely aroused. Innovation can take place subtly, in details, in peripheral matters, slight shifts of emphasis or interesting new technical devices, or a lovely new musical score. Such innovation is less spectacular and more difficult to achieve, yet it will make the tenth go at a great play perfectly rewarding for an intelligent audience. How often, after all, do most of us get to see even so popular a classic as *A Midsummer Night's Dream*? Surely not more often than we hear in concert a major piece of music, yet we do not expect it to be rewritten. What I am saying is that we must not allow our justified indignation with boring productions or complacent spectators goad us into senseless retaliatory measures that cannot reclaim a blasé or boorish audience, but may obscure and destroy the meaning and beauty of a play.

Oddly enough, Brook's *Dream* has strong suggestions of the circus and music hall, and even some of the physical violence of the prizefight. The stage is a dazzling white box set with two swinging doors in the back wall, narrow black ladders bisecting the side walls (these

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ladders can be pushed aside and thus make a passage), and, where the side walls come closest to the proscenium, a pair of further ladders and poles. A narrow gallery runs around the top edges of the set. There the actors not in a given scene tend to congregate and watch their colleagues act; from there too they create such special effects as lowering huge wire coils suspended from fishing rods to become the trees of the enchanted forest. Also up there are a brace of musicians who produce mostly percussive or electronic obstreperousness; on stage, there is a chap who follows the actors around playing a flamenco guitar; the fairies will perform a raga while slowly rising and descending on swings—at other times, they may launch into a rock concert.

The air above the stage is troubled. Titania, on her bed made of one enormous scarlet feather, is sometimes afloat in it; Oberon and Puck swing through it on trapezes or ropes, sometimes passing a whirling disk to each other from wand to wand, a disk that represents the flower with the magic juice; Hermia is hoisted up into it by ropes and pulleys (all visible to the audience) when Lysander suspends her from a crossbar; the fairies, as noted, go up and down in it, making music. But the aerial traffic is not only in bodies: there are silver and blue tinfoil planes shot through this space by the actors on the catwalk; when Titania's body is being belabored by the donkeyfied Bottom, and a PA system blares out a deliberately scratchy rendition of Mendelssohn's wedding march, all kinds of streamers and paper plates are hurled at the stage, a litter that Puck is seen sweeping up with a rake as the curtain descends.

Let us dwell for a moment on Titania and Bottom. The ass's head here consists of a pair of hound's or faun's ears, a bulbous Mickey Mouse nose, and heavy wooden clogs suggestive of hooves. A fairy then sticks an arm ending in a fist through Bottom's thighs, so that he seems to have a huge erect phallus topped with a monstrous glans; thus accoutered (the arm waves up and down), he falls on Titania. Now this is clearly, like much else in the production, influenced by Jan Kott, whose essay on *Dream* makes it out to be Shakespeare's most bestially erotic play. According to Kott, Shakespeare picked the donkey because it "was credited with the strongest sexual potency and among all quadrupeds was supposed to have the longest and hardest phallus." Kott then goes on to visualize Titania as one of those very fair, flat-chested, tall Scandinavian girls he used to see in the Latin Quarter "clinging tightly to Negroes with faces grey or so black that they were almost undistinguishable [sic] from the night." The "grey" was thrown in, I suppose, because it is the color of asses; otherwise, the statement makes perfect sense as the utterance of a sniggering puritanical clod. Titania, according to Kott, then rapes the ass Bottom, "the lover she wanted and dreamed of" without daring to admit it; their lovemaking is meant "to rouse rapture and disgust, terror and abhorrence." We can now add to the other characteristics of Kott his proneness to absurd sexual fan-

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tasies. How does our critic gloss Oberon's line about the next thing Titania will see: "She shall pursue it with the soul of love"? "As a punishment Titania will sleep with a beast." I would not have thought that "the soul of love" was instant intercourse; even less plausible is it to assume that Oberon expressly destines Titania for the largest-membered beast there is in the Renaissance bestiaries, since his list of possibilities includes the monkey, the lynx, and the cat, with which she could scarcely have had sex at all. The encounter with the ass-headed Bottom—and, surely, Shakespeare was largely motivated by the pun arse (ass), bottom—was pure accident. Moreover, as the scene is written, there is not the slightest need to suppose that the transmogrified tinker and the Fairy Queen ever consummated their love.

And now here is Peter Brook, in an interview, discussing "the most extraordinary demonic notion of having the Queen fornicate with a physically repellent object—the Ass. And why does Oberon do it? Not out of sadism, anger or revenge—but out of genuine love. It is as though in a modern sense a husband secured the largest truck driver for his wife to sleep with to smash her illusions about sex and to alleviate the difficulties in their marriage." Well, that's a mighty queer concept of genuine love and the ways to alleviate marital difficulties—to say nothing of it as an interpretation of the play. Oberon, I repeat, does not know what chance will turn up before the waking Queen, and it would be a sorry truck driver indeed whose organ would be the size of a cat's. And, of course, what one may do under the spell of the magic juice has nothing to do with one's secret yearnings, which is made explicit when Titania, disenthralled of the drug, looks at the sleeping Bottom and says, "O, how mine eyes do loathe his visage now." No comment on the phallus, which only the fevered Freudianizing of Kott and Brook dragged in in the first place.

But that other Pole, Jerzy Grotowski, is equally, and no less dismally, relevant to this production. The glaringly white set, which gives one a bad case of snow blindness, is the kind of environment Grotowski dreams up for his productions. It also reminds one of Peter Brook's remark in his book, *The Empty Space,* "A true image of necessary theatre-going . . . is a psychodrama session in an asylum." And so an asylum ward becomes the sole setting for all of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (why not? it worked for *Marat/Sade,* didn't it?), an asylum that is also a circus, and a nice place for an orgy: the floor is conveniently strewn with cushions. From Grotowski, too, Brook may have derived the idea of doubling his actors. Theseus becomes Oberon, Hippolyta Titania, Philostrate Puck, Aegeus Quince. The first three doublings can be defended as stressing the parallel between the fairy and human worlds. But is this underscoring desirable? Surely the play wants to point to certain differences as well as similarities; to make the aerial and Athenian rulers identical obscures the interplay of likeness and unlikeness, and reduces much of the playing to mere *tours de force.*

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There is no reason whatever, though, for Aegeus's becoming Quince, especially since the actor in question is questionable enough even in a single part.

This brings us to the performers. The Athenian lovers are all remarkably unprepossessing. Lysander, like Aegeus, is portrayed as a lisping fag; Demetrius looks like a faintly brutish mod cab driver. Hermia is a mousy nonentity; Helena a gawky, plain, desperately sex-starved tomboy. Like most of the other actors, they speak with commonplace accents, often with poor diction, and their lovemaking is of the crudest sort: wrestling bouts, pratfalls, leaps on top of one another, strangleholds, even an occasional travesty of a *Pietà*. Often the actors cannot be heard at all. Words are blithely mispronounced: Theseus, rather unbiblically, gives us an eye for an aye; Helena pronounces erring as airing—which, admittedly, is as arrant as it is errant. Titania's attendant fairies include one lumpish fattie, Theseus-Oberon is pallid and unregal, Titania vaguely dumpy. Puck is a chunky fellow who comes on rather tougher and more domineering than usual, but who swings well from ropes, walks nimbly on stilts, and juggles passably: when the spinning plate drops on occasion, it is impossible to tell if this is an accident or a deliberate comic effect. The artisans, on the other hand, are made much less undignified than usual, whether in order not to offend a working-class audience or to help contribute to the general upending of the play is open to question.

By confining the entire action to a white box, by making various characters interchangeable, by using drab actors and flat speech, etc., Brook systematically depoeticizes the play. Much acclaim has been given his avoidance of cardboard forests, fake moonlight, winged fairies, and so forth—as if we could now finally see what the play is all about and hear the words properly against an uncluttered background. But this is sheer nonsense: an imaginative set designer, a stylish costumer, a good lighting man can create images that are suggestive rather than factitious, not ineptly naturalistic but stylized and bewitching. And only in a suitable setting can Shakespeare's lines exude their full meaning and poetry. A bare stage might just do it, too; but a *mise en scène* that contradicts the words or overillustrates them—as when Hermia is called a puppet while being hoisted aloft by a bar on which Lysander suspended her—draws attention to the director's cleverness or capriciousness, to a superimposed absurdism or demented literalness, but not to what Shakespeare wrote. Alas, a Brook for a Shakespeare is not a fair exchange.

So the comedy is reduced to farce in the first half of the play—but farce with nasty overtones. In the second half, the comedy is turned into something rather somber and depressing, again only to demonstrate that the author is putty in the director's hands and that the director really knows what a modern audience needs. So the mechanicals' play becomes less ludicrous, almost pathetic; the comments on it by the wedding couples are made to come out sour, even mean, instead

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of merely ironically bantering; the final arrival of Oberon, Titania, and their train is imbued with a kind of melancholy, and accompanied by the ominous soughing of the wind: it is as if the fairies were abandoning the mortals forever to their mortality. So Brook turns this airy pageant (with some serious overtones, to be sure) into a dark comedy, which it was never meant to be. Even the songs, which might be presumed to defy Brook with their lyricism, are brutalized by Richard Peaslee's musical settings: drum beats, weird echo-chamber effects, rattles and crashes, rock, unmelodiousness.

The enchantment stamped out, the performances divested of magic, love turned into lust, the *Dream* changed into nightmare: what remains when everything is overthrown, dismantled, shattered? There remains the supreme magician, Peter Brook, who fancies himself the Prospero of the occasion but is really its Sycorax. And what exactly is Brook's fascination with the male arse all about? In *Marat/Sade* he gave us Marat's bare behind; here it is Snug who is twice stripped to tiniest briefs made from a Union Jack. Why does Helena duck when her suitors are about to kiss her each from his side, with the result that they end up bussing each other? Why does the waking, bewitched Demetrius reach passionately for Puck's genitals—especially since none of the mortals, except Bottom, is at any other time able to see the fairies? Why do the fairies wave about colored plastic tubes of a vaguely phallic sort? But never mind the epicene aspects of this production, which may, after all, be quite harmless. It is the eclecticism, the contrariness, the helter-skelter of it that makes it self-defeating. Peter Brook once surprised a young filmmaker by telling him that he should shoot his film both in black-and-white and in color and then intercut the two. Why? Because it would create an interesting effect. A mania for injudicious experimentation is what characterizes the director's work in the theatre, too. In the case of a minor play like *Marat/Sade* or *Titus Andronicus* this can work well enough; with *King Lear* and even *A Midsummer Night's Dream* it undercuts and diminishes the playwright's achievement.

But, say the champions of reckless innovation, this brings new audiences into the theatre. What kind of audience, however, would come just to see Brook's cleverness? And how could they see the forest from the coiled-wire trees? And would this lead them to the appreciation of respectable theatre (by which I do not mean long-faced and anemic), or would they remain fixated at this anal level? These are questions that cannot easily be answered; still less can they be easily dismissed. I believe that a passable revival such as the current one of *A Doll's House*, ably staged by Patrick Garland in an apt English rendering by Christopher Hampton, and starring Claire Bloom as a lovely and much more than competent Nora (with, to be sure, a haphazard supporting cast, in which Patricia Elliott's Kristine is the happiest hap, and Donald Madden's Torvald the greatest hazard), serves the theatre better than all these Brookish fireworks. (The attendants at the Theseus-Hoppolyta

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nuptials actually bring in tapers surrounded by Christmas sparklers.) It may be that there won't be large theatre audiences without this kind of bait; and it may be that the days of the theatre as a popular art are numbered, or even over. Would that be so bad? If the theatre became an élite art, like architecture or contemporary poetry or classical music, giving it few company but fit, I, for one, would not grieve. Render unto television, popular movies, rock concerts what is theirs and *who* is theirs, and let the rest of us get down to the serious business—or art—of theatre.

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**Notes on Contributors** *(cont.)*

bon on a grant, preparing a study of medieval Portuguese troubadour poetry. The translations by GALWAY KINNELL and JANE COOPER* were commissioned by The Academy of American Poets for inclusion in a forthcoming anthology of Brazilian poetry, edited by Elizabeth Bishop and Emanuel Brasil, to be published by Wesleyan University Press. The Center for Inter-American Relations has helped to underwrite translation expenses along with The Edward L. Tinker Foundation, which in addition has provided the Academy with the means to bring Brazilian poets to the United States to join the translators in bi-lingual readings.

JOSEPH BENNETT, a founding editor of this Review, has lived in Asia for the past two-and-a-half years and now makes his home in Kandy, Ceylon. He is traveling in Bali this spring.

A new book of poems by CAROLYN KIZER will be forthcoming from Doubleday later this year.

JEROME P. SEATON* is in the Department of Linguistics and Non-Western Languages at the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill.

GUY DAVENPORT has just completed a translation of the Spartan poet Alkman to appear in the next issue of *Arion*.

JOHN SIMON is winner of the 1969-70 George Nathan Award for Dramatic Criticism. Mr. Simon's "Theatre Chronicle in THE HUDSON REVIEW, Vol. XXIII, No. 1 (Spring 1970) received "special praise" from the awarding committee.

ULLI BEIER is the founder and former editor of *Black Orpheus*, the African literary magazine. He now lives in Papua, where he has started New Guinea's first literary magazine, *Kovave*.

VERNON YOUNG's book on Ingmar Bergman, *Cinema Borealis*, will be published this June by David Lewis; *Vernon Young on Film: Unpopular Essays on a Popular Art* is forthcoming from Quadrangle later this year.

CHARLES W. MILLARD is Curator of Nineteenth-century Art at the Los Angeles County Museum.

HAYDEN CARRUTH's latest book of poems is *For You* (New Directions); he is also the editor of an anthology of 20th-century American poetry, *The Voice That Is Great Within Us* (Bantam). Mr. Carruth has recently joined the Editorial Board of THE HUDSON REVIEW.

WILLIAM DICKEY's next volume of poems, *More Under Saturn*, will be published by Wesleyan University Press in the fall.

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*Asterisk indicates a new contributor.*

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ULLI BEIER

# Literature in New Guinea

IN 1932 A BOOK WAS PUBLISHED in Australia with the objectionable title "The Erstwhile Savage." It is the autobiography of a New Irelander called Ligeremaluoga and it was written by him in one of the local languages and then translated into English by a female expatriate missionary who was his sponsor and mentor. This was the first book ever written by a New Guinean. It is a book without literary merit, but it is an interesting historical document and a good example of what Janheinz Jahn has called *"Zöglingsliteratur,"* a piece of writing in which the native pupil and convert tries to prove to his master that he has got the message and that he was worthy of all the effort bestowed on him. Ligeremaluoga's autobiography pathetically repeats every Christian sentiment he had been taught to adopt:

> I thank God that He remembered me in my hard trial and gave me His comfort and lifted me out of the dark valley that I was in. It is true He knows how my faith wavered in this hard trial, but who was I to be able to stand firm in this fiery trial that so suddenly overwhelmed me, for I am of the earth.

An even more pathetic aspect of the book is his total repudiation of his tribal customs, a task he carries out with more vigour and passion than his white tutors themselves!

> *The Song of the Dead.* When a chieftain dies the people all come together and sit together in the village where the corpse is at the same night. The men and women sit together and cook taro in the earth ovens for food for that night. . . . They sit like this to sing in chorus, and when one lot is finished, the other lot will commence, and so on through the night.
>
> Before Christianity or the Government came, the people did not consider there was any evil in the custom. . . . Now for the first time people discern the wrong in this custom and because Christians have fallen through this custom they have appealed to the Synod to forbid this kind of singing for the dead. Our Methodist people have given this custom up. . . .

"The Erstwhile Savage" is typical of the great era of Australian paternalism in New Guinea and the European translator's introduction is at least as interesting a document as the book itself. She describes the book as the "work of a man, who, though a savage, had the fine instincts of a gentleman and the brain power of a scholar."

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It was thirty-six years before another New Guinean produced a full length book.

The long intervening period saw only one interesting piece of writing, published in the journal of the *Royal Anthropological Society* in 1937. This autobiographical piece, "The Reminiscences of Ahuia Ova," was stimulated by F. E. Williams, the Government Anthropologist in Papua at the time. Ahuia Ova was a village constable who wrote the piece in Motu and it was translated into English by a Motuan clerk, Igo Erua. Williams mercifully did not correct Erua's English (he explains apologetically that he is still able "to find some humour in the expressions used by native scholars") and this adds a certain interest to the document. Though Erua's English is on the whole painstaking rather than expressive, his language comes to life occasionally in what Erua himself would probably have considered "lapses" into Papuan English: "And I lived with good and also went to Church with strong, and I preached in village too. . . ."

Ahuia Ova shows greater awareness and greater critical sense than his predecessor Ligeremaluoga. On the surface he too accepts the missionaries' views that his people have "evil ways." Ahuia Ovo speaks about the "boasting and pride," "lewd ways" and "vagrant eyes" of of his people. Yet he himself came into conflict with the mission in the end and unlike the New Irelander, he is painfully aware of some of the contradictions that can be found in the white man's ways. Following the missionaries' advice (or orders) he burnt all his feathers and ceased participation in all village dances, only to find that Judge Herbert, on discovering this, "grew angry on me as much as six months time." Ova was banned from the Church later for marrying a second wife and he then returned to the dances.

> They came to me all the time, and kept persuading me. I told them I had not been going to church at all; but my mind was waking continually and not sleeping at all. Of course, my body was dancing and making a feast in the village.

Ova's conflict with the London Missionary Society was never quite resolved and towards the end of his life he was exposed to another confusing experience:

> Sometime afterward the Catholic Mission came to me and they took my two granddaughters. And therefore my mind was very doubtful.

In the end he resolved his problems in his own mind thus:

> But my mind cannot be changed. I do not mind being put off from the church for my trouble sake. But my mind is still believing the Lord God and cannot be removed from him. The man who baptised me was Dr. Lawes, and while I am living at present I must believe both religions, L.M.S. and Catholic—not only one religion but two of them. It is because I understand that they are working for one

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God. One is not working for one God and one for another. Of course, they have different religions, but they are working for one God.

Like Ligeremaluoga, Ahuia Ova was a product (one is inclined to say "victim") of the missions. But unlike Ligeremaluoga, Ova knew that his conversion had created rather than solved problems for him.

In the years before the war it was the same anthropologist, F. E. Williams, who provided the only incentive to creative writing among Papuans. In 1929 Williams founded a weekly government newspaper, "The Papuan Villager," that ran continuously up to the war and solicited articles and stories from the local people. The paper did not discover much native talent. This is not at all surprising when one remembers that the potential contributors had no access to secondary school education and that the editor in a government document expressed the view that "the native" lacks "originality" and "initiative" and can "only do what he has been taught to do: he is a slave to physical and intellectual habits."

Even in the post-war years, when secondary education of sorts was available (schools still end at class four in New Guinea, in spite of the fact that we have had a University since 1966), Papuans and New Guineans seemed to lack the confidence to express themselves. Indigenous confidence had clearly been undermined by the speed with which European power and administration descended upon them and also by the honest doubts which even intelligent administrators have in the capabilities of the "native mind." When I came to teach creative writing at the University of Papua and New Guinea in 1967, a former director of education in the territory said to me: "I will be interested to see what you can do with these people. I know you have been doing it in Africa—but these people are different. They are not like Africans, you know." In Papua the myth of white superiority is making a sort of last ditch stand. Here, as in Africa, literature really begins with the self-confidence that is inspired by the birth of nationalism and it is not surprising that the first real author to emerge from this country is also the secretary of the first political party and the president of the Port Moresby Trade Union Council.

Albert Maori Kiki grew up in a remote, semi-nomadic hill tribe among some of the most "primitive" people New Guinea has to offer. His mother, however, married a village constable from the coast and at an early age he was initiated into a second culture, the more complex and highly artistic society of Orokolo in the Papuan Gulf. Growing up with two languages and two cultures even before he went to school at the age of ten, probably gave Kiki that extra detachment and objectivity that enabled him later to look back on his life with such a sober eye. Without bitterness he remembers the first humiliations he suffered at the hands of white men or his disappoint-

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ment in failing to take a medical degree. He did succeed, however, in becoming a pathologist. His checkered career saw him also as a welfare officer, a patrol officer, a politician and union leader, and above all, as an involved and committed citizen.

It is his independence of spirit that makes Kiki the first real Papuan author. At no stage does he apologise for his traditional culture, nor is there more than a very slight hint of nostalgia for some of the rituals and festivals that have been inexorably lost. Kiki sees no need to romanticise the past as so many French West African writers have done. His autobiography does not idealise the pre-colonial way of life —like Camara Laye's *The Dark Child*—nor does he feel the need to reject all traditions in an effort to gain equality with the white men, in the manner of many South African writers. This amazing man emerges from the traumatic experience of the clash of cultures almost unscathed, a whole man without schizophrenic conflicts. The sensational, journalistic title of his book, *Ten Thousand Years in a Lifetime,* seems much less sensational when one has heard Kiki's tale: his capacity to absorb, adapt and integrate is truly amazing.

Kiki is no polished writer—in fact, this book was transcribed from a spoken tape—but he is an absorbing and often very amusing story teller with a fine eye for relevant detail. The opening passage is as good an example as any of Kiki's manner:

> The very first thing I can remember is the day on which they brought back my dead uncle. Like a hunted boar, they had tied his hands and feet to a long pole that was laid across two men's shoulders. I remember that day better than any other in my life, for it was the same day on which I first, consciously, watched a sunset. Standing on the top of a hill, I could see the red ball of the sun set—virtually at my feet. It was the sudden outbreak of wailing and crying that made me run back to the village. With some bewilderment I watched the little procession. As it arrived in the middle of the village my uncle was untied and laid out on the ground. My mother was prominent among the women who cried in loud wailing voices. All the children, even the tiny ones like myself, were brought to look at him. There was a large gash across his clavicle and the blood was still red and fresh. The men took pains to explain to us that he had been killed by a man of the Rei people, who lived further up in the mountains. No doubt we were expected to keep a kind of mental account of the continual war between us and our neighbours. The men's chief occupation was to think about and carry out the "payback," which would of course inevitably lead to further retaliation from the other side.

Kiki's book was well reviewed in Australia, but it was greeted with less enthusiasm among many of the local expatriates. Some people considered it a kind of impudence, others doubted that he had done

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it himself. Some bookshops refused to sell it and only a few schools acquired it for their libraries. The kind of native writer who goes down well with the "befores" (the Europeans who have been living in New Guinea since before the war and therefore know all the answers) is the pathetic non-poet Allan Natachee who dutifully proclaims:

> Now in joyful tears to my fellow Papuans I shall unfold
> That without the great and just Britain we could have been made slaves.
> She has prevented other nations from doing us harm.

Natachee found numerous European patrons who presumably felt flattered by his platitudinous gratitude. Even the Australian Broadcasting Corporation has used his poems, though they have repeatedly rejected more controversial local writers on the grounds that the A.B.C. must "uphold standards."

Since Kiki, whose book was published in November 1968, we have seen the beginnings of New Guinean Literature. At the moment the activity is nearly all centred in the University. Not so much because we have a creative writing course here, but because the University as a whole has provided the kind of atmosphere and instilled the kind of confidence that helps literature grow. To date we can boast of the existence of a modest literary magazine, *Kovave,* a novel and a book of plays in print, a large pile of manuscripts, and numerous works in progress. A poor harvest, if one thinks of the tremendous outpouring of literature from Africa, but nevertheless a beginning and a breakthrough.

At this stage New Guineans have very clear and simple motivations. They feel that they have been the subject matter of much European writing. They have been the property of the administrators, the missionaries, the travellers and the anthropologists. Like all colonial peoples, they had been made to look at themselves in the grotesque distorting mirror held up by the superior race. At its worst this resulted in passages like this:

> . . . . the women were hideous and filthy. He (the District Officer) shuddered at the thought of touching one of them, even by chance . . . and he was glad that these female creatures were so repulsive that he could ignore them except as a technical element in his professional reckoning—a population statistic . . .

But even sympathetic accounts, by anthropologists for example, are felt to be onesided or to contain serious error. New Guineans take to writing today, because they wish to restore the balance, and to give their own side of the story. This may seem a singularly prosaic aim. But New Guineans are pragmatic people and they come from cultures in which all creative expression was functional as well as aesthetic.

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Nor can we simply describe this new writing as a kind of counter propaganda. The New Guinean writer, at his best, is in search of himself, like every writer in the world; and the colonial situation has made his task particularly difficult in one way and particularly clear in another. For the European writer it is often very hard to know where to begin. The New Guinean, entirely unburdened by literary heritage and convention, at least knows what questions he must ask first of all: What was our past *really* like? What were the values our forefathers lived by? Why did their world collapse so easily and so quickly in the confrontation? Are we doomed to become black white men? Do the white man's values really stand up to close scrutiny? Where can we go from here?

The questions are familiar from African literature—not so, perhaps, the methods or the answers. No black man's mystique is created by these young writers, no counter myth is offered to the myth of white superiority. Protest underlies much of the writing, but so far it is not radical or violent in its rejection. Nearly all the young writers spend much of their spare time in collecting and translating folklore and legends of their tribes. In a country of seven hundred languages European scholars could only scratch the surface, and New Guineans are aware that what they write down now may often be the only record of a dead culture left to future generations. A similar feeling makes them want to write down the story of their own early childhoods. They know too well that the next generation will not grow up in that same way. Such unpretentious reminiscences often have a simple beauty.

Thus, in an extremely interesting book still in manuscript stage, John Waiko traces his old father's reactions and experiences on his first plane trip to Port Moresby. The young New Guinean writer tries to relive the traumatic experiences of culture shock to which the older generation was exposed:

> The *balus* got up very quickly and soon we were over the trees. I shut my eyes. The noise made by the *balus* was like the noise of all the cockatoos when they bite a lizard on a *simani* tree. Yawita did not seem to worry. He looked normal. I knew he wanted me to open my eyes and see things. But worries came to me like waves, to break upon a rock . . .
>
> I did not open my eyes. But the *balus* was like a madman shaking his arms and legs. My intestines and the heart did not go down, for they stayed hanging in my throat. I was really afraid. The more the *balus* climbed the sky, the nearer the intestines and the heart came to the mouth. But when the *balus* suddenly dropped, like a leaf falling to the ground, my stomach walked up to join the heart and the intestines in the mouth.

In numerous stories and essays and biographies New Guinean writers

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are thus trying to fix a passing moment of time, a turning point in their history, a transitional phase that is going to be of great relevance to their future.

The most ambitious work to date is Vincent Eri's full length novel, *The Crocodile,* which traces the life of a Papuan villager from his childhood in an Elema village, through his experiences as a carrier in the war, to a disillusioned homecoming. The plot on which the chronicle is hung is simple and traditional: a man's wife is taken by a crocodile. He knows that the crocodile is merely the agent of a magician who is taking revenge for some ill treatment he received in that village. The unfortunate husband tries to recover the bones of his wife in an adventurous crocodile hunt, but fails to find the right animal. The pain is temporarily buried in the upheavals of the war and his tiresome life as a carrier for the army. Then after his discharge he suddenly runs into his wife miles away from home. He runs up to her, but to his horror realises that she does not recognise him. She leads a kind of limbo existence with no memory of her former life; a dead person whose strange shadowy existence is "used" by the magician who abducted her through the crocodile. The strange beliefs and religious concepts that lead to such fascinating double-think are not fully exploited by the author. The qualities of the book lie in his detachment, his dry sense of humour and his occasionally startling imagery. Vincent Eri is able to laugh as much at the dirt, the ignorance and the superstition of the Elema villagers as at the arrogance and narrow-mindedness of the Australian army officers who feel so superior to them. The first Papuan novel has no axes to grind, no issues to raise, no problems to solve. Vincent Eri does not need to indulge in the exercise that has occupied so much writing in post-war Germany: *"die Bewältiguing der Vergangenheit,"* the overcoming of the past. He simply laughs the whole thing off. Momentary touches of bitterness at Colonial rule quickly fizzle out into a joke, because he cannot take his own people entirely seriously.

So far, only a small body of modern non-traditional poetry has been produced in New Guinea. As a medium poetry is perhaps less obviously well-suited to some of the above-mentioned interests of young New Guinean writers, and when bent to the purpose mostly ceases to be poetry. Nevertheless, a few sensitive poems have emerged. Perhaps the most successful poet so far is Pokwari Kale, a law student from the Western Highlands. He writes very little, but is capable of memorable phrases and simple, direct images. One of his finest poems is "Homecoming." In it he treats another major theme of New Guinea writing: the growing gap between the writer himself and his village community at home. This poem gives expression to an anxiety that is shared by the tiny New Guinean elite which produces this new writing:

There were greetings from the living

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And handshakes from the dead.
Familiar faces all, but remote.
The sounds were strange
the scene not remembered.
Small hills had grown into mountains
And had moved closer together
With grey clouds hanging from their gloomy brows.
The devil had been around planting unusual trees
leaving wide valleys, dark and green
clear of all human trace.
A big place for himself to reign?
Was I cut off to put roots in the air
and expected to grow fruit thereon?
All was so quiet, so cold, so vast,
I felt lonely and small, like a wanderer
walking through an ancient ruined kingdom.

Much more political in content and intention are some of the plays that have recently emerged. Both missions and administration come in for heavy criticism. The most remarkable is probably John Waiko's *The Unexpected Hawk,* a play that explores the conflict between a native village and the Australian administration. The administration has ordered the village to move and settle on another village's land so as to be nearer the administrative centre. Some sound administrative reasons exist for this: it is almost impossible to provide schools, hospitals and other services for a population that is scattered over a wide area in tiny villages. It is also very difficult to introduce the rule of law and to collect taxes. The villagers on the other hand look at the problem from a totally different point of view: how can they be asked to leave the land of their forefathers? How can they abandon the graves of their ancestors? Shall they abandon their forests for others to hunt in? How can they live on the land of people who have been their enemies for generations? Waiko shows how neither side understands the other, how their arguments do not amount to dialogue or discussion. In the end the administration forces the issue by burning the village and forcing the people to move. The end of the play is both tragic and strangely forward-looking. A conservative mother, who has always resisted all efforts of sending her son to school, has now decided that he must go and learn to understand such incomprehensible behaviour by the white men:

SON: What was done to us will last for ever. How can this disaster ever be undone?

MOTHER: Kanena! We have a saying, that once one of the legs of the sky was about to break. Only one small child noticed it and revealed it to everybody. That is why the sky is still living away from the earth. . . .

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SON: That is so . . . but . . .

MOTHER: I did not want you to go to school until today. I did not want you to learn to live like white people. I did not want you to learn to act like *kiaps*. But you have seen what happened to us today. . . .

SON: Why do they treat us like this?

MOTHER: No one knows why. We do not understand them, and they do not try to understand us. But every tree has its roots deep down in the ground. Even their actions must have roots. I want you to go to school, so that you can dig out the roots. Do not hesitate to uproot their tree and drink their wisdom.

SON: But who will look after you when I go to school?

MOTHER: I am not a stone to live always. But I want you to make sure, that before I die, you return with the secret.

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# *To Our Readers:*

Because of increased production costs, THE HUDSON REVIEW has been forced to raise its cover price to $2.00, effective with this issue. Subscriptions remain for the present at $6.00 domestic, $7.00 foreign.

Two new books by editors of THE HUDSON REVIEW have recently been published. In accordance with our policy, they will not be reviewed in these pages, but are listed here for the interest of our readers:

**B. H. HAGGIN:** *Ballet Chronicle.* Horizon. $17.50.

**JOHN SIMON:** *Movies into Films.* Dial. $9.95.

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VERNON YOUNG

# Man, His Gaoler

*One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* was intended simultaneously as a naturalistic record of a Soviet work camp under Stalin and as a fable of existence in Soviet Russia where today the ruling principles, if not the excesses, of Stalinism remain. Beyond this insinuation A. Solzhenitsyn does no more than hint, but we are safe in accepting the advice given to Denisovich by Alyosha (surely there is no accidental resemblance here to the Christian advocate in *The Brothers Karamazov*)—to rejoice in his captivity, for it gives him leisure in which to examine his soul—as the sleeping subject of all Solzhenitsyn's work so far translated. I shall elude the inference that this might also be a definition of man's fate on earth, a definition to which compulsive crepe-hangers, such as Ingmar Bergman, adhere, and content myself with observing that, whatever else, it is an essential motif of the Russian psyche under all the systems it has evolved or contrived, whether theocratic, czarist or socialist-republican.

Made in Norway by a Finnish director (Caspar Wrede), photographed with Nordic precision in Eastmancolor by a Swede (Sven Nykvist), music-scored with covert skill by a Norwegian (Arne Nordheim), adapted by an Englishman (Ronald Harwood) and performed by actors of several nationalities speaking a babel of our tongue, the eclectic film version of *Denisovich* is altogether a more vivid experience, I would say, than that of the novelette on which it is faithfully based. Supported by precedent annals of this order, the subject-setting of Solzhenitsyn's uninflected book readily provokes our pity and resentment, but the effect of the work, *as written,* is not enhanced by more than a rudimentary concession to literary style. Wrede's film, equally impassive, provides a luminous visual indelibility absent from the dog-trot prose of Solzhenitsyn.[1] The close-up horrors of wet boots, thin blankets, fish-eyes in the soup, solitary confinement in a shed where the air is almost palpably bent on amputating feet, hands and ears, lenten wastelands of snow under an arctic sky over which files of *zeks* tramp to and from work in an eternity of days, superfluously numbered 3653 (in Denisovich's case), squads of fox-furred, rifle-slung guards, the gamut of facial signals among men shelved

[1] The translation by Gillon Aitken for Sphere Books Ltd., London, 1970, is unarguably more readable than that of Ralph Parker for Gollancz, 1963, and Ronald Harwood's dialogue for the film is excellent. Turning to *Cancer Ward,* however, the translation of Nicholas Bethell and David Burg (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 1969) suggests the plodding graceless prose of Theodore Dreiser. Solzhenitsyn, himself, claimed—in 1968—that all translations of *Ivan Denisovich* suffered from the haste in which they were executed.

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together with no common subject matter save their plight, even the grim-necklace beauty of the lighted camp, seen from on high, like a souvenir of raceless architecture left behind by ape-nimble man on a dead, frosted planet: these images stress the experience of monotony, buried fear and unflagging artfulness which characterizes the life-in-death of these remote hostages to a system which was to end tyranny for all men on earth forever (at least, for all proletarian men on earth!). Perhaps I beg the question if I regret that the film wasn't made by Russians. I found the mingled Cockney and Scandinavian English damaging to the specific conviction required. I felt robbed of a dimension of realism which, even in a poorly translated book, I could supply with my mind. (Yet I have seen films and plays adapted from Russian in which there seemed to be no incongruity.) Solzhenitsyn's Kazakhstan forced-labor camp was *Russian* and there is little point to the obvious retort that captivity and pain are universal. Art *specifies. Life* specifies. I know from experience that misery has geographical flavors: one can suffer in a Swedish accent, an Italian accent, an American accent. The film was nobly intended and honestly executed, yet I have a feeling that I contributed the inner agony myself, from sources of identification.

The collaborative terrors of *cold* are depicted with even greater conviction in a Hungarian film, now being belatedly distributed, *Cold Days (Hideg Napok,* from a novel by Tibor Csere), 1966. Scripted and handled with sardonic indirection and throttling suspense by András Kovács, it is perhaps the most intelligent—certainly the most gripping—film on a political theme I have seen from an iron-curtain country. After the old Hungarian regime fell to the Germans in 1942, there followed a gratuitous massacre of everyone who might even be *expected* to dissent from the forced alliance agreed to by the Hungarian High Command. During three steel-cold days of January 3309 people (if the number has any meaning) were eliminated (no hearings, no trials), a thousand of them at a place called Novi Sad. In this area the killings were a flimsy excuse for the decimation of Serbs and Jews. Four years later when, of course, those authoritatively responsible were dead, the new Communist regime attempted a local Nuremberg by bringing to trial survivors who had given or complied with the orders at Novi Sad. The film concentrates centrally on three officer-rank men, later joined by a corporal, brooding in a cell, arguing away their part in the affair or numbly confused. From this locale, the narrative cuts away to recapitulate the events, told in no strict order of time, the fading nightmare of frigid days and nights in which the end of the world came, life was a sequence of mindless commands, people had become as indistinguishable, one from the other, as fur-bearing animals, time had congealed to ages below zero, taut as a harp-string, boots stammered in the crystal snow and the universal hush was broken only by crackling orders and the sibilance of breath expelled like smoke

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from cannons. The ice had to be dynamited to provide a pond ample enough to accommodate the faceless hostages who waited, as if in a bread-line, to be conveniently shot on the rim of ice surrounding their freshly detonated cemetery in the lake. Officer Büky (acted with fine temperamental intensity by Zoltan Latinovits) is no longer very concerned about the anonymous deaths in which he shared responsibility by reason of his negligence in prosecuting the murder, by a drunken sergeant, of a Jewish household. If he had persisted in the prosecution he would have provoked the limited patience of General Grassi, the fanatic who commanded the area and hence have endangered his wife who was not officially permitted residence in a garrison town. Only one fear now obsesses him, that his wife may have been inadvertently rounded up in the January massacre, for he has never heard from her thereafter. Since his mind refuses to acknowledge the worst, he spends his days tirelessly begging the lieutenant who, once a seaman, now paces the cell is if it were a ship's bridge, to recount again the exact passage of those days, assuring himself desperately that of course his wife had escaped and is even now in Budapest, understandably afraid to communicate with him. When the corporal is admitted to the cell, towards the end of the film, the hideous truth is revealed. For the obtuse man, oblivious of warning signals from the two lieutenants, tells a fumbling story in which it becomes clear that Büky's wife was indeed among the hostages lined up, that she was with a number of women whom the corporal, with sanction, had raped before shooting them. Büky recognizes the truth at the same time we do, eases off his military boot while the unsuspecting corporal finishes his story and fells the man with a single blow. The body is removed. Büky is removed. The remaining two await trial, one confused and nervous, the other returning to his nautical pacing of the cell.

András Kovács has no illusion that guilt is unmixed and innocence is notable as snow; hence, *Cold Days* has *ramifications;* the observer is tormented by the complexity of personal interests which so often frustrates the black-and-white conclusion he'd prefer to entertain. Costa-Gavras has illusions. He is politically glib. If *The Confession* is not so glib as his first film, *Z,* its popularity is assured not only by one's greater familiarity with the fate of Czechoslovakia and by the presence of Yves Montand and his wife, Simone Signoret—they are husband and wife in the film, too—but also by the spurious conclusion, aimed at the limited thinking of C-G's fellow-travellers, whose numbers are, I should say, alarming. For at the end of the film, when the Czech minister played by Montand returns in 1968 to Prague (where he had been imprisoned and brain-washed under the earlier orthodoxy—the active subject of the movie) as Russian tanks enter the city, two boys chalk Costa-Gavras' message on a wall:

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*"Lenin, wake up, they have gone mad!"*—a text culled from the idiocy of the extreme Left, every bit as incomprehensible as the Napoleon-worship of the Romantics. Lenin, who reintroduced the secret police of czardom in the form of the Cheka; Lenin, defined by Trotsky himself, as early as 1903, as a "party *dis*organizer" whose conception of socialism was that of a "barracks regime"; Lenin described even by Rosa Luxembourg as conveying an impression of "Tartar-Mongol savagery": this Lenin is now the lamented father of his peoples, whose pure humane directives were perverted by Stalin and by some odd mistake of Soviet dialectic have been retained long after "de-Stalinization."

What is credible in *The Confession* is not any subtlety of political analysis but the ritual of de-humanization, filmed with masochistic attention to the irreducible details of Montand's ordeal, importuned to *confess* a betrayal of which he is not guilty: the affront to body and mind, the removal of his nominal identity together with his clothes, the insane questions, the assumption that since he cannot possibly be "innocent" he must therefore be treated like a rat in an experiment: lights in the face, the eye at the Judas-window, the noose and goggles to signify he will be hanged, a painless conclusion his prosecutors have no desire to impose. In the characteristic Pavlovian manner, he is submitted to a grilling by alternative styles. First he is assigned a professional hysteric who handles him violently, screams at him, has him dragged to a scaffold, keeps him upright on tottering feet, whisks away the food proffered him, allows him to urinate only with the guard watching him. When this formula fails to elicit the required "confession," he is given a second inquisitor who speaks softly, defers to him as to a gentleman, allows him to smoke and shave, feeds him, asks him to sit (the part is played like a viola by Gabriele Ferzetti)—*until* the prisoner upsets the procedure by correcting the wording of the confession being typed. Then, as Luther once said on a quite different occasion, the *laudati* stops and the *blasphemati* begins! The typescript is torn up, the business starts all over again: back to the cell—*marche!*—lights that blind the eye; don't sit; *marche!*, don't lie down; lie down (not on that side but the other and legs straight); get up, *marche!*, lights that blink—until the wretched man no longer knows what he has said before, what he has contradicted, until he is nothing but a standing stench, a viscera with fogged head, rubber knees and eyelids that drop like untied awnings. The shimmering oil-puddle texture of the color seems to make the experience all the grimmer. But Costa-Gavras, who has a pungent gift for dramatizing the physiology of terror, will make no claims on our intelligence so long as his deductions are limited to the groundless belief that such inquisitions are merely solecisms of a well-intentioned political revolution which has temporarily jumped the tracks.

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Similar reservations can be entered against Johan Bergenstråhle, whose *Baltic Tragedy* (1970) is seemingly so judiciously constructed that the uninformed filmgoer—especially the uninformed American filmgoer who has been thoroughly brain-washed by Swedish pharisaism—will likely accept the film as a candid and plausible mitigation of Swedish shilly-shallying when, in 1945, the government was asked to extradite a number of Baltic-country refugees wanted by the Russians. Among these Balts, housed in five Swedish detention camps, together with a host of German fugitives, were some who had all too willingly collaborated with the Third Reich when Germany occupied the "Soviet" Baltic states in 1941. Others had done so to save their skins. While the Social Democrats debated what policy to pursue, the prisoners awaited decisions in the Swedish camps, fearful, for the most part, of Russian sentences if returned to their homelands. When it became apparent that there was little chance of their being repatriated in Sweden or anywhere else, guilty or not guilty, a hunger strike was staged among the German contingent, followed by a wave of self-mutilations, none of them fatal. Two suicide attempts, which we view steadily in grim, documentary detail, were successful.

Bergenstråhle employs a part-actuality method, like Peter Watson's, but he alternates black-and-white "library material" with color sequences in which the events are given a measure of fiction. His editing is brilliant; the interplay of cool statistical data, dry political voices, lyrical passages in which women cycle peaceably through the woods or a Latvian lieutenant remembers riding his Arabian horse in the snowy countryside of northern Poland, are enormously effective. A reunited man and wife soon fall out and reproach each other bitterly when he discovers that she has become pregnant by another during his absence; a Latvian lieutenant methodically slashes both his wrists and one foot and gouges himself in the heart. Another stabs himself in the throat as the bus arrives at the Trelleborg quay where the Russian ship waits. "The wound is 5 centimeters in length, on the left side of the neck. His belongings consist of one carton, one suitcase, a map without notes, a passport, TT 011518. Letters and photographs." Throughout the film an eerie musical note, sustained on a flute, contributes a bleak Northern pathos to the documented recital.

Unfortunately, closer inspection reveals that Bergenstråhle is far from impartial; he has subtly urged his material in a pre-determined direction. The facts are 1) that Bergenstråhle's previous film was blatantly pro-Communist; 2) that in this film he conspicuously underlines a double message: the men who most enlisted our sympathy because of their excessive fear of Russian reprisal had been inexcusable collaborators with the Germans and in fact the *majority* of those tried by the Russians were set free "after 5 or 8 years" and none was executed. Nothing is said of the *minority*, no other interpretation of Soviet-dominated Latvia is offered; 3) that some of his black-and-white

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shots, alleged as "real," have on subsequent examination been proven false; 4) that he nowhere records the trade agreement between Sweden and Russia shortly after the events reported, nor the preparation for just such an eventuality which had been instituted earlier (when it became clear that Russia would be the victor) by writers such as Gunnar Myrdal, prominently, who encouraged the government to feather its nest Eastward. Above all, and prominently, a passing observation made in the resumé of the debate material exposes an incredible ambiguity which is of course not pursued. "If the government were to give in to the pressure of public opinion, it would mean that Sweden openly distrusted the Soviet Union as a state governed by law." The understatement is almost charming. That Russia had not the shadow of a claim on the Baltic states was ratified by a declaration of the U. S. House of Representatives' Select Committee on Communist Aggression, in its third interim report, 1954.

> The evidence is overwhelming and conclusive that Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania were forcibly occupied and illegally annexed by the USSR. Any claims by the USSR that the elections conducted by them in 1940 were free and voluntary or that the resolutions adopted by the resulting parliaments petitioning for recognition as Soviet republics were legal, are false and without foundation in fact.

For this reason, among others, then, the alleged Hamletism of the Social Democrats was humbug (they were in luck, since on moral and military grounds no clemency was guaranteed for fighting units of the Third Reich whether they deserted or surrendered); the extradition of the Balts was dictated by plain necessity, not by scruples about German aggression (with which the Swedes had previously sided, by and large) and Bergenstråhle's film, though certainly skillful and very moving, is none the less a characteristic attempt of certain Swedes to whitewash themselves by offering a half-truth to the fawning-liberal West and the unsleeping East.

From the ethological point of view one is tempted to define Man as the *imprisoning* animal. His flair for developing institutions that suffocate, hound or cripple is even more widely distributed than his art, at the best of times, in organizing institutions of enlightenment. Consider (beside the detention camp and the conventional prisons) the military barracks, the Orthodox church, the Universal church, the Non-Conformist church, the Greek family, the sun-ripened Mafia, the Party, the student protest groups, and—subject of the film, *Kes,* the common (or, in the U. S. the public) elementary school.

Siberia begins at home. And I would nominate the lower-class West Midland district of England as among the more prominent lay concentration camps of the civilised world. Here, as conveyed in Kenneth Loach's tragi-comic film (from a novel by Barry Hines, *A Kestrel for a*

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*Knave*) a waif named Casper, about eleven, grows up (one hopes) in a moral atmosphere of daily, unrelenting and on-principle cruelty, of a sort so habitual among many sections of the British working-class as never to be dispelled, in my opinion, short of forcibly sundering every family and every neighbourhood and trans-shipping the entire population to God-knows-where. These people are walled in by a conditioned ignorance on which they pride themselves, by a casual brutality they positively savour and by a level of taste and *speech* which has no counterpart (if it has, I prefer to remain uninformed). You see this Casper-scrap of humanity (future idiot or poet—who knows?) nagged or ignored at home, mousing alone his daily torture while his swinish grownup half-brother Jud plays cock-of-the-walk at the local dance and his profane, bewildered mother tries to drum up a husband to father the two boys she fails to understand and probably hates.

Treated at school like a freak—pummeled, pushed, framed, dressed down, beaten up, given forced cold showers for clowning in a football match—Casper fights his own way, a stoat among wolves, stealing milk deftly as he delivers to the illiterate, at dawn, the papers, and you marvel that a crumb of sense or poetry could be left in his head. There is. He captures and trains a kestrel hawk, an art he learns from a book (which he steals); this is his lyric, his secret life, the passion which makes him vulnerable, the strength which keeps him unkillable. But brother Jud finds the bird and in revenge for Casper's having reviled him when he was sodden-drunk, he kills the creature. When the boy comes wailing home and to no more avail than a gnat with a bee tries to attack Jud, his meatheaded mother dismisses the whole fracas with the complaint, enunciated in purest Liverpoolese, "Wots all this foos abaht a blooody bird? You can get anoother, can't you?"

Loach doesn't edit his film with a single prolonged shot in order to extract sympathy of a theatrical kind; there is no *400 Blows*-closeup to warm the end of the film. His camera meets life head-on and cold, leaving his audience to stew, cry or tighten its jaws. Nor does he make anything of the implication that the one sympathetic school-master on a staff of witless snobs is Casper's best and only chance on earth. If a society is no better than its teachers, the percentages shown here are not consoling. Loach would be a more welcome newcomer to me if I had not seen a documentary he made for Midland Television, in which he pretty clearly stated that if the Merseyside longshoremen could run their own docks for a month without the supervision of Management, the working classes could run England unaided, a Lenin-like proposal to which *Kes* scarcely lends a helping hand.

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B. H. HAGGIN

# Ballet and Music Chronicle

ELIOT FELD's new works, *Poem Forgotten* and *The Consort,* for the American Ballet Company's engagement at the Brooklyn Academy of Music last fall, confirmed my impression from earlier works of his—in particular *Intermezzo,* which, as it happened, I now saw again. *Intermezzo* begins with settings of a few Brahms Intermezzi, in which Feld's attempts at profound meanings are as unsuccessful as Brahms's; but with the shift to Brahms's unpretentious Waltzes Op. 39 we get equally unpretentious dance invention from Feld that is individual and delightful. In *Poem Forgotten* the serious thinker presented in movement a boy's sexual development from birth to maturity; and the movements had no interest beyond their embodiment of details of that development. But in *The Consort* he offered only dance movement—dance movement related in style to the seventeenth-century English music arranged by his conductor, Christopher Keene, and to the costumes of that period designed by Stanley Simmons. In the first part the costumes were those of the nobility, as were the stately movements and attitudes of the dancers; in the second part a shortening of the long dresses to knee length and a few changes in what the boys wore made the dancers peasants, whose movements were a crescendo from the robustly lively to the robustly erotic; and in both parts the imaginative invention was a pleasure to watch as it was executed by the accomplished dancers.

As for Bruce Marks's *Clockwise,* his first ballet, to music of Jean Françaix, it began with movements related to its title that had no interest beyond that relation, and then filled in time and space with ballet movements of no greater interest.

Going back for a second look at the Joffrey Ballet's production of *Petrushka,* I thought I saw new details of action, and possibly even new characters, in the carnival scenes. They didn't matter one way or another; but what did matter was that Edward Verso and Charthel Arthur were less effective as Petrushka and the Ballerina than Luis Fuente and Rebecca Wright last spring—i.e. less puppet-like and too human-like in the manifestations of Petrushka's love, dejection, jealousy, despair, the Ballerina's capriciousness and flirtatiousness.

Since the president of American Ballet Theatre told the company's press representative that I had never said a good word about the company and he didn't want me in the theater, and was not persuaded otherwise by the press representative's denial of his first statement and her contention that I was someone who should be in the theater, I cannot report on the company's new ballets in its Christmas engage-

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ment at City Center. But a friend's ticket enabled me to see the gala opening-night *Giselle* with Natalia Makarova and to report that her deployment of her lovely body was exquisite, and was made breathtaking at times by the slowness of some of the movements—the slowness, for example, of her various extensions, notably the unfolding in the course of two great lifts in Act 2 (as against the breathtaking impetus of Suzanne Farrell's extensions in the climactic lifts in Act 3 of Balanchine's *Don Quixote*). Makarova was most impressive in this act, where for the most part she was called on only to dance, and one's attention wasn't distracted from her marvelous dancing by the face that was almost mask-like in its immobility in the reduced light of the nocturnal scene. In Act 1, on the other hand, right from the start, she had to act as well as dance, and to act with a face which in the bright light of the daytime scene was disturbingly unlovely. Though her dancing in this act was superb, her face made the acting ineffective; and the mad scene was made ineffective by its lack of clear development and structure.

At a number of points Makarova's movements were different from what we have always seen, even—if I remember correctly—in the Kirov performance with Kolpakova in 1961. Two such differences in Act 2 call for mention: At the point where we have always seen Giselle lifted by Albrecht, who has turned as he held her high in the air, and has then lowered her until her left leg has rested on the stage floor, with her left arm extended backward to complete the exquisite configuration of her body—at this point Makarova was lowered instead to a standing position with a slight *plié,* which was less effective. And at the point where we have seen a series of increasingly high lifts reach a climax in the great lifts with retracted legs, Makarova instead separated her legs in a split, which also was less effective.

One of the things I have pointed out which have angered Ballet Theatre's president is that in the years since the departure of Markova and Alonso the company has had no ballerina of their magnitude for classics like *Giselle* and *Swan Lake* and the great Balanchine ballet in its repertory, *Theme and Variations* (characteristically, Lucia Chase did not hold on to Violette Verdy in 1958), and—except for the guest appearances of Carla Fracci with Erik Bruhn in *Giselle*—has presented these ballets with grossly unsuitable dancers like Lupe Serrano and Toni Lander. If the company can persuade Makarova to stay on, it will at last have the ballerina it has needed. And if it can similarly persuade Bruhn, it will have the partner she needs.

It was a Ballet Theatre performance of his *Theme and Variations* with Verdy in 1958 that led Balanchine to bring her to the New York City Ballet; and he had her dance in a few performances of the work with Villella in 1960, but regrettably dropped it after that. The superb music of the piece is the concluding Theme and Variations of Tchaikovsky's Suite No. 3; and when he revived it this year he added settings

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of the earlier movements of the suite, producing what he called *Suite No. 3*. Encountering him some weeks before the first performance, I remarked that I recalled the earlier movements of Tchaikovsky's suite as being less impressive than the concluding Theme and Variations. "Oh no," he answered characteristically, "they are much better." But a playing of a recording confirmed my recollection of them; and the one performance I have seen of Balanchine's *Suite No. 3* gave me the impression that Balanchine's choreography for them, though it was the skillful and interesting and enjoyable work of an assured master, didn't attain the level of incandescent invention of *Theme and Variations.*

The opening *Elégie* with Anthony Blum, Karin von Aroldingen and a group of girls, all in bare feet for no evident reason; the *Valse Mélancolique* with Kay Mazzo and Conrad Ludlow and another group of girls; the Scherzo with Marnee Morris, John Clifford and another group of girls—these were made dreamily romantic by being seen against indistinct backgrounds through a scrim fore-curtain. On the other hand *Theme and Variations*—with Gelsey Kirkland, Villella and girls in the early variations who were joined by boys in the final mazurka—was performed before a tasteless and obtrusive garish backdrop. And this raised once again the question why—with a superb artist like Esteban Francés available to him—Balanchine chooses to work with designers like Rouben Ter-Arutunian, who gives him things as bad as the scenery for *Ballet Imperial* and *The Nutcracker,* and now Nicolas Benois, who has given him this appalling backdrop for *Theme and Variations.*

But the work triumphed over this obstacle, as the other works have done; and it was a joy to see it performed accurately and effectively again—above all to see one of Balanchine's great *pas de deux* performed so beautifully by Gelsey Kirkland and Villella. Since other dancers are to alternate with them I hope to see this *pas de deux* enriched again by Verdy's rhythmic subtleties and stylistic elegances.

*Suite No. 3* was preceded by *Bugaku* with Jean-Pierre Bonnefous in the Villella role. I had hoped he would be taught it by Balanchine, and would therefore dance it with the contained power that Villella exhibited in it originally; but he appeared to have been taught it by Villella, and his large glaring face and enormous spread hands made the present excessively violent Villella version grotesque.

The company's other new male dancer, Helgi Tomasson, continued to delight one with the beautifully clear style of his perfectly executed movements in the third movement of *Symphony in C* with Suki Schorer, the Tchaikovsky *Pas de Deux, Swan Lake* and *The Nutcracker* with Verdy; and he delighted Verdy with his absolutely secure partnering, which enabled her to operate with complete freedom. After their first *Nutcracker* she exclaimed: "He doesn't need another rehearsal; he only needs two more performances!" And at the second of

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these additional performances it was exciting to see her—in the security provided by Tomasson, and in the time provided by Fiorato's more relaxed tempos—expand her movements and enrich them with the nuances that are uniquely hers.

A performance of *Jewels* raised another question—why, with all the excellent young soloists in the company, one had to see Melissa Hayden in the role originally made for young Mimi Paul in *Emeralds.* But Earle Sieveling was very fine in the *Pas de Trois;* Schorer was again a delightful partner for Villella in *Rubies;* and Allegra Kent repeated her beautiful performance with Peter Martins in *Diamonds,* including the Scherzo this time. And a performance of *Four Temperaments* was remarkable in the way it made every movement in the work freshly and clearly visible, so that one had a new revelation of what an astounding thing the First Theme was, and the Third Theme, and each of the variations—the *Melancholic,* in which Clifford's vividly clear movements were not melancholy; the *Sanguinic,* danced superbly by Marnee Morris and Blum; the *Phlegmatic,* with Richard Rapp's opening solo fleshed out in a way that made it even more impressive than it was last year; the *Choleric,* done well by Gloria Govrin.

An unfamiliar opera of Donizetti may, like *Lucrezia Borgia,* turn out to offer the operation of impressive powers in vocal and orchestral writing which amazes one with the moving expressiveness, the dramatic force, and even the stylistic freedom of its invention. But it may, on the other hand, turn out to be merely a product of a routine use of his style that does its job efficiently; and this is true of *Roberto Devereux,* except for the beautiful and subtly phrased melodic writing of Elizabeth's *"Vivi, ingrato"* at the beginning of the last scene. And it was in this aria that Beverly Sills, for whom the New York City Opera put on the work, did her only great singing of the performance—quiet singing in which her voice was steady and quite lovely, her deployment of it in subtly inflected sustained phrases impressive in style and expressively moving. At other times—apart from the florid passages that were made spectacular by her accurate agility and brilliant style—her voice was tremulous and unpleasant to the ear, especially when her vehemence forced it to the point of sheer strident screaming, which I doubt that Donizetti had in mind. It was related to Sills's dramatic performance in the role of the queen, which impressed audiences and critics as great acting, but struck me as hamming of the crudest kind. Sills did succeed remarkably in getting herself up to look like the Elizabeth we have seen in portraits; but it was impossible for me to accept what she did—her screaming at Essex, her gesticulation that all but physically assaulted him—as what a queen, even a queen humiliated and enraged by the discovery that a lover whom she still loved now loved another woman, would do in the presence of her assembled court. I doubt that I would have found her similar behavior in an

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earlier scene believable even if she and Essex had been, as the libretto says they are, alone; but I certainly could not accept as believable her carrying on as she did in the presence of the pages and guards whom Frank Corsaro thought it effective to place around the stage. Again, Nottingham merely singing his rage to his wife in the presence of the guards whom he had summoned to detain her would have been believable; but what Corsaro thought up as an effective addition—Nottingham, in their motionless presence, seizing his wife and throwing her about—was not. And the beginning of the court scene gained nothing, for me, from Hans Sondheimer's contribution of this kind with his lighting: the darkness in which the lords and ladies conversed in song behind the spotlighted silent queen. However, after the monstrous excesses of Corsaro's recent productions one must concede the unusual restraint exhibited in this one of *Roberto Devereux,* which—except for an implausible and gimmicky prison cell—had good sets of the normal kind by Ming Cho Lee and good costumes by José Varona; while the musical performance conducted well by Rudel offered superb singing by Placido Domingo (Essex) and good singing also by Richard Fredericks and Beverly Wolff (the Duke and Duchess of Nottingham).

Janáček's *The Makropoulos Affair,* on the other hand, was taken by Corsaro as an opportunity to go all-out. The work is a Moravian forerunner of Berg's *Lulu,* with its action, based on the play of Capek, revolving around a woman who exercises an invariable and sometimes fatal fascination on every man, young and old, whom she encounters; and with music which, though it doesn't in the least resemble Berg's, is as unattractive and uninteresting as his in its own way. That way is an orchestral writing in which phrase follows phrase without continuity of musical thought and without relation to a vocal recitative that has no expressive connection with the words. And I don't think I would have received a different impression if the production had been the normal one Janáček envisioned, and I had not had to fight off the distracting Corsaro inventions that seemed to represent his determination to be "with it." The major new gimmick this time was films: whereas Janáček had been content to let the audience read about the happenings that had preceded the first act, Corsaro introduced the act with a silent film of these happenings, in which, however, they were comprehensible only if one had read about them in the synopsis in the program, so that the film was superfluous. Worse still, at a number of places where Janáček had been content with a mere reference to something, Corsaro spelled it out in a film sequence in parallel with the action on the stage that distracted one's attention from that action and the music. And predictably one such reference to "certain erotic practices" was spelled out in a film of the nude torsos of a couple in constantly changing embrace. These and other distracting nonessentials were what engaged Corsaro's attention and effort, instead of something as essential as a set that would have some resemblance to the

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"backstage at the theater" referred to in the program and would meet the requirements of the action, as Patton Campbell's set did not.

The difficult and unrewarding singing that Maralin Niska was called on to do in the principal role she did well. And Gabor Ötvös conducted efficiently.

As for the Metropolitan, the first thing to say is that after the latest example of Mr. Bing's total lack of the artistic competence he pretends to, the new production of Gluck's *Orfeo ed Euridice,* it is good to know that in another year we will at last be rid of him. His successor's professional experience is that of an actor and stage and film director; but he works with a musical director in Stockholm and has said he will do so here; and with a musician handling muscial matters, including the casting that Mr. Bing has reserved exclusively and often disastrously to himself, we may have an end of what wrecked the new *Orfeo.* A musician would have known that the Metropolitan had in Marilyn Horne the singer with the beautiful voice and the ability to shape Gluck's phrases that made her the predestined singer of the title role; but Mr. Bing, apparently incapable of hearing the unpleasant harshness of Grace Bumbry's voice and her inability to produce with it a musical and expressive statement of a single phrase in the opera, assigned the role to her; and this decision doomed the production even without the other things that damaged it—one of them the deteriorated voice of Gabriella Tucci (Euridice), the other the staging.

To see the difficulty of devising meaningful and interesting stage action for an opera in which so little happens, and how that difficulty can be solved, one need only consider the scene in which Orfeo—his hand grasping Euridice's, his face averted from hers—is shown leading her back to earth, resisting her entreaties and despairing complaints, begging her to continue when she refuses to go any further, and, when he can resist her no longer, looking at her, which causes her to die. One need only, that is, consider how little of the sense of the scene is conveyed by the two singers lunging separately about the stage as they sing, and in these lungings repeatedly facing each other, so that the dramatic point of Euridice dying when Orfeo looks at her is lost; and on the other hand consider how clearly and powerfully the sense of the scene is conveyed by the *pas de deux* in Balanchine's ballet to Stravinsky's music, whose detail elaborates the essential point of Euridice's persisting in her attempts to get Orpheus to look at her and her dying when at last he does so. One realizes from this that the effective way to stage *Orfeo* is to choreograph its action for dancers on the stage and have the soloists and chorus sing with the orchestra in the pit—which is in fact what Balanchine did at the Metropolitan in 1936. But this is a project for a Balanchine; and Mr. Bing entrusted it instead to Milko Sparemblick, who, for no imaginable reason, choreographed for dancers on the stage only the music of the chorus in the pit, so that one saw on the one hand, as usual, Orfeo and Euridice

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lunging about the stage as they sang and making no dramatic sense in the scene of their journey back to earth, and on the other hand the contorted and ugly modern-dance-style movements Sparemblick thought up for the dancers to go with the chorus's singing in the first act, and the blander but equally uninteresting ones he contrived for the scenes in the Elysian Fields and the Temple of Love.

Rolf Gérard's imagination produced powerful sets for Euridice's tomb and the entrance to Hades, but achieved only a vast expanse of pink and gilt for the Elysian Fields. And Bonynge, who I was reliably informed conducted the first performance poorly, conducted the later one I heard with precision, animation, and enlivening rhythm and phrasing.

Mehta's orchestral performances on records have been far less impressive than his performances of Verdi at the Metropolitan; but they didn't prepare me for the Beethoven Ninth he produced with his Los Angeles Philharmonic at one of the concerts in Carnegie Hall's Festival of Visiting Orchestras—the worst orchestral and musical operation I had heard since Barenboim's three concerts with the London Symphony two or three years ago. The conducting movements one saw conveyed an assured mastery in the guidance of the orchestra and shaping of the music; but what I heard revealed that like his friend Barenboim, Mehta has no ability to achieve the balance in an orchestra that produces beautiful sound and clear texture, and no ability to phrase and shape coherently within the frame of a symphonic movement. What I heard, that is, was an opaque mass of coarse sound that was, as in Barenboim's performances, occasionally drowned by the thunder of the kettledrums; and an undisciplined dealing with the music like Barenboim's which produced shapeless statements of the work's four movements. But the conducting movements that conveyed assured mastery to the eye persuaded the audience that it was hearing a masterful performance which justified the storm of applause at the end—and not only the audience but a former orchestral musician who had played a couple of years under Toscanini, and who reported in *The New Yorker* only slight technical defects of string articulation and ensemble and kettledrum attack in the playing of the orchestra that Mehta had "trained admirably," and a performance of the symphony with "the solid authority that we expect from a maestro of experience who has studied his score carefully."

Trying, after this, to account for Mehta's impressive performances of Verdi at the Metropolitan, I thought of the different style of the music, with its Verdi *espansione,* for which Mehta evidently had a feeling; and the larger frame and episodic character of an act of *Aida* or *Il Trovatore,* in which the moment-to-moment plasticity of his conducting could work effectively. I thought also of the fact that at the Metropolitan he could depend on the well-trained orchestra

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with long experience in playing the Verdi operas to produce a good-sounding, clear-textured performance of its part in response to the beat that indicated tempo and dynamics clearly. And apparently that beat was equally clear to the singers and all they required; since one heard singing that was well co-ordinated with the orchestra's playing.

The next orchestral concert I heard was one in Philharmonic Hall by a much finer orchestra, the Boston Symphony, which played raucously last year in performances of Debussy's *Fêtes* and Ravel's *Daphnis and Chloë* Suite conducted by Abbado, but beautifully in performances conducted by Davis, and beautifully now under young Michael Tilson Thomas, demonstrating his possession of the ear for orchestral balance that Mehta and Barenboim lack. The evidence was the delicate sonorities he got from the orchestra for Webern's Six Pieces Op. 6, the clear textures he produced with it in Debussy's *Images: Gigues, Rondes de Printemps* and *Ibéria.* In addition one heard the operation of a first-class musical mind in his dealing with the marvelous Debussy pieces—the pacing and shaping that gave them unfailing continuity and coherence. It was a mind of his own, whose dealing with *Ibéria* differed from Toscanini's and Boulez's, managing to maintain continuity in a last movement much slower and more deliberate—and I thought less effective—than theirs, and slower than Debussy requests with his metronome marking shortly after the direction *Dans un rhythme de Marche lointaine, alerte et joyeuse.* This mind put together the program that offered on the one hand Bach's Brandenburg Concerto No. 3 and the Debussy *Images,* and on the other hand the Webern Six Pieces and Ingolf Dahl's Concerto for Alto Saxophone and Orchestra, which sounded like the solution of a problem set in an examination, "Write a concerto for alto saxophone and orchestra"—a solution which demonstrated the ability to devise things for the saxophonist, Harvey Pittel, and the orchestra to do, but not to make them—in the words of W. J. Turner about some of Bach's solutions of problems—as expressive as they were accomplished.

The Guarneri Quartet's Beethoven program at the Metropolitan Museum of Art began with a technically and musically superb performance of Op. 59 No. 1; and the one of Op. 130 not only offered playing of the same kind but was paced more correctly and more effectively than it had been. The fourth movement still was a little slow for a *danza tedesca;* but the third now moved with the lilt it should have; and in the first the development now maintained the tempo of the exposition, so that there was the right urgency in the reiterated rhythmic figure over which the plaintive melodic exclamations were heard. I regret that the Guarneri ends the work with the Great Fugue Op. 133 instead of the superb finale that Beethoven substituted for it; since it means that one doesn't hear the finale at all, whereas if the work were ended with the finale the Great Fugue could be added as a separate piece.

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At another concert at the Museum the baritone Bernard Kruysen sang a number of fine pieces by Monteverdi with musical intelligence and expressive effect that reconciled one to his barely adequate vocal resources. He was admirably supported at the harpsichord by Kenneth Cooper, who in addition offered delightfully enlivened performances of a group of pieces by Purcell and another of Scarlatti sonatas.

And at one of Claude Frank's recitals at Hunter College Playhouse devoted to the 32 piano sonatas of Beethoven I heard him play Op. 10 No. 1, Op. 28 *(Pastoral),* Op. 27 No. 2 (known as *Moonlight*) and Op. 109. The performances were those of an excellent pianist and musician who hadn't adjusted the scale of his playing to the acoustics of the small hall, with the result that his *fortes* came out excessively loud.

The Fischer-Dieskau series sponsored by Carnegie Hall this year began with a Schubert program—two groups of songs dating from 1816 to 1820, then two of songs dating from 1820 to 1827. They included a few unfamiliar songs—*Der Wanderer* (1819), *Die Vögel* (1820), *An die Freunde* (1819), *Fragment from Schiller's "Die Götter Griechenlands"* (1819)—which made me grateful for the opportunity to hear them; and a few that were uninteresting. In the first eight songs, which were largely quiet, Fischer-Dieskau delighted ear and mind with the beauty of his voice and his subtly inflected deployment of it in the long-breathed phrases; but some of the later performances of songs that were more forcefully or dramatically expressive made me more aware this time that his phrasing in such songs remains within the frame in tempo but not always in sonority. That is, a modification of tempo is kept in proportion to what is modified; but the desire to project the expressive meaning of the words often impels Fischer-Dieskau to a crescendo which attains a *fortissimo* enormously disproportionate to the *pianissimo* it starts from. (Elena Gerhardt, recognizing that the meaning of the words was embodied in the musical phrase, recognized further that the meaning must therefore be conveyed through a musically correct statement of that phrase—one which kept the modifications of tempo and sonority within the limits of proportioned shape.) And this tendency was more pronounced—and for me disturbing—in the performances of Wolf's Mörike songs at the second concert, because of Fischer-Dieskau's consciousness of the greater importance of the words in these songs that are in immediate relation to everything that happens in the music. One heard an occasional flawless performance of a quiet song like *Um Mitternacht;* but one heard even quiet songs like *In der Frühe* and *Verborgenheit* distorted by the italicizing I have described; and the more forceful songs were occasions for worse excesses.

In addition to these familiar points of interest in the performances there was a new one: the participation of the pianist Barenboim. And in those first eight largely quiet songs of Schubert at the first concert one heard something never heard from Barenboim before: phrases

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which proceeded from beginning to end with a sustained continuity of tone, tension, inflection, outline. Since it was something never heard from him before I can see no possible explanation of it other than special coaching or study in preparation for the special situation—the special coaching or study which I take to be responsible in addition for the unfailing relation his phrases maintained to Fischer-Dieskau's, and the fact that in this they claimed no more than the attention that was rightly theirs. And finally, in these first eight largely quiet songs Barenboim was physically quiet.

But with the ninth and final song of the first half of the program, the declamatory *Prometheus,* one began to see and hear again the Barenboim one had come to know before: the piano's forceful chords were finished off with impressive flourishes of the arms. And with Fischer-Dieskau's erupting crescendos in the more forceful and dramatic songs of the second half of the concert Barenboim felt free not only similarly to italicize his playing for the ear but to theatricalize it for the eye with the movements of head, body and arms that demonstrated, like Leonard Bernstein's, how deeply he was involved with, and affected by, the music. This increased as the concert approached its end, and attained its climax in the encore period, in the exuberantly blown-up performances by singer and pianist of *Der Musensohn* and *Abschied.* (I found, when I looked at the music of *Abschied* at home, that it begins *piano,* continues that way except for a *pianissimo* episode in a different key, returns to *piano,* and rises to *mezzo-forte* only in the piano's postlude, and then only briefly, dropping to *pianissimo* for the last bars. And I found also that Fischer-Dieskau performed it with Gerald Moore in accordance with these markings on the Angel record of the early '60s.)

The Wolf concert offered even worse excesses in many of the songs, among them the program's concluding song, *Abschied.* It is one of Wolf's humorous pieces, ending in a lilting waltz in which the narrator exults over the way his uninvited and unwelcome guest, propelled by a little kick, had tumbled down the stairs. Possibly the song can be effective only with the over-dramatizing with which Fischer-Dieskau delighted the audience that began to applaud at the end of his waltz, but stopped when the singer raised his hand to secure attention for the vulgarly distorted repetition of the waltz that Barenboim crashed out on the piano, eliciting a storm of applause from the audience and an embrace from Fischer-Dieskau.

Thus we are left with the strange fact that an artist with Fischer-Dieskau's highminded dedication and his musical intelligence and taste can surprise us not only by the italicizing that flaws some of his performances, but by participating in Leonard Bernstein's tastelessly distorted *Falstaff* and *Das Lied von der Erde* and now in the shocking performances with Barenboim, and by speaking of the pleasure he had in the collaboration with Bernstein and demonstrating such pleasure in his embracing of Barenboim.

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CHARLES W. MILLARD

# Jack Bush

JACK BUSH'S EARLIEST PAINTINGS are visually and conceptually closest to work done by the Toronto-based Group of Seven around the First World War. The Group of Seven, like New York's Eight several years earlier, was a Regionalist-Nationalist school that attempted to create a uniquely Canadian painting partly by going to the native landscape for its subjects and partly by suppressing effects reminiscent of Internationalist, particularly French and Modernist, art. Although Bush, born in Toronto in 1909, began painting in the 1920's when the Group of Seven was well on the way to turning into the academy it later became, he seems rightly to have sensed that its efforts represented the best and least pretentious painting of his time and place, and he continued to refine this early Regional style for almost twenty years, until just after the Second World War. It is a manner characterized by simple subjects, largely landscape and portraiture, simply observed, by broad brushwork giving the effect of impasto although the pictures are actually quite thinly painted, and, above all, by tonally-developed compositions of relatively dark and mixed colors. *Engine House* of 1944 is a typical and outstanding example of the genre, its vigor depending not so much on the relationships of the freely-treated shapes as on the accomplished way in which the dark gray, red, and green tonalities are varied and harmonized throughout the composition, and on the vitality of the brushwork.

At the same time he was developing his style in oil, Bush spent equal time experimenting in watercolor, a medium which not only allowed freer and more rapid execution, but encouraged him to experiment with saturated colors discretely placed. The success of these works, unlike that of the oils, depended on variations in hue and on the structural relationships that these variations produced. Although Bush now feels that his early work in oil and watercolor were of equal importance to him, he admits that as a medium watercolor "felt better." Finally, along with his work in colored media went a great deal of drawing, largely portraiture and work from the model, with occasional excursions into landscape. He developed a forceful and highly personal line, analogous in certain ways to that of Matisse or Gaston Lachaise, which was descriptive without being academic and freely varied without being fantastic. The 1952 pen, ink, and watercolor drawing of

I owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. and Mrs. Jack Bush and to the David Mirvish Gallery of Toronto, particularly to its owner David Mirvish and its director Alkis Klonaridis, for help and hospitality during the writing of this article.

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figures on a beach shows both how openly Bush used this line and how bright he was willing to let his watercolor become. In his more conventional, but no less convincing, portait drawings Bush particularly liked a method of drawing taught him by Charles Comfort. This depended on establishing a dark intense focus on the white paper and then working the composition out in terms of intermediate tones rather than in terms of linear definition, and in reviewing these early drawings Bush is liable to single out for comment ink wash drawings executed wholly without line.

Having mastered the best of the native styles, Bush began to feel conscious pressure on his art from developments in international Modernism after the Second World War. It was a pressure brought to bear by the illustration of works by living painters not in the professional periodicals such as *Cahiers d'Art* and *Art News* generally read in New York, but in more general and widely circulated magazines such as *Life*. What most impressed Bush was Cubist or Cubist-derived work, and he now remembers artists such as Marin and Feininger as among those whose paintings and drawings he saw published. Be that as it may, he clearly felt the importance of what he was beginning to see, and his work for the next ten years, from roughly 1947 until 1957, shows its influence. Keeping recognizable imagery, Bush began to introduce into many of his pictures a geometricized drawing which defined the large planes in terms of which they were worked out. Along with this went increasing use of local color delimited by the drawing, and there were occasional excursions into a sort of angular Expressionist exaggeration, Surrealist juxtapositions of unrelated objects or dislocations of scale, etc. All of this somewhat frantic-seeming experimentation in varieties of Modernism was compounded when Bush first experienced the real thing on short trips to New York beginning in 1952. What he saw there radically altered his facture, and his pictures of the middle 1950's show a fondness for slashing brushstrokes and palette-knifing wholly unlike the easy breadth of his earlier paintings. There likewise appeared high value contrasts, often simply black and white, and New York or Paris-derived images recalling Soulages, Kline, and others of the better known abstract painters of the time. Although Bush's personal commitment to painting has always been too great to be overwhelmed by external suggestions and many of the paintings of this period are forceful and convincing, there is clearly a general falling off of quality that seems in retrospect to have been caused by bewilderment at the many faces presented by post-war Modernism and deep uncertainty as to his personal relationship to them. As is common in such situations, Bush reached for support to means he saw succeeding in the work of others, since at the time the relevance of the native means he had previously explored must have been all but entirely hidden. Luckily, his instinct for quality led him to the painters and critics best able to make meaningful suggestions, and in 1957 it was pointed

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out to him that his watercolors had a freshness and conviction often lacking in the work he was then doing in oil. From that moment date the series of pictures in thinly applied oil or acrylic paints that have constituted Bush's work for the last decade, the style which has justly and at last brought him international reputation.

The earliest of these pictures in what may be called Bush's mature style keep certain Abstract-Expressionist reminiscences in the form of ameboid shapes, entirely contained within the picture area, which seem most often to be memories of the work of Adolph Gottlieb. In the so-called Thrust pictures, these shapes occur at the ends of elongated rectangular shapes intruding from the edge of the congruent elongated rectangular canvases. In certain other pictures, such as *Paris No. 1*, they are superimposed over bands of vertical stripes. Such free forms, however, were not only clearly at odds with the broad geometrically defined color areas of the rest of the canvas, but they presented scale problems which unnecessarily complicated the issues with which Bush was coming to grips, and they soon disappeared altogether. For the next few years Bush worked on a series now known as his Sash pictures, in which centered hour-glass shapes divided into horizontal bands dominate square or slightly vertical canvases (1965). The apparently whimsical way in which these shapes are divided is not merely in striking contrast to the uses made of not dissimilar devices by Louis, Noland, and Stella about the same time, but announces a return of concerns more personal to Bush, recalling the controlled freedom of his pre-war drawing style. So also does the return of dark and mixed color, for the extremely close-valued Sash pictures represent a reincarnation of the tonal painting of many years earlier, an effect enhanced by the fact that their hour-glass shapes run off the canvas at top and bottom, suppressing figure-ground distinctions. The open and obvious brushwork with which the thin washes of paint are applied makes these pictures extremely yielding and atmospheric in effect, like the earlier watercolors, again in direct contrast to the uses being made simultaneously of similar devices in New York. In sum, Bush's painting of the mid-1960's allowed him a return to concerns he had long before made his own while simultaneously giving him new scope for his artistic ambition.

Having re-established his own artistic identity, Bush once again moved toward more "important" painting; that is, toward painting that more obviously confronted the problems preoccupying artists in New York and looked more like what they were doing. Among the Sash pictures are some in which the hour-glass shape runs off the canvas not only at the top and bottom but also along one side, in such a way that one side of the canvas is a solid area of color, the other a band of horizontally-divided stripes. In 1967, Bush allowed the striped areas to take over entirely and produced a series of pictures based on banded configurations in which the color areas were made severely rectangular

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and related to the edges of the canvas by being made to run either parallel or diagonal to those edges (*English Visit,* 1967). The effect, which Bush himself has at different times ascribed to knowledge of the work of Frank Stella and Kenneth Noland, is that of recognizably major painting, but with a crucial difference from the major painting look that Bush had cultivated fifteen years earlier. That difference lies in the underlying assertion of Bush's personality evidenced partly in the width and disposition of the color bands, which seem almost random when compared with those of the New York painters of whom Bush was conscious, and partly in his consistent graying of the colors, which gives an astonishing suggestion of atmosphere to what would otherwise be compositions of entirely optical surface effect. The tautness of these compositions is enhanced by a careful unmodulated paint application and by the use of color of unaccustomed intensity. From about 1965, while continuing to use mixed and highly personal hues, Bush had increased the optical presence of his colors by intensifying them, thereby placing more burden on the exact amount of each color used, the effects of their juxtaposition, and their organizing ability within the picture. In general, the large striped pictures of 1967 represent for Bush a synthetic peak and the accomplishment that finally released him from the claims of keeping up with major art elsewhere in the world. They were at once pictures that competed successfully with contemporary New York painting in its own terms and, in a sense, beat it at its own game, thereby establishing Bush's place among the important artists of his time, and works that asserted his own individuality in the freedom of his use of what in other hands might have been stultifying or derivative pictorial devices.

Another development from the Sash pictures more clearly relates them to Bush's painting of the last three years. This involves paintings in the shape of elongated rectangles with large color fields occupying most of the surface and carefully defined rectangular bands of color completing the composition (*Gay Blue,* 1968). These bands are at the bottom of the vertical compositions, and usually at the right side of the horizontal compositions. Because the colors are geometrically contained and raised to high intensity, they hold across the entire surface with no question of figure-ground relationships, even at the point at which the stripes meet the solid color areas. In 1968, however, Bush began to lower the intensity of the large color areas or leave them unpainted entirely, and to paint shapes on top of those areas that resembled half-ovals (*Onslaught,* 1969). These shapes, which were generally small and wholly contained within the canvas area, have the definite character of images on top of the colored or neutral ground, and throw the function of the painted stripes below them into considerable doubt. Bush derived them from a suggestion made to him several years earlier that he try to give his personal feelings objective equivalents in his painting. The ovoid shapes were used to

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stand for the quality of the angina pains from which he began to suffer in the late 1960's and the series was designated "Spasms." From ovoids Bush proceeded to other freely-drawn shapes, frequently loops, which continued to make the areas of stripes ambiguous, as well as introducing complicating scale factors. So long as the color areas in Bush's pictures were attached to the edges of the canvas, the problem of scale had been immeasurably simplified. The size and shape of the canvas functioned as given quantities to which the sizes and shapes used within the canvas could be related. They were, in a sense, analogues to a perspective construction which, once established, dictates the relationships among the elements subsequently added. Once the shapes within the canvas had been freed from the edges of the picture, however, their relationships were determined more by considerations internal to the picture—that is, by juxtapositions with other created elements—than by pre-established data, and the burden borne by color in the determination of scale became correspondingly greater. The first step taken by Bush in coping with these problems after the images announced themselves was to free all the elements within the picture from constraint. Thus, the rows of colored stripes first became spaced out by alternating stripe and ground (*Two Road Marks,* 1970), suppressing the ambiguity of the striped areas and clearly announcing that they were to be seen against the ground. They then detached themselves altogether, floating freely on top of the ground along with other elements to become part of an image configuration composed of several elements. Bush's next step, and the important basis for his present pictures, was an act of artistic courage unparalleled in a career notable for its courage in seeking out and facing major external challenges and in redefining and using internal motivations. In his most recent canvases Bush, like Hofmann before him, has freed the ground itself from the framing edge by stretching his pictures so that the edges of the rolled-on grounds are entirely visible, and a small strip of tinted canvas surrounds the entire picture. On top of this ground are floated the images he chooses to use. Thus, both image and ground lead lives of their own and make reciprocal demands, unlike previous pictures in which the flatness of both ground and image, the almost total lack of distinction between the two, provided mutual reinforcement. Bush has returned to his earlier dark color for the modulated grounds, achieving the modulation by mixing partially assimilated pigment into the ground colors before applying them. The effect is that of a scraped surface, with variations of tone of the same hue. The unified openness of these grounds places tremendous pressure on the superimposed images and further complicates the problem of scale, since the vastness implied by them demands equally powerful counterpressure from the images, lest they be swallowed up. Bush exerts that counterpressure by using light or intense color and large clearly-defined

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images. Struck by highway markings on a trip to Ireland in 1969, he has adopted these conventional signs for many of his pictures (*Two Road Marks,* 1970), as well as images derived from flags, advertising trademarks, etc. In almost every case, the conventionalized simplicity of these signs has provided him a ready-made image more powerful and less ambiguous than freely-created forms would be. Thus Bush's recent pictures not only reach a personal depth galvanized by the experience of major world painting—the modulated tonal backgrounds recalling the interests of his early oils, the brilliant color of the images those of his watercolors, and the intuitive freedom of their relationships the quality of his early drawing—but they break through to pictorial complexities and ideas not explored in his work until this time.

Clearly one of the most persistent problems faced by Bush throughout his long career has been whether an art that does not have the appearance of major art can be an art of quality. The answer is abundantly clear from his own work and is simply that appearance need be in no way basic to quality, that essential to an art of quality is that it be made by an artist of quality, and that an art made by such an artist will sooner or later reveal itself as major art, thereby both adding to and changing the idea of what major art means. In pursuing an art of quality an artist can only be as rigorously true to his intuitions as possible, and that fidelity involves two processes of tremendous difficulty. The first of these is recognizing the intuition for what it is, the second pursuing it in action. Part of an art's greatness lies in the artist's ability to inform the act as fully as possible with the intuition that gave it birth. Three statements of Bush's about the origins of his art cast light on the development of this process within him, and hence on the development of his art as a whole.

The first of these is that he was influenced in his 1967 pictures by Frank Stella and/or Kenneth Noland. Whether or not this is true is not of great importance, particularly as the concept of influence itself is suspect since what matters is not what an artist takes but what he does with what he takes. What is important is that Bush felt the pressure of what was or seemed to be the major painting of the time. Insofar as he was able to be true to his own vision and simultaneously produce a major-appearing art, as he did in 1967, he produced pictures of first quality. Insofar as he pursued the appearance of importance at the expense of his own vision, as he seems to have done in the early 1950's, he vitiated the quality of his art. These two major instances of Bush's attraction to the challenge of the best and most adventurous painting of his time show not only the consistency of his ambitions but the steady expansion of his artistic world and of the quality of his response to the challenges of that world.

The second of Bush's revealing statements is that the ovoid images in his pictures of the later 1960's were an effort to express how the

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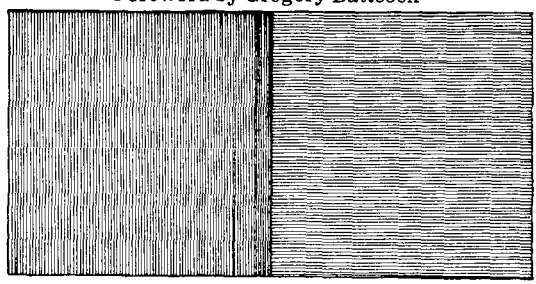
# Changing

## Essays in Art Criticism by Lucy R. Lippard

Foreword by Gregory Battcock



In the five years that Lucy Lippard has been contributing her essays on modern art to leading art journals she has established herself as one of America's most percipient, direct, and talented art critics—one whose writing has gone far to clarify the various issues and problems of recent art. This volume collects twenty-one of Miss Lippard's best essays and supplements them with forty illustrations. Paper $2.45; cloth $8.95

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## *Selected Poems of Gabriela Mistral*

Translated and edited by
DORIS DANA

Woodcuts by ANTONIO FRASCONI

Gabriela Mistral was the first Latin American to win a Nobel Prize for Literature, and her poetry is considered among the finest in the contemporary literature of the Spanish language. Until now, however, English-speaking readers have had limited access to her work. This bi-lingual edition contains fifty-six poems selected from her four principal collections: *Desolación, Ternura, Tala,* and *Lagar.* Coming in May, $10.00, $2.45 paper

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pains of his angina felt. Here one sees not a process of challenge and response with the external world, but the ability to transform what might otherwise seem an unrelated internal event into the necessary material for art. This is clear from the fact that the forms chosen by Bush to represent his pains are by no means the only ones that could meaningfully have been used. Indeed, some of his own jagged configurations of the early 1950's might have served as well. The significant thing is that at the moment Bush had need of a particular pictorial device for the continued development of his painting, he was able to accept an otherwise wholly unrelated sensation as its genesis. This capacity for self-acceptance, for unconsciously generating the vital material for a growing art, is fully as important as the external challenges that bring that material forth.

Finally, Bush's use of highway markings as images in his work shows a further step in the working of his creative processes which marries responses to external and internal stimuli. Bush now takes what he needs from a world that is no longer strange and challenging but his own world, so that the taking becomes an act of recognition. This ultimate capacity for highly abstract self-objectification is an index of his self-confidence and evidence of his total mastery of method. The world now seems to offer Bush what he needs to pursue his art beyond the limits of the presently conceivable.

It would probably have been impossible for an art such as Bush's to have arisen in the last thirty years save in such a place as Canada. The particular uncontrived clarity of Bush's sensibility could only have developed the strength it needed away from a major center such as the New York that Robert Motherwell has called the Constantinople of our time. Conversely, the challenges and standards necessary to draw major art from such a sensibility could only be met in repeated contacts with such a center. Living in Toronto has thus placed Bush in the important position of simultaneous contact and removal, and has insured that his art be at once of major quality and of highly personal character, giving Canada its first painter of international importance.

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## Reviews

HAYDEN CARRUTH

# On the Decline of Species

"CERTAINLY NO FACT IN THE LONG HISTORY of the world is so startling as the wide and repeated extermination of its inhabitants." So wrote Charles Darwin in his journal a hundred and forty years ago, during the momentous voyage of the *Beagle*. And if he was startled, he was not dismayed; quite the contrary. He was ebullient, as the tone of his journal suggests, with no hint of the shock we might have thought likely in such circumstances. No longer was the world fixed, immutable, secure in an eternal Creation. Species had been exterminated. Does that slip easily off the tongue? *Species had been exterminated.* Yet here was young Darwin, who had a year earlier, when he first set foot aboard the *Beagle* at Plymouth harbor, believed as firmly as anyone in the stable world of Genesis, ebullient and exultant, not only over his youth and good fortune, not only over the splendid find he had just unearthed on a desolate beach of Patagonia—bones, lots of bones, including an almost intact skeleton of *Megatherium americanum,* the huge prehistoric sloth of the western hemisphere—but especially because he was onto something, he was beginning to catch hold of something, and it was something so big that it made him gasp, so big that it would set the world by its heels, topple institutions, and capsize the mind of man. It was, as we know, the theory of evolution, to which he contributed important, not to say crucial, elements. But even more than that, it was something he himself could scarcely have described: the spirit of scientific enthusiasm, a new hope for mankind. No wonder he was jubilant. Who cared if species had been exterminated?

Indeed, without pressing the point too far, I do feel there was a change of spirit in those years, the first years of modern science. Usually we say that science "began" with the Renaissance and in important ways it did, but Bacon and Galileo and Newton were not modern scientists; far from it. Hemmed in by superstition, frustrated by the limits of speculation and experiment, they were still natural philosophers, men of medieval temperament. But as facts accumulated in the succeeding centuries, as men of science came closer to their basic materials, stone and blood, cells and elements, a new enthusiasm seized their minds. They began to see what they could do, and they were transformed from natural philosophers into . . . well, into scientists, of course, but more than that, into conquerors cutting down armies of ignorance with swords of light. They were leaders, they were liberators.

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And this, I am convinced, was the spirit that soon prevailed everywhere, or at least in the risen and culturally dominant middle class. Not that I minimize the shock and dismay wrought by weakening Biblical authority, nor the long agony of fundamentalist decline that has lasted in some sectors to our own day; but I do not wish any longer to exaggerate these things, as I think we have been prone to do, especially those of us who have learned our cultural history from the poets and novelists—those querulous souls! For while Matthew Arnold was permitting his spiritual embarrassments to interfere with the proper business of Dover Beach, millions of others, who cared nothing for poetry and hardly more for institutionalized religion, were rejoicing in their new-found progressivism, moral ease, and confidence—in short, their enthusiasm. How else can we account for the little time—two generations—required for this most fundamental of human intellectual and emotional revolutions? Nothing like it was ever known before.

We know the outcome: how that enthusiasm mounted and mounted to a long climax and then, with extraordinary precipitation, plunged into bankruptcy. Is the term too strong? The scientists are still at work and still, for all I know, enthusiastic. In biology, physics, astronomy, they announce fantastic discoveries almost every day, things that would make us gasp indeed if we were still capable of admiration. Why, only this morning my newspaper informed me—on an inside page—that two new galaxies have been discovered, close to our own, just behind the Milky Way. Think of it, those immense new parts of the universe! But we only shrug and turn away. What is the good of it all, we say, as we slip deep into black-hearted, black-sighted pessimism. Science is culturally bankrupt, a great institutional encumbrance like the pantheon in Christian Rome or alchemy in the seventeenth century. Only the tyranny of our massive inert government can sustain its prestige any longer or continue to funnel our grudging dollars into NASA and the National Science Foundation.

Species have been exterminated. They are being exterminated and many are endangered. Cataclysm, environmental change, competition, and perhaps more mysterious causes—inner self-destructiveness—once toppled the giants of the Pleistocene, and then the sabertooth, the American camel, the auk, the passenger pigeon, and so many others. A colony of paramecia in a mason-jar culture will succumb when its own habitat is sufficiently befouled by its own excreta. And so on and so on: every layman's head among us is crammed with these images and instances, analogies and intimations, so clear, revolting, and poignant. The most endangered species is our own. Every one of us falls every day into deeper despair. It has nothing to do with romantic despondency or even with philosophical pessimism, those once-fashionable cults. All the conventional retreats are denied us; insanity, suicide, opium—they are irrelevant. Eros has become a passionate sterility,

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and our private fate no longer is interesting. We think only of the species. We are obsessed with a prevision of slaughtered innocents, our grandchildren, the little human beings who still know how to smile.

If, as we sometimes feel, we have lost our capacity for action, we certainly have not lost our capacity for writing about it. The literature of the ecological crisis is immense and daily growing. Since the crisis involves our entire planetary eco-system in virtually all its aspects, I suppose we can expect no less than a deluge of books, even though no individual reader can absorb more than a few. Two new books addressed to informed but nonscientific readers—people who used to be called "nature lovers," but for whom, significantly, there is no adequate term today—are Loren Eiseley's *The Invisible Pyramid* and Louis J. Halle's *The Storm Petrel and The Owl of Athena.*[1] They are very different books, strangely unequal, though they share the same concern with human destiny. Eiseley's book, for example, was written last year in the heart of the present phase of the crisis, and is full of pessimism and apocalyptic foreboding, while Halle's book, which is far more miscellaneous, was written over a period of twenty years, much of it before the fear of environmental pollution had become acute, and he is more easy in his outlook. Eiseley is a professional scientist who has turned professional writer and whose earlier books, especially *The Immense Journey,* have been popular. The critics have praised him highly for his literary qualities. He is "a gifted stylist"—I pluck phrases from the statements quoted in his publisher's publicity release—and "a writer of literary distinction," whose "books bridge the gap between literature and science in a manner that has made him one of the most admired writers of the day." Halle, on the other hand, is an academic man, a political philosopher, a professor at the Institute for International Studies in Geneva, and a lifelong passionate birdwatcher of the type that perhaps can be recognized and appreciated only by other birdwatchers; his writing about birds has no scientific pretensions, though in fact it contains a great deal of exact ornithological detail. Occasionally Halle's writing betrays his amateurism, but it also shows us a man so gifted, cultivated, humane, and modest that we cannot help liking him.

The truth is that I have enjoyed reading Halle's book more than Eiseley's. I can't speak of Eiseley's other books because I haven't read them, but his writing in this one is terrifically overblown, sophomoric, full of purple patches. He is continually pressing too hard, and is led into committing such absurdities as the "arborescent tree" (p. 33) and "the march of machines entered his blood" (p. 70). There is padding and glibness everywhere. Halle's book is more modest and ultimately

[1] THE INVISIBLE PYRAMID, by *Loren Eiseley*. Charles Scribner's Sons. $6.95. THE STORM PETREL AND THE OWL OF ATHENA, by *Louis J. Halle*. Princeton University Press. $7.50.

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more literate. It contains a sequence of essays about a birdwatching vacation in the Shetland Islands and then further miscellaneous essays about the avifauna of continental Europe, and it is just what his fellow birdwatchers most enjoy: accurate description, a spare and easy style, a thread of human narrative, pointed speculations on the mysteries of bird behavior, evolutionary problems, and so on. I don't say this would appeal to obdurate urbanites or others who are not "birdwatchers" or "nature lovers" or whatever we are properly called who have this terrible longing for the purity of animal life. For us, however, Halle's book is one of the best among recent publications.

Yet do these literary questions have much merit now? The point is that both Eiseley and Halle address themselves to the ecological crisis, and certainly Eiseley is qualified. His scientific knowledge appears broad indeed, from paleontology to astrophysics. Most of his book is given to showing how mankind's entire cultural achievement from the Bronze Age to our own, what he calls the "invisible pyramid" that rests on the natural world, has been a search for means of dominion and for escape from the condition of natural competition. The search has succeeded, yet in our moment of triumph the success turns sour, for we find that our dominion has led only to exploitation, destruction, and pollution. "Man has become a spreading blight which threatens to efface the green world that created him." And there is no escape. Eiseley spends many pages in ridiculing the idea that space exploration, even within the farthest imagined reaches of possibility, can ever furnish us a means to get away from the conditions of life on earth. I cannot assess his argument; I know that I have heard the same astral mathematics used to prove the improbability (Eiseley) and the probability (e.g. Professor George Wald of Harvard in lectures on radio station CBM, Montreal, December 1970) of bounteous life elsewhere in the universe; the experts themselves are confused. No matter, Eiseley's argument, taken altogether, is convincing. Then what is man's hope? Almost nothing at all, so slight is his chance. Eiseley suggests that only by removing the "invisible pyramid," the whole crushing edifice of man's invention, including his will to dominate, and then by returning to the primal natural community as one member coequal among many, may man restore the world and his own life to stability. Depending on how you look at it, it would be a total cultural revolution or a total cultural retrogression; in either case, it must be conscious, deliberate, and unconditional. Eiseley's own language is clumsy but explicit: "Today man's mounting numbers and his technological power to pollute his environment reveal a single demanding necessity: the necessity for him consciously to reenter and preserve, for his own safety, the old first world from which he originally emerged." The "old first world," the "green world," these are his terms. In effect, we can save ourselves only by returning to the Garden of Eden and putting the apple back on the tree.

Halle's suggestion is simpler and more restricted. Yet although he

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deals only with man's relationship to the more visible forms of wildlife, a broader inference can be extrapolated from what he says. He speaks of the "feral" animals, meaning those neither wild nor domesticated but rather, like the English sparrow, at a stage in between, having adapted themselves to life on a planet more and more densely occupied by human beings. "The feral pigeon and the Collared Dove—like the Mute Swan, the Gray Squirrel, the Brown Rat, and the House Mouse—belong to a new category of fauna, a category that after seven hundred million years of life on earth is now abruptly acquiring primary importance. They belong to the category of commensal creatures, creatures that have their place within human civilization, and live in dependence on it." Again:

> We cannot foresee the future but we can recognize our responsibilities. In consequence of the establishment of our dominion, the wildlife of the earth today faces a crisis unmatched in the thousands of millions of years of its evolution. Its various species must either find places for themselves in the new world of human making or perish. Our responsibility is, by deliberate forethought, to help them find such places.

It seems far-fetched at first, especially when we think of the species least likely to conform to life in a humanized and mechanized environment, the great predators, mountain lions, wolves, etc. But we know what has been done with bears. Halle reports owls and hawks living in city parks in Europe, wholly dependent on hand-outs, and only a few years ago bald eagles inhabited the Hudson valley thirty miles from New York, living chiefly on garbage. They would be there still if anyone had left them their few acres of nesting sites. Certainly if we were to apply systematically what we know of animal behavior, and what we may reasonably hope to learn, we might induce many species now on the edge of extinction to adopt a "feral" role in the modern man-dominated eco-system; which would be so much simpler and more realistic a scheme than our present attempts to preserve a "natural wilderness" for endangered species like the whistling swans, attempts obviously doomed to failure. (A "preserved wilderness" is a contradiction, in terms and in fact.) And from this we can go on to imagine, if not the specifications of a larger theory, at least the principles by which Halle's notion might be extended to a conceptual methodology governing man's relationship to other, less amenable components of the natural environment.

There you have it: two views of man's little chance for survival. Take your pick. One view suggests that only a total cultural uprooting may do the trick; a revolutionary change in man's primal image of himself, a subordination of human life to the requirements of the whole eco-system, a deliberate jettisoning of all elements of human technology, including interplanetary rocketry, that do not support these ends. The other declares that technology can never be undone,

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but only redirected toward "responsibility," and that if this is accomplished technology itself may turn out to contain the germ of our salvation from the very dangers technology has created. One notion is radical, the other corrective and reformist. They appeal to different moods, different parts of our minds. But I confess that when I contemplate them seriously I am left in darker despair than ever. Eiseley's book has something wild and attractive about it, yet it is as fantastic as the strangest science fiction. Is he really serious? Obviously he is, and one wonders if he has lost touch with himself. His book is an apocalyptic fantasy on Rousseauistic themes, the "return to nature" and the "noble savage"; and we know what to think about that. But Halle's vision, though more modest and superficially more realistic, seems to me ultimately no less fantastic, considering what I know of human beings and human society. To make men responsible? Not even religion has ever been strong enough to do it. Sartre has written: "The anti-semite [for whom read anyone passionately blind] is afraid of discovering that the world is badly made: for then things would have to be invented, modified, and man would find himself once more master of his fate, filled with agonizing and infinite responsibility." Does anyone doubt that this fear of finding an ill-made world has many, many aspects? Or that the passionately blind are everywhere? I, too, have needed a little extra surge of daring to write this review, because it gives me a scary feeling to put into cold print my cruel fears, which nevertheless are the fears of every alive and thoughtful person. How we long to bury our heads in the sand!

No, a responsible mankind is a dream. An old dream that Plato dreamed two thousand five hundred years ago, and we are dreaming it still. But while we dream—protesting, writing letters, demonstrating—the air thickens and the stench of the waters increases, and one by one, or faster, the species fall beneath the long wave of extermination that has begun to engulf the seasons and all the natural means of growth and renewal.

Lollai, lollai, litil child
  Whi wepistou so sore?
Nedis mostou wepe
  Hit was iyarkid the yore

Ever to lib in sorrow,
  And sich and mourne evere,
As thin eldren did er this,
  Whil hi alives were.

Lollai, lollai, litil child,
  Child, lollai, lullow!
Into uncuth world
  Icommen so ertow.

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WILLIAM DICKEY

# The Poem and the Moment

> *Nobby Cuddles Meets the Big Bold Rabbit* is a classic of its genre—the dwarf-meets-rabbit, loves-and-loses-rabbit, finally-wins-rabbit, poetic saga. Not many such books are written, of course, most authors preferring to eschew the difficulties of combining an elaborate metre (Spenserian stanzas) with a complex story of dwarf-rabbit relationships, especially for under-fives. . . .

THE QUOTATATION IS FROM A MOCK BOOK-REVIEW submitted to a *New Statesman* competition. I thought it very funny (it ends: "Whatever it means, this book should certainly appeal to children between 4½ and 4¾") and also perhaps apposite to the books included in this review. Not that dwarves or rabbits have much frequency in the work of these seven very accomplished poets,[1] but the question of how form accommodates itself to content certainly has. In the present, third form of *Notebook,* Robert Lowell raises the question explicitly: "My meter, fourteen line unrhymed blank verse sections, is fairly strict at first and elsewhere, but often corrupts in single lines to the freedom of prose. Even with this license, I fear I have failed to avoid the themes and gigantism of the sonnet." Again: "NOTEBOOK: as my title intends, the poems in this book are written as one poem, intuitive in arrangement, but not a pile or sequence of related material. It is less an almanac than the story of my life."

The poem then becomes in a way a journal of the moment, and the book itself, rather than different approaches, voices, interior separate experiments, becomes the poem. The idea of a fixed form, with its implications of completeness, a finished thought, an artifact, is dangerous, as is the possibility of the kind of internal balancing and geometry that shapes such poems as "Sailing to Byzantium" or "Sunday Morning." Instead of the conception of shape we have a conception of flow, of the poem as passing through experience, adding, deleting, changing, being heterogeneous. The pattern of the New Criticism, with its concentration on the poem as an exclusive object, is not of use to us here.

1 DEATH AND FRIENDS, by *Jon Anderson*. University of Pittsburgh Press. $4.95 (cloth); $2.50 (paper). UPLANDS: NEW POEMS, by *A. R. Ammons*. W. W. Norton & Co. $5.00 (cloth); $1.95 (paper). FARMING: A HAND BOOK, by *Wendell Berry*. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. $4.95. FOR YOU, by *Hayden Carruth*. New Directions. $5.95 (cloth); $1.95 (paper). SELECTED POEMS 1920-1970, by *R. G. Everson*. Delta Canada. $5.00 (cloth); $2.50 (paper). NOTEBOOK (Revised and Expanded Edition), by *Robert Lowell*. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $7.50. REGARDING WAVE, by *Gary Snyder*. New Directions. $4.75 (cloth); $1.75 (paper).

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That pattern I should take to have been both intellectual and rational, concerned with problems of craft and the idea of a maker: thus, an active pattern which could be enforced by formal questions and formal recognitions. To a considerable degree, my sense of the books under review is of a passive poetry, a work in which the poet is overtaken by the poem. Berry notes as desirable "any man whose words/ lead precisely to what exists,/ who never stoops to persuasion . . ." Or Snyder: "If the abstract rational intellect/ is the exploiter, the masses is the unconscious." Again: "When creeks are full/ The poems flow/ When creeks are down/ We heap stones."

In a great deal of this work, then, the quality of the poet is to be an observer, someone to whom things happen, or a medium through which they can be recognized. This attitude appears in the absence of "I"; the pronouns change to "he" or "you" or "it." It shows in a refusal to elevate language, and an assumption that the sparest and most colloquial language is the best. It shows (in Berry in particular) the impossibility of dramatic poetry—even though Berry includes a short verse play, it rings immediately false because the characters cannot assume *personae* but must speak with essentially the same voice. And it shows frighteningly in a dominance of images of dark and death: the cold, the north, the distance of stars, the places where land breaks off in overcrops tilted above the sea, the frozen cities (Anderson):

> The city, very white, extends
> for a few miles; around it
> is nothing important. Its streets
> are not crowded, or dirty.
> Partially submerged in entrances,
> the women are indistinct; dress, often
> the color of dust. Happiness is not
> important. If you have been walking, it seems
> endlessly, in those blazing streets
> there is always a shop open.

And again Anderson:

> And, David,
> but for love of you (& some
> others) I'd give up. You said,
>
> "I can't find my life, either."
> It falls all winter;
> it falls into your hair & your eyes, making
>
> them wet again:
> the lost freshness
> for which we hurt ourselves, and write these letters.

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The nature of the world portrayed in these books is of loneliness; even the most social of them, Lowell's, fragments into a collection that cannot entirely connect. The voice of the poet moves among friends, experiences, history, family, with an intensity that insists that everything must be now. The lines are not whole but broken; the punctuation or absence of it pushes everything to a sudden center, as in "Mary Stuart":

> They ran for their lives up nightslope, gained the car,
> the girl's maxi-coat, Tsar officer's, dragged the snow,
> she and he killed her husband, they stained the snow.
> Romance of the snowflakes! Men swam up the night,
> grass pike in overalls with scythe and pitchfork;
> shouting, 'Take the car, we'll smash the girl.'

Everything must with desperation be included: the poem seems less an account of the poet's life than a defense against his death, and in that defense the book is unable to relax, it is hard and exhausting to read, it faces death with the intensity of its own Duc de Guise:

> As some great hero, Henri, Duc de Guise,
> forge and Achilles of the Holy League,
> whose canopy and cell we saw at Blois,
> just before he died, at the moment of orgasm,
> his round eyes, hysterical and wistful,
> a drugged bull's breathing, a cool, well-pastured brain,
> muscular slack of his stomach swelling
> as if he were pregnant . . . before he sprang, his sword
> unable to encircle the circle of his killers.

As with others of these books, the centrality that exists is not in an idea, but in a force or a color: it seems curious to say Lowell's book is green, and yet that is the strongest impression I get of it, of color rising through broken shapes and languages, fighting them. Perhaps this is the connection of the sensuous moments: a color can substitute for narrative or syllogism. The book is all about death, new deaths, antique deaths, yet its color forces it to continue growing.

If social worlds are antagonistic to a poetry of the moment, so too are relationships with history and with other poems. Though Lowell is still haunted by the Roman world, Rome must be expressed as contemporary: it is not possible to look back along a *line* of history, or to feel for that which is different in the perspectives of other periods. Everson's *Selected Poems,* for instance, covers a period of fifty years, and yet I should find it difficult to locate them in time, form them into a personal history. Where social patterns exist, they are likely to be limited to the relationship of two people—father and child, husband and wife—or to a very small family group or group of friends. Satan could not address the fallen angels in these poems, first because

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he would have to speak in the poet's colloquial voice, second because there would be so small an audience to speak to.

But perhaps, in any case, the angels would not have fallen—two books, Snyder's and Berry's, seem efforts to create or recognize a world unfallen or rescued into radical simplicity. The poems I like least in Snyder's book are those in which he turns to the insensibility of the urban world:

> Off the coast of Oregon
> The radio is full of hate and anger
> "Teenagers! getting busted for shoplifting is no joke!"
> phoney friendly cop voice,
> "The Ford Foundation is financing revolution—"
> "Teach black people to have more self-respect
> and they'll blame the white people more—"

This anger seems flat to me because it can only resist; it hates too much to be able to do real damage.

The best poems here are spare and contained, and they are poems in which the presence of the poet—to a degree greater than in any other of these books—is not stated but understood; the exactness of eye or hand or mouth pares away the need to present the scaffolding of the speaker:

> THE WIDE MOUTH
> A thick snow
> soft falling
> the whole house open.
>
> Snowflakes build up on a
> single dark green spray of pine
>
> The sparrow
> swung and shrieked
> in a swish of snowy clustered points,
>
> Shew
> his wide pink mouth.
> house-cleaning.
>
> Not a sound,
> white world,
> great trouble.

To be himself the poet must here as much as possible be also not himself—must find himself and his world undifferentiated. "Looking for Nothing" is the title of one of Snyder's poems, but the looking is not for an absence, as it is in Carruth's "The Nothing II." It is looking for things that will manifest themselves, at the side of the vision, if the poet has not decided what he is allowed to see.

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Wendell Berry's *Farming: A Hand Book* is more rigidly held to the pastoral condition than earlier work I have seen, and held with an insistent desperation. As with Snyder, the world of the city, the world of affairs, is wholly rejected, and a world of cyclical seasons, the land, work, is set up as a protection and a defiance:

> FEBRUARY 2, 1968
> In the dark of the moon, in flying snow, in the dead of winter,
> war spreading, families dying, the world in danger,
> I walk the rocky hillside, sowing clover.

The image of sowing is continuous and almost compulsive in the book, and it is not matched by any image of harvest or bounty, though there is the posibility through resignation, through death even, of a contentment, as in the end of "Song in a Year of Catastrophe":

> And I asked: "You mean a death, then?"
> "Yes," the voice said. "Die
> into what the earth requires of you."
> Then I let go all holds, and sank
> like a hopeless swimmer into the earth,
> and at last came fully into the ease
> and the joy of that place,
> all my lost ones returning.

Berry's book differs from Snyder's in that it is explicitly moral, and sometimes sententious in its morality. When it speaks personally it is moving:

> But the end, too, is part
> of the pattern, the last
> *labor of the heart:*
> to learn to lie still,
> one with the earth
> again, and let the world go.

But that passage immediately follows a moral: "That would heal / the earth, and heal men." There are many similar statements: "By the excellence of his work the workman is a neighbor. By selling only what he would not despise to own the salesman is a neighbor. By selling what is good his character survives his market." Berry may admire the man who will not stoop to persuade, but the element of persuasion, of moral assertion and teaching is very strong in his book, and I think the book is uneasy because of it. The interpolation of the verse play, the invention of a Mad Farmer, from whose Prayers and Sayings I have just quoted, reflect this uneasiness. On the one hand there is the single figure rooted and held by the dark earth, on the other the preacher who must make us believe his experience should be ours,

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that the personal salvation which is so deeply recorded must also be a general salvation. I do not think Berry has yet found a way to make these two possibilities communicate, as even the form shows, for the *sententiae* are usually abrupt, not part of the continuous texture of the poem. But the first of the two possibilities is beautifully realized:

> And yet to serve the earth,
> not knowing what I serve, gives a wideness
> and a delight to the air, and my days
> do not wholly pass. It is the mind's service,
> for when the will fails so do the hands
> and one lives at the expense of life.
> After death, willing or not, the body serves,
> entering the earth. And so what was heaviest
> and most mute is at last raised up into song.

Images of darkness, and a spareness of language, seem dominant in Berry's book; Ammons' *Uplands* is much more various in its tone, but still it seems colder to me and more detached, as if the brittle surface of language played over a fundamental assumption that connections and relevances, if they come, are sparse, and in any case not too much to be hoped for. The single word that struck me most in its repetition, perhaps because it is uncommon, was "saliences": "Saliences are humming bee paths/ in & out around/ here, continuous if/ unpredictable . . ." Things happen, but their relationships are not too clear, and to exist at all must perhaps move into the unpredictable, the glancing, the abstracted. Though these poems, like many I have been discussing, depend on the presence of an observed object, it is often not the object that comes first, but a speculation which the object can briefly assist or anchor. Thus the poem "Periphery" begins almost without objects:

> One day I complained about the periphery
> that it was thickets hard to get around in
> or get around for
> an older man: it's like keeping charts
>
> of symptoms, every reality a symptom
> where the ailment's not nailed down . . .

Only at its close, several stanzas later, does it suddenly recognize a rush of objects:

> I came on a spruce
>
> thicket full of elk, gushy snow-weed,
> nine species of lichen, four pure white
> rocks and
> several swatches of verbena near bloom.

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The element of human capacity to influence objects or events is denied here; a mountain may speak, but what it says to the poet (like the King to Mr. Gibbon) is "I see you're scribbling again," and what the poet can say in return is not very forceful: "well, yes, but in a fashion very/ like the water here/ uncapturable and vanishing . . ." Hope may exist, but it needs to know its limitations, as in "Hope's Okay," a poem set in a burned-out forest:

> . . . so I waded through the puffy disgust
> and could not help feeling despair of
> many a gray, smoke-worming twig, scaly as if alive:
>
> much that was here I said is lost and if I stoop
> to ask bright thoughts of roots
> do not think I ask for better than was here
> or that hope with me rises one leaf higher than
> the former growth (higher to an ashless fire) or
> that despair came any closer than ash to being total.

This pattern of resignation, though it seems to me the central one of the book, is not unbroken: elements of anger can show, and so, almost uniquely among these books, can those of humor. The moment in "Guitar Recitativos" when the beauty arrives and literally electrifies the kitchen is splendid: "You come in and I turn on:/ freon purrs and the/ refrigerator breaks out with hives of ice . . ." Mostly, though, the book is about balance. Giving and taking away are parts of one another, and our efforts will have little influence on that fact, and perhaps should not:

> . . . I looked around for what was left,
>
> the tools, and took them up and went away, leaving
> all my treasures where they might never again disturb
> me, increase or craze: decision quietens:
> shadows are bodiless shapes, yet they have a song.

I don't find Ammons' book depressing, exactly, though I came away from it feeling sad and disturbed: must our summer blood come down to this Stoic silence? Jon Anderson's *Death & Friends,* which I have quoted above, goes farther into the north, into a coldness in which the human figure can hardly exist, where to be born is to be used without will, and where the world of animals, though diminished and minute, might still be preferable. Blindness, silence, fear—these are the poems' attributes:

> A SONG FOR CHILDREN
>
> Where are the tired adults
> we must court & entertain?

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We are helpless, like history,
we do not want to begin.

Now to be bathed, now to be kissed,
now to be put to sleep.
We are soft dolls, or cups,
the silences they keep.

Anderson's world is one in which the human condition is scarcely bearable, and separation is the strongest reality. It is a world that cannot accept the double nature of humanity: the flesh and the soul simultaneously there, each mocking the reality of the other. The body becomes grotesque or discontinuous:

We thought sex was a root.
It would grow crooked, arthritic
& hard, very
relentless, serious, positive . . .

Or:

Drifting above your bed,
here are my hands,
head, feet, the five white islands
turning & joined. . . .

The opposite possibility is that of the saint, the figure who escapes, but only by deliberate pain, from the condition of the body:

The saint flagellates himself; it seems
to be another man. Not pain,
but the aesthetic of pain is learned.
He knows there is no reward for being hurt.
Slowly he strips his skin.

The most charged word in that passage may be "it." For as the human being turns into a part of a human being (it is not "the poor" but "the mouths of the poor" that grin at us, follow us home, stick to the car's fender) so both the human being and the angel can become an "it," a thing. In the city of robots "your aluminum police, our angels, soar . . ."

It would be easier to dismiss Anderson's terrible sense of meaninglessness, of the failure of life, if he exaggerated his language. But even the poems that make use of surreal technique exhibit extreme control, a grave understatement. Only the thinnest edge of life is breathing here—the observer has come to his smallest shape, and all I can hope for him is the narrow chance he allows himself:

But I want to be what you ask.
In that northern country
blood burns a trail; the snow
is hurt by it. I want to be hurt by it,

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running with the small animal's terror
into the next thing, courage;
and, surviving, the necessity of care . . .

R. G. Everson's poems are northern, too, but in them the north seems to represent an open possibility, rather than an image of despair and vacuity. Thus he writes, in "Report for Northrop Frye":

Nothing ever alive precedes man here
If "Poetry can be made only out of other poems"—
in new space to what may I refer?

We bring our own light to a dark place
Crowbar, sledge hammer, pick
pound Labrador granite

We make sounds from Arctic silence
Life is here and now—we bring it
We bring men's laughter and good sense

As far from Anderson, one might think, as the Earth from Antares. And yet, only a few pages later, the slip of the self, the drop out of identity, shows up:

I start new like a girl in another town
I am no longer big with soul
My past and future are thrown away
the lot flushed down tumult

Perhaps it is geography that permits the contradiction. If there is a physical wilderness to live in, it may not be necessary consistently to recognize an interior one. I see Anderson as living in no space other than metaphysical: all of the poems could be written by the same mind no matter what its location. Everson has still the sense of an open world to move in and through. Places are important to him, and his poems usually take place in a recognizable town or countryside. Even the names of places have an independent virtue: "The townships of Ontario county where we walk are/ Rama/ Mara/ Thora/ Brock/ Reach/ Whitby/ Pickering/ Uxbridge/ Scott/ I shall die/ before five o'clock . . ." He has the feel of speed too: "On & on out of Alberta/ into Saskatchewan/ running/ without pulling up running wildly . . ." Everson's rear-end brakeman slowly wearing his own path beside the rail-path across Canada is able to see a continuity he has made, and perhaps therefore able to confront forthrightly what happens to continuity:

We cannot see the swaddled child,
his years on the world are also hidden

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The living baby is brought into his home
The coffin roof hinges open for a lifetime

Everson, in his insistence on place names, plain names, facts, is involved in the pattern of spareness I have suggested as a denominator of many of these books: "we are trappist, not speaking/ There are far too many words around already . . ." Almost the opposite might initially seem to be true of Hayden Carruth's *For You:*

And direction wavered and slued in the barrenness.
Yet we followed without question, led without hesitation,
Our line, ophidian, dividing the wilderness . . .

James Dickey speaks of Carruth's "tremendous and sensitive vocabulary," and also of his "mixture of cold steady fury and nightmarish passion." *For You* consists of five long poems, written at intervals over a period of more than ten years, and while it contains both the vocabulary and the fury that Dickey describes, its motion as a whole seems to be toward greater ease and relaxation. It begins with the precarious compression of the thirteen-part poem "The Asylum," in which only the icy control and formality of language seem able to master the crucial unacceptableness of the poet's vision:

But if the wind should fall and silence spread
Like nightward dimness rising underseas,
Muffling many a fervid head,
Stilling the quick-tongued trees,
Stagnation creeping, loathed, in board and bed,
The weed, the bone, the dust, the spider's thread . . .

Here, as in Anderson, the personality is reduced to its smallest and least substantial possibility:

Then ultimately asylum is the soul.
Reason curls like a nut in wrinkled sleep,
And here, here on this windy knoll,
Our house was built to keep
One private semblance where we conceive our role . . .

The book moves then into the symbolic "Journey to a Known Place," which is again formally divided, this time by stages of recognition marked by the Latin elements: Terra, Aqua, Aer, Ignis. The first stage denies the existence of meaning or understanding:

At night the moon shed a shadowless whiteness,
And I wondered if this were the true color of lunacy,
Or if the low fiery sun, glowing without warmth,
Resembled the day of our ultimate despair.

The second stage is a dissolution, through horror, of the personality;

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not simply a death by drowning, but a confrontation of the monster that is acceptance and knowledge: ". . . he peered/ Into me, so that I knew him, and from my revulsion, deep/ And beyond fear, the salt of my eyes was borne to join the/ Sea's." In the third stage, the personality, alone, is able to accept the guide of living nature, in the form of an eagle, and to be fed by it. And in the final stage, the hurt humans are allowed to recognize and grieve for one another: the journey into community is made possible:

> And often our hands reached out in guidance
> Or assistance, for scarcely a one was unwounded
> And eyes I saw ill placed in the mask of shock.
> Yes, tongues had been torn out, backs
> Had been furrowed with lashes, many an eye
> Blinded, many a limb broken, and the
> Able of body walked with a shackling gait.
> In truth this journey was the painfulest,
> Gravest; and in this we knew one another,
> Losing for a rare time the futility of words.

Though the formality of organization remains, and though the metaphor of the journey is itself a distancing mechanism, the protection of the person from himself is far less rigid than in "The Asylum." The thawing process goes on in "North Winter," fifty-seven short poems in various forms, much briefer and sparer, which record the observations of the speaker from the onset of winter to the beginning of spring. Though the images of terror remain, they can be dealt with, even perhaps by playfulness:

> 38
>
> Sky yellow sky
> wet sky reeky
> sky, lax some
> god's old diaper.

"Contra Mortem" returns to the longer lines and the fifteen-line poems of "The Asylum," but now each poem is a recognition of something in the outer world, and of its relationship to the mind and the mind's need to perceive beauty. The observations of "North Winter" are here assumed into a participation of thought that is implicit in and inseparable from them:

> And thus the child puts on
> his being as the dark world
> in its necessity puts on the dawn
> by turning toward it The child
> trembling in halflight giving himself away

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becomes sun's favor the choice of what is not willed
a being freeborn and intricate like the day.

The last poem, "My Father's Face," accepts finally and fully the personal, the need to deal in immediate terms and places with one's life, and it ends in song.

In the latter parts of his book, Carruth has achieved something I think is very difficult: the ability to show the metaphysic in the moment without losing the moment itself, to express at once the eye's joy and the mind's, in a language which subordinates neither. Out of the wounds of the first poems he has made a wedding:

THE ECSTASY

Dawn will be the time and the forest will be the place
the brook the stone in their arrest and flowing
turning perpetually in the kind of grace
that is simply a kind of knowing
intensified around this present  The woman's face
halfsmiling against the stone will seal the force
of the lordly surging flooding sun
entering with her husbandman
entering surging flooding and yet not seen
and never to be told  The brook
its music almost lost or too serene
for her to hear will in its small crook
fold her on the stone  Her strange halfsmile
as if the earth had found its generic look
will stay upon the stone a long long while.

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EARL MINER

# Pepys Revived

WHEN PEPYS DESCRIBES HIMSELF AS "with child to see any strange thing," we know that the authentic Pepysian note has been struck. There is the insatiable curiosity of a man who would become president of the Royal Society. And there is a sense of the wonders that life unfolds. The one thing not implied by the remark is naïveté, a point so important to understanding the journal (as Pepys himself called it) that it must be detailed.

Being "with child to see any strange thing" certainly characterizes Pepys and explains why we have such a diary. But it is of equal importance that Pepys should know this of himself. No one would think that Pepys fully realized the Socratic aim of knowing oneself. But he did much better, certainly more candidly, than most of us, and we share with him his sense of wonder over himself. That is, his curiosity and wonder are not only there and known to him, but also made known by him to us. State of mind, self-awareness, and the artistic ability to create—all this enters into the greatness of the *Diary*. And yet that is not all, because the remark has a revealing context. In 1660 Pepys was part of the naval group sent to escort Charles II back from his "travels," and on May 14th they were just landed at The Hague. A group from the ship "went to kiss the Queen of Bohemia's hands"—"among which I sent my boy—who, like myself, is with child to see any strange thing." The capacity to stand back, to judge others and oneself together, is rare. And so too is the warmth toward the lad who wishes to see something exciting.

Only the most callous, or those misled by old notions about the Restoration, will fail to see in such things the full humanity of Pepys. The wonderful new edition of the *Diary*[1] enables us to understand them yet more forcibly than before. Well printed, well annotated at the foot of the page, the edition begins with a series of introductory essays by the general editors. Each volume ends with maps of London in the 1660's, a "Select List of Persons," and a "Select Glossary." The ingeniousness of the method would have earned Pepys's approbation. For example, although the Glossary contains the meanings of words that the reader knows at once he needs help with, it also includes others that the reader would mistakenly think he understood, were they not starred in the text.

As one who has done his share of editing, I can say that the standard of accuracy and of what is sometimes yet more difficult, consistency, is

[1] THE DIARY OF SAMUEL PEPYS, edited by *Robert Latham, William Matthews,* et al. University of California Press. 3 vols. Illus. $27.00.

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very high indeed in these first three of eleven volumes. My search in reading was rather for Pepys than for errors, and I observed only two in the text of the *Diary:* surely "than" should be "that" (I, 207) and "words" should be "works" (III, 174). Similar small literals will be found on pp. xxxvi and xxxviii (I). On the latter page, Mr. Latham tells us that Pepys's *Memoires* on the navy was "the only book he ever published." But why does he think *The Portugal History* not by Pepys? A few more people should have made the Persons, and a few more words the Glossary. (Misunderstanding is often possible with the verb "doubt," in the sense of "suspect" often shading off into the weak sense of "believe.") Apart from such rare lapses, it is a great nuisance that the "Editorial Abbreviations" appear solely in vol. I. *"CSPD"* will mystify many readers. On encountering it in a note on p. 94 of vol. II, they must recall that the "Abbreviations" are tucked away in vol. I, pp. cxxxviii-cxlii. The publishers will be well advised to repeat the list in all subsequent volumes. But when all criticisms have been made, this edition is worthy of its author.

Pepys's fascination for us, and his goodness, have already been stressed. But even those who have known him well from earlier editions of the *Diary* or from the studies by Arthur Bryant will find cause for reflection over what we at last fully see to be Pepys's art. He was no spontaneous "natural" writer. The *Diary* was built up from various materials, sometimes in as many as five stages (Introduction, p. cii). Again and again we observe that certain major events occurring over a period of days become episodes when they are written up later. The coronation of Charles II provides a ready example, including this little paragraph on the procession:

> The Bishops came next after the Barons, which is the higher place; which makes me think that the next parliament they will be called to the House of Lords. My Lord Monke rode bare after the King, and led in his hand a spare horse, as being Maister of the Horse (II, 82).

As everybody from James I onward recognized, the episcopacy as much as the crown were involved in the state. Pepys is observing the second of the three revolutions of the century, adding that touch about Monck, because he was the agent of the revolution. The two sentences encapsulate the meaning of 1660, and they are but a part of what Pepys reports seeing with his colleagues from their vantage-point in the house of a flag-maker. All seems very well observed. But could Pepys really have thought amid all that splendor about bishops in the next parliament, or remember that he had thought of it? In fact, the editors show that the bishops did not take part in the procession. Pepys is found out copying a contemporary account written some days after the event. One can say that morally or symbolically the bishops did ride in the coronation, and Pepys was right to have understood history so.

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But he is making truth out of an error, and his re-creation of experience involves here, as so often, many sources, devices, and methods.

At one point in the Introduction (p. cxvi), it is said that diaries are arranged solely on chronology. That is true in the sense that time involves sequence. But that does not mean that Pepys wrote up each day on that day or that "chronology" in any way explains the quality of Pepys's *Diary* as distinguished from others. The world's greatest diary literature, and it is truly a literature, is the Japanese. It is a pity that the editors have ignored a tradition far more literary, much older, and more continuous than the Western. The first piece of prose fiction surviving in original form in Japanese is *The Tosa Diary* (ca. A. D. 935). In it, the poet Ki no Tsurayuki reports on his party's voyage back to the capital after he had finished his tour as provincial governor. The air of factuality is almost as great as in Pepys. Yet Tsurayuki writes *The Tosa Diary* as if it were kept by a woman who recurs to the death of her daughter in the province. Japanese scholars have followed the terrain with *The Tosa Diary* in hand, finding very few departures from fact. But the work is one of the earliest first-person prose narratives in the world.

What, above all, the Japanese evidence over a millenuium shows is that fact and art do not necessarily conflict. Fact can become art (art may also make up "facts," as with those bishops). Moreover, a diary can be artistic or fictional in some parts by freeing itself from the domination by factuality, even while staying generally within fact. Pepys's *Diary* is, then, literary, and Pepys is a genuine writer, a *Dichter* in the wide German sense. This is not to say that the *Diary* is literary in every part, much less that every part agrees with conventional notions of fiction. But the factual or historical basis of the *Diary* is sufficiently transcended to take us some distance toward such eighteenth-century fictional "histories" as *Robinson Crusoe* or *The History of Tom Jones.* Just such transcendence, such semi-fiction, is increasingly entering the conceptions of critics of seventeenth-century literature. If they do not have the benefit of the evidence from other literatures like the Japanese, they are beginning to see that the more permissive idea of "semi-fictions" includes a number of the most important prose works of the century. Browne's *Religio Laici,* Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy,* Walton and Cotton's *Compleat Angler,* Dryden's *Essay of Dramatick Poesie,* and many other works command such semi-fiction, so fully transforming in parts if not in whole that they become literary in the strict sense. Such works, which have always been included on instinct in literature courses, more and more appear to justify inclusion by their formal properties, style, and fictive pressure.

Nothing decreees that a diary must cross the border from mere fact to literary quality. In his *British Diaries,* William Matthews identified about 2,500 examples between 1442 and 1942. Among all those recorders of their days and works, there is but one Pepys, as there is only

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one Boswell among our biographers. It would be distasteful to condemn Parson Woodforde at the end of the eighteenth century or C. C. Greville at the beginning of the nineteenth, merely because their interests differ from those of Pepys. But the point is that his *Diary,* as distinct from Evelyn's as well, is literary in a proper sense. Perhaps the interest of all four to historians is nearly equal; certainly the long periods covered by the other three make them more useful in many ways, but in ways that are not literary. It may also be that the literary character of Pepys's *Diary* requires more careful treatment by our historians, even if not a little of his information about such matters as plays or admiralty business constitutes the unique source.

The symptoms of Pepys's literary mastery vary from the small to the large. Everyone who has read the *Diary* recognizes at once such formulas for closing an entry as "Home . . ." or "So to bed . . ." or "So home and . . ." Part of his method of heightening will be found in his adjectives, which are almost always in the positive or superlative degree. And he is given to such intensifying phrases as "that ever I saw in my life." His creation of character is much more complex. His aim is not so much exactitude, although he strove for that, as for the telling detail, and I confess that in reading Pepys this time I have understood as never before how aware he is that the creation of character involves the slow addition of detail or insight bearing on an individual. Whether that person is the Earl of Sandwich or the Pepys's maid, Sarah, the successive strokes of time's, and Pepys's, brush eventually paint them to the life.

One characteristic of the *Diary* might have made it, like other diaries, more factitious than artistically real. The quality of the diurnal—food, weather, housing, dining, and such—is prominent. But Pepys seems to have things both ways. The element of the diurnal helps give his *Diary* the air of historical facts while yet being pliable enough to allow him to represent the character of an event or a person with such detail. When he observes that he bought a barrel of oysters and that a Presbyterian friend now drinks wine with him, something of the change in mores is glimpsed in the change of an individual. Moreover, out of the countless details (a million and a quarter words, some three thousand individuals in nine years), Pepys creates in the *Diary* certain very perceptible movements and larger tones. Somewhat fortuitously, the nine-year epic divides into a three-act play in the volumes first published. In the first (1660), the center of attention is the fetching of Charles II, because this act in effect made the fortunes of Sandwich and of Pepys. (Pepys knew that chance needed to be seized, that one made one's own fortune: his motto was the Baconian *Faber Fortunae.*) The second volume (1661) shows Pepys flush with a new job in the naval office, drinking a great deal (trying to conceal it from his servants) and seeing all or part of seventy-nine plays. In the third volume (1662), Pepys is far soberer, taking mighty vows that on the

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whole he honors, visiting theatres only twenty-two times. In this period Pepys really takes hold of his Navy work. He becomes the "maker of the Navy," the first to introduce method and efficiency on any consistent basis. Pepy's pride in doing well is not diminished by being told that he does well. In this volume, his wife Elizabeth also fully emerges as her own woman.

Throughout these three years (and indeed throughout the nine) Pepys follows certain interests, variable as the emphasis may be from season to season. Unquestionably his two greatest interests are himself and the world. His absorption in these two fascinating topics accords with our own impulses; but Pepys brings himself and his world to life. Besides matters already mentioned, Pepys is consistently concerned with government, religion, books, art, and especially music. In government and religion alike, Pepys moved from an early Presbyterianism to the Establishment, without losing respect for Dissenters. He usually attended two sermons on Sunday, commenting on their style. He lacks superstition—and the mystical zeal of John Evelyn. When Pepys responded to a man (or woman), none was safe from his respect or dislike because of party. He very handsomely errs on the side of good will in meeting people for the first time. He could be stern with servants, but he was not cynical. He could be sly. He records that at a court ball Charles II called for the first "Country" dance, "which was—says he, *Cuckolds all a-row* the old dance of England" (III, 300-301).

One crucial historical matter is established by these volumes. Contrary to our historians, there was no gulf between court, city, and country in this period. A version of the thesis holds that Restoration drama is a courtiers' drama (unlike those famous but fictional apprentices that heard Shakespeare their contemporary with the wisdom of Jan Kott). The notion is disproved once more. The usual mix of all kinds is not worth recording, but once (27 Dec. 1662) Pepys complains that the theatre "was full of Citizens, there being hardly a gentleman or woman in the house," which was "crowded by prentices." Pepys himself makes perfectly clear how he is bewitched by the sight of one of Charles's mistresses, Castlemaine. And also how much he likes City people: "much noble and brave company; with the privilege of their rare discourse, which is a great content to me, above all other things in the world" (III, 200). Out of London's half million inhabitants, some fifty thousand or fewer probably mattered. The distinctions between the minority and majority were more economic (monied and poor) and educational (literate and illiterate) than matters of class, religion, or party. The minority that ruled London and most of England was heterogenous but individually familiar with people in all its groupings.

*On 20 August 1662, Pepys congratulates himself*: "by God's blessing, I find myself a very rising man." He always credits God, like any

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Puritan or like any Victorian exerting himself in a gospel of work. We owe a great deal to both Puritans and Victorians, as Pepys would have recognized. And like both of them, he would sometimes "seem" to others what he really did not feel. What he does not do is pretend to himself. He confesses that he leaves his childless wife at home with too little to do, and once that he fondles one of their maids. It is a sign of the literary character of the *Diary* that its author and we share the same human values and make congruent judgments.

Literature also implies some degree of style to sustain it. My favorite examples lie in volumes not yet published, but one never has far to seek. To take the last month recorded in the volumes published, on Sunday, 28 December 1662, Pepys attends service for a second time, now in the Huguenot church, "where I heard an old man make a tedious long sermon, till they were fain to light candle to baptise the children by." The observation and its expression are perfect. And he concludes his account of Christmas Day, 1662, in terms that ring with resonance of art and humanity:

> The sermon done, a good Anthemne fallowed, with vialls; and then the King came down to receive the Sacrament, but I stayed not; but calling my boy from my Lord's lodging and giving Sarah some good advice, by my Lord's order, to be Sober and look after the house, I walked home again with great pleasure; and there dined by my wife's bedside with great content, having a mess of brave plum-porridge and a roasted Pullett for dinner; and I sent for a mince-pie abroad, my wife not being well to make any herself yet. After dinner sat talking a good while with her, her [pain] being become less, and then to see Sir W. Penn a little; and so to my office, practising arithmetique alone and making an end of last night's book, with great content, till 11 at night; and so home to supper and to bed.

The new edition of Pepys must be hailed. It is handsome in itself, and it enables us once again to see that Pepys yet lives, one of those rare creatures who forever contributes to the sum of human happiness.

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PATRICK CRUTTWELL

# Fiction Chronicle[1]

THERE SEEMED TO BE, when I was last in England, two schools of serious critical thought concerning the novels of Kingsley Amis. One school, the Rigorous, held that the man had never written a single good novel. The other, the Kindly, opined that he *had* achieved one: his first, the celebrated *Lucky Jim*. I found myself leaning to the latter school, but I must admit that what followed on *Lucky Jim* made it increasingly harder to be kinder than the Kindlies. His last, *I Want It Now,* struck me as an absolute disaster, a monument of cheap vulgarity. But this latest, *The Green Man,* is a good deal better than that. At least the sex and booze are somewhat diluted—and diluted with a novelty for Amis, the supernatural. The novel concerns a boozing, leching, modern world-hating keeper of a country inn—so far, a very Amisian character—who is haunted—haunted by an evil spirit from the seventeenth century, who can and does at moments summon up the Green Man of ancient legend, the murderous vegetation-spirit with a particular fondness for devouring adolescent girls. I must admit that I found the spookiness more convincing than I had expected, and the exorcism of the spirit by a very "modernist" priest who regards the whole thing as nonsense a curiously credible and moving passage. One's trouble, in a sense—and probably Mr. Amis's—is how to fit this supernatural, this traditional Christianity, into the rest of the book, which presents its author's usual acid disgruntled view of everything that the contemporary world agrees to call true and progressive, and presents it, moreover, through a character who is himself something of a gin-soaked wreck. But that, I suppose, is the old Graham Greene trick slightly adapted: show the Truth not through a good man, but through a ruined man, a contemptible man, and the Truth itself will shine all the brighter. Perhaps . . . Anyway, *The Green Man* is good easy reading, and a vast relief from its author's recent offerings.

It does raise the question, though, just how seriously is one supposed to take Mr. Amis's Christian Toryism? Is it really more genuine, more authentic, than his "continuations" of James Bond? There can be no doubt, at any rate, of the authenticity and seriousness of the

[1] THE GREEN MAN, by *Kingsley Amis*. Harcourt, Brace & World. $5.95. MONK DAWSON, by *Piers Paul Read*. Lippincott. $5.95. LAST THINGS, by *C. P. Snow*. Charles Scribner's. $7.95. ISLANDS IN THE STREAM, by *Ernest Hemingway*. Charles Scribner's. $10.00. THE VIVISECTOR, by *Patrick White*. Viking. $8.95. GOD IS AN ENGLISHMAN, by *R. F. Delderfield*. Simon & Schuster. $7.95. BOMBER, by *Len Deighton*. Harper & Row. $7.95. THE DRIVER'S SEAT, by *Muriel Spark*. Knopf. $4.95. THREE, by *Sylvia Ashton-Warner*. Knopf. $5.95. BALDUR'S GATE, by *Eleanor Clark*. Pantheon. $7.95. TWO SISTERS, by *Gore Vidal*. Little, Brown & Co. $5.95. PERMANENT ERRORS, by *Reynolds Price*. Atheneum. $6.50.

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religion depicted in Piers Paul Read's *Monk Dawson*. This novel, set in contemporary England, presents with what seems like real insight the dilemmas of a devout Catholic in an unbelieving, materialistic world and of a man who becomes unsure of his vocation for the priesthood. Dawson goes to a boarding-school run by Benedictine monks, believes, under one monk's influence, that he has a vocation, and becomes a monk, simply staying on at the school where he had been a boy. But soon he becomes less and less sure of the morality of the Church's maintaining a school like this, whose high fees make it exclusively for the well-heeled; the hierarchy, noting his discontent, move him into the "world"—make a parish priest of him—wherein he discovers such things as poverty and slum overcrowding and incest caused thereby, preaches fiery sermons denouncing the complacency of the rich Catholics in the face of these things (this was in the days of Pope John), is applauded for these sermons but fails to observe them producing any change in their hearers' actual behaviour, and at last, quite suddenly, finds he has lost his faith and abandoned his vocation. So, now an ex-priest, he drifts into the world of popular journalism, acquires a glamorous mistress on whose naked body he performs a Black Mass at a party (afterwards vomiting violently), loses her, gets another and marries this one: the marriage goes to pieces, and Dawson begins to will himself to commit suicide; but it isn't he who does this in fact, it's his wife, through his fault, as he convinces himself. Thereafter he just disappears: when he reappears, in the last chapter, he has rejoined the church and become a Trappist monk of impenetrable austerity. But has he truly "regained the faith"? Or is he simply a broken, defeated man? Mr. Read writes in a dry, de-emphasized style; neither conclusion is enforced on you, neither is denied.

Very different from both of these is C. P. Snow's *Last Things,* which is, it seems, Positively the Last Appearance of Lewis Eliot. Snow has always been a bleakly rigorous unbeliever and rationalist; in the world of his novels, religion is not even an evil thing to be denounced and combatted: it simply doesn't exist, except, now and then, as an inexplicable muddle of things which some people, otherwise apparently sane, do and believe in. Neither the phoney supernaturalism of Amis nor the genuine religion of Read could find any lodging in the world inhabited by Sir Lewis Eliot. Hence the title is rather wittily ironic; for its "last things" are not viewed as a priest of any church would view them. Nevertheless, the best thing in this book is unquestionably the part in which Lewis Eliot undergoes an eye operation during which, as he forces the surgeon later to admit, his heart stops and he is for a time technically "dead." This part, which sounds (and I believe is) completely autobiographical, has a glum resolute honesty that compels respect; here is a man who has never managed to give the impression that he really *loves* life, a man who has always seemed basically unhappy, death-oriented yet unable to believe in any life after death—here he is, within inches of that final extinction, thinking

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about the "last things" with a naive and plodding truthfulness. Less impressive, I fear, are those parts of the novel which are concerned with Lewis Eliot's son, now a Cambridge student rebellious and discontented in the conventional style of the 1960's. (Snow's Lewis Eliot novels seem to wear thinner and thinner the pretence that they are not essentially autobiographical; Lord Snow himself has an academically brilliant son.) But however much of the information about the young may have been given him by Snow, junior, one has to say that this part of the novel is fantastically unconvincing. All the time, one is in the presence of someone who feels with enormous earnestness that it is his duty to understand, who is working overtime to do so, but who in fact is as many light-years away from understanding as—well, as he was from understanding sexually motivated killing in the novel before this one, which was based on the notorious "moors" murders. These two points emphasize what has always been Snow's basic limitation as a novelist. As long as things, and people, behave decently, rationally, and expectedly, Snow can understand them and deal with them intelligently and convincingly. As soon as they behave otherwise, he (and one might add his wife, Pamela Hansford Johnson, who also took up the "moors" case) is utterly at sea. And, alas, since 1914, humanity has elected to behave indecently, irrationally, and unexpectedly ten times more often than it has chosen to behave in the opposite ways.

Therefore poor Snow's foundation has been cut away from under him. Therefore he, who started as a self-made working-class scientist in the H. G. Wells tradition, working on the basis that things would come out right, that men would improve themselves, that what worked in a laboratory must, sooner or later, work in and benefit the real world too, therefore his work has come to seem more and more dated, more and more the kind of thing that in a generation or so (when the costumes have become picturesque) the B.B.C. will put on television as it has put Galsworthy's Forsytes, with an equally enormous success and an equal falsity, dependent on a nostalgia for something that never really existed quite like that. Therefore the writers who really speak for and to the young are those who have never accepted the basis of rationality, the basis that things and people will behave as you expect them to behave, but who on the contrary have rather accepted the opposite—writers like Dostoevsky, Golding, Camus, Kafka, Hesse. C. P. Snow will not go down to posterity as one of the great English novelists; but there is no need to go from this conclusion to the opposite extreme, to the frenzied denigration exhibited by Leavis, which seems to be based on a personal hatred and envy, the dishonesty of which Snow himself has exposed, unanswerably, in a recent article in the *Times Literary Supplement*. I believe that the Lewis Eliot sequence will keep its small but durable place in the future's reading. Sociologists, perhaps, and students of the "history of ideas," are more likely to read it than those whose primary interest is in imaginative fiction; but it will not be forgotten. It will be read: with interest, and

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perhaps with an emotion and a kind of pity which its author had never imagined or intended it could generate.

Another Positively Last Appearance, this time a posthumous one, comes to us in Ernest Hemingway's *Islands in the Stream*. This curious compilation, so a prefatory note tells us, was "prepared for publication" by Charles Scribner, jr. and Mrs. Hemingway "from Ernest's original manuscript," and all they did was to make "some cuts" in it, which, Mrs. Hemingway is convinced, he "would surely have made himself." Well, perhaps. His work became steadily more and more shapeless, garrulous and repetitive, and one had the impression that "making cuts" was the most impossible of all tasks for Hemingway in his last years. *Islands in the Stream* cannot be called a novel. At best it might be called a string of three novelettes, between which the only links are that they are all set in the Caribbean and the main "character" is supposed to be a painter called Thomas Hudson. (I put "character" in quotation marks and add "supposed to be" because no effort at all is made to realise him as a painter and the thinness of the mask for Hemingway himself is positively insulting to any reader with self-respect.) I found *Islands in the Stream* an appallingly depressing—indeed, in the end, an unreadable—volume: such a sad tired mechanical rehashing of what its author had done so often before, such a mindless round of drinking, fishing, killing, fornicating, and talking about nothing but these things. It is terrible to see what success and adulation had done to the man who wrote *In Our Time* and *The Sun Also Rises*. Yet I suppose the germs of the global disaster which Hemingway at last turned into were there from the start. I suspect that, for reasons perhaps the opposite of those which limited the work of Snow, Hemingway *never* had it in him to be a great and lifelong novelist. For what he truly was, was a minor romantic poet. As much as Wordsworth's, all Hemingway's good work seems to have derived directly from certain vital experiences in childhood and early manhood; away from these, he stumbled and blustered and self-parodied himself into a creature that certainly tickled the groundlings but more and more made the judicious weep. The latter, if not reviewers or afflicted with literary sadism, will do well to avoid *Islands in the Stream*, and re-read *In Our Time* instead. And it is odd how much *more* dated this latest volume seems than that almost-first one. Castro has changed for ever the kind of Cuba and the kind of life that rich or bumming Americans could live there when Batista ruled under the State Department's benevolent eye; but the reality of violent war, the terror of madness, the nerve-torn man's fear of loving and being loved, which *In Our Time* so vividly records—these themes will never be dated.

Another work in which the principal character is a painter is Patrick White's *The Vivisector*. But here is no question of a mere mask; White's painter, Hurtle Duffield, is a completely objective and imaginative creation; he may be a trifle too reminiscent now and then of Joyce Cary's Gulley Jimson, but White never forgets that his hero is

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a man primarily involved in *seeing* things—he is an Eye, above all else—and as long as the book stays with Hurtle in his (and White's) native Australia and deals with Hurtle's serio-comic adventures among the proletarian family he stems from and the upper-bourgeois set who adopt him, it is superb—an object-lesson (compared with *Islands in the Stream*) on the gulf between the true creation of a fictional world and the pseudo-creation which is only the overspill from a tired man's memories. Things go wrong in the book, as it seems to me, when it moves out of Australia and Hurtle gets into a European "cultured" environment. There is too much travelogue-and-gossip stuff; the satire isn't quite adequately knowing and astringent; and Hurtle himself, removed from his native soil, seems to lose vitality and become a caricature instead of a strange but real creator. But *The Vivisector* is worth reading, very much so, if only for that first half of it.

Next come two hefty tomes—both by English writers, I note, and both, at the moment, well up on the Best Seller List—which together raise the critical question: How much does it matter if a book, if any work of art, is *out of fashion,* is composed in a mode which the art pundits of the moment have decided cannot any longer yield significant results? It doesn't matter at all, it is if anything an advantage, say the Best Seller Lists; it matters disastrously and finally, say the pundits. The books concerned are R. F. Delderfield's *God is an Englishman* and Len Deighton's *Bomber.* The former, says the publisher's blurb, "more than justifies" (what in the name of semantic sanity does that "more" mean?) "comparisons with Trollope and Galsworthy." They mean by this, I suppose, that the work is a straightforward narrative, composed in undistinguished but literate prose and conceived in a regular chronological march, of a nineteenth-century Englishman's life and fortunes, private and public, during the decades when the steam-railroads were changing the face and soul of Britain—and ultimately of the whole world. (It describes, in fact, exactly those phenomena which fill the pages of *Walden,* as Thoreau watches them beginning to reproduce themselves in *New* England, with a feeling of hopeless dread.) *Bomber* is one of those books which begin with the proclamation that "this is entirely a work of fiction" and end with a list of acknowledgments for factual information received which sounds as impressive as the blah-blah of acknowledgments to other scholars which decorate a Ph.D. thesis. "Flight Lieutenant Alfred Price started my research off on a sound basis. . . . In researching this story I have read more than 200 books . . ."—well, one can only say, Mr. Deighton certainly deserves his place on some Best Seller List, but should it be the Fiction one? For, just as one has learned to expect from books compiled (that is the word, not *written*) in this way, this is not really a book about people. It is a book about machines and explosives. There are simulacra of people in the book; some are British R.A.F., attacking, some are Germans, defending. Some die, some survive. All are dummies.

Delderfield's book I thought considerably livelier, and by no means

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without merit. His women characters come alive (it gives an odd effect, to read of women in the Trollopian age behaving like real flesh and blood women—as they did in fact, of course, but as poor Trollope himself could not show them behaving); and though the characterization is simple, almost naive—the men tend to be very rugged and manly, the women very womanly—still it rings true within its conventions, and probably real Victorian people *did* behave more within such conventions. The question, as I said, is whether or not the mad world of the 1970's has so utterly abandoned those conventions, so completely ceased to feel life as a reasonable continuum of chronological sequence or be interested in war (any war) other than as a crazy surrealist horror the technical arrangements for which are best left to Generals in Pentagons all over the world, that novels which defy these convictions are fit, inevitably, only for—those who are impressed by Best Seller Lists. I would like to say No to this question, for the experimental novels I have been sent to look at seem to me so tediously futile as not even to deserve the advertisement of denunciation; but I cannot say it in all honesty. There *is* something disastrously out of key with the age in these novels of Deighton and Delderfield, just as there is, now, in the Lewis Eliot sequence of Snow; they somewhat resemble, if a literary academic may make the pedantic comparison, a metaphysical poem written in the middle of the eighteenth century.

After these, are three novels by women. They have nothing much in common besides that fact, and any Women's Lib. objections on this score are hereby acknowledged as justified. First, Mrs. Muriel Spark's *The Driver's Seat*. Mrs. Spark, I must admit, is a writer whose literary career always reminds me of Somerset Maugham's caustic summing up of the career of his character "Alroy Kear" (Hugh Walpole) in *Cakes and Ale:*

> I had watched with admiration his rise in the world of letters. His career might well have served as a model for any young man [or woman] entering upon the pursuit of literature. I could think of no one among my contemporaries who had achieved so considerable a position on so little talent. This, like the wise man's daily dose of Bemax, might have gone into a heaped-up tablespoon. . . .

Not that Mrs. Spark has achieved her fame and fortune by the methods of "Alroy Kear." On the contrary, she has rather successfully avoided the vulgarer facets of self-publicizing, and although her conversion to the literary world's fashionable form of religion (need I say that I mean the Roman Church?) and the brilliant performances of two of England's most captivating actresses, Vanessa Redgrave and Maggie Smith, in the play and movie of her best-known novel, have doubtless been no handicaps, still it seems only indirectly that these contributed. What she has managed to do is to convince the simple-minded (such as the Editor and proprietors of *The New Yorker)* that unfathomable depths of feminine-Catholic subtleties lie hidden in what might appear

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to coarse masculine rationalists, like this reviewer, as brief fairy-tales of the utmost flatness and banality. *The Driver's Seat* is certainly to be described as such. Its premise appears to be what would infuriate Pamela Hansford Johnson in her investigation of the "moors" murders: that the person really guilty is not the killer but the killed. It describes a crazy woman's search to find a crazy sexual maniac who will be kind enough to kill her. She does find him—she goes to some unnamed foreign city, ostensibly on holiday because her boss has noticed her growing craziness, and eventually she secures her maniacal killer (the inherent improbability of this is neatly glossed over), who does obligingly though reluctantly kill her. True, he doesn't entirely obey her orders—he rapes her before instead of after death—otherwise he does just as required. I didn't, to be honest, believe a word of it as straight narrative based on real life; as for the spiritual subtleties no doubt concealed beneath the surface—please don't ask me, ask the Editor of *The New Yorker*.

Then comes *Three,* by Sylvia Ashton-Warner, which I thought an incomparably more honest and convincing creation. The "three" of the title are mother, grown-up son, and daughter-in-law; mother and son are New Zealanders living in London, daughter-in-law is French but has been living in India, and minor characters are son's elder brother, also of course a New Zealander, and an actor called Carlos who is from the Argentine. One of the successes of the book is the way in which the various "foreignness" of these people is played against the London scene. Practically all of the action takes place in the mother's London flat; the son, Julian, has been dangerously ill, his wife, Angelique, is summoned from Bombay because he calls for her, and the essence of the novel is the triangular struggle between these three people. Not, in its way, an original theme: but Miss Ashton-Warner certainly brings it to life. She gets the inextricable tangles of selfishness and real love in all her people with convincing truthfulness; she doesn't judge them or bother about what God may think of them; she just creates them as human personalities caught in a real human situation. Which, in this reviewer's humble old-fashioned opinion, is what the novel is for.

Eleanor Clark's *Baldur's Gate* struck me as an honourable and distinguished failure; and the reason for its ultimate failure, I would guess, is the same as that for another long-awaited, much-disappointing novel by a woman, Katherine Anne Porter's *The Ship of Fools.* It's been too long in the making; it went off the boil. It seems also to have set out to contain too many themes, all of them potentially rich and difficult, for a single work to hold together. There are the effects on a young girl and woman, the narrator, of her parents' ruin and disgrace and the subsequent loss of her ancient and beautiful house; there is the impact on a small New England village of an allegedly mighty genius, Baldur Blake, a sculptor, who has great ideas, somewhat clouded by alcohol, for remodelling the village; there are the vulgar

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new rich from the big cities who are going to do the *real* remodelling (and it won't look at all nice when they've done with it): and so on. All through the book, revelations keep popping up, skeletons keep falling out of closets, showing that the nice people hadn't been nearly as nice, the good old aristocrats hadn't always behaved nearly as aristocratically, as one had imagined at first, until in the end, I must confess, I was beginning to be reminded of a very, very high-grade *Peyton Place*. But that is a thoroughly unfair comparison; what redeems *Baldur's Gate* is the quality of the writing. Miss Clark does know how to write. She writes a shapely, literate but un-selfconscious prose, sensuous where needed, witty and caustic where needed. Individual episodes, whole chapters in fact, of *Baldur's Gate* come off triumphantly; it is only the whole that fails.

I reserve the last two places of my chosen dozen for the one that seems to me the worst, and the one that seems to me the best, of them all. For the place of dishonour, I have no doubts: Gore Vidal's *Two Sisters*. It calls itself "a novel in the form of a memoir"; it might just as well have called itself "a memoir in the form of a novel"; it might best of all call itself a shapeless mess of vulgar exhibitionism. Much of it is occupied by Mr. Vidal's name-dropping; there is much talking with and about "Tennessee" and "Norman" and "Jack" (the late Kerouac); there is an enormous amount of the narrator's sex-life, homo and hetero alike. In and out of this farrago wind fragments of another farrago, a would-be film-script about ancient Greece, and yet another, which appears to be a scurrilous portrait of an aging woman writer. The whole thing stinks. I am sorry; I don't as a rule get really angry about a book; but I did about this one. Morally, aesthetically, personally, it stinks like the corpse of a car-squashed skunk.

And the best of the dozen? No doubt again for me: as a volume of moving, original, above all *honest* writing, Reynolds Price's collection of stories and sketches, *Permanent Errors,* is the most thoroughly satisfactory of them all. It consists of four sections. The first deals with a young American's misadventures in post-war Europe; the second, mostly "elegies" on the writer's parents, is clearly based on material closely related to *Love and Work;* the third has two superb short stories, of which the first, "Truth and Lies," struck me as perhaps the finest thing in the book; the fourth, a 90-page novella, was the only part which did not seem completely successful—or perhaps I ought to say that its technical method, clearly more complex than that of the others, has so far eluded me. But, taken as a whole, the volume is as perfect an object-lesson on how to be admittedly very "personal" in one's fictional material without being vulgar and embarrassing as Vidal's book was in the opposite way. Probably, in Price's career, *Permanent Errors* will seem to be something of an interim production, a convenient receptacle for material which did not fit into larger units; but it could only be as part of a career of steadily growing distinction that it could seem "interim."

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MARVIN MUDRICK

# Scrupulous Permutations and Occult Resemblances[1]

FOR ITS FIRST TWO THIRDS OR SO, *Teitlebaum's Window* is a series of brilliant and often brilliantly sustained gags, takeoffs, and blackouts on daily life in the American Diaspora during the Great Depression. The relish with which it exploits comic potentialities recalls Isaac Babel: Malamud by comparison tends to be solemn and Hardyesque; Bellow and Roth attempt transformations and transcendences. Markfield, like Babel, is mainly delighted: his ease and good humor are as impressive as his feat of reinventing all that remote and unmistakable local history, from father-and-son polarities ("Dad said I'll tell you something, Once he goes to the electric chair good bye and good luck, I'm finished with him"), through lavish samplings of the ghetto taste for baroque analogy (Dr. Johnson's description of Metaphysical wit will do very well as a description of the characteristic trope of Jewish-American idiom: "a combination of dissimilar images, a discovery of occult resemblances in things apparently unlike. . . . The most heterogeneous ideas are yoked by violence together . . ."), in accordance with which, for instance, Teitlebaum's delicatessen window addresses the world ("There will always be an England but there will not always be a low low price on belly lox") or Willitz the landlord his tenants ("Thanks to many numerous requests and popular demands your management announces the cancellation of exterminator service during this month which marks and celebrates the birth of Otto Bismarck, a good friend to our Jewish people"), to a scene so ingeniously contrapuntal as Merz on the verge of the fire escape and suicide, delivering his own intricate funeral oration to neighbors at various levels and a responsive Sophoclean chorus of onlookers below:

1 TEITLEBAUM'S WINDOW, by *Wallace Markfield*. Knopf. $6.95. GREEN GRASS, BLUE SKY, WHITE HOUSE, by *Wright Morris*. Black Sparrow Press. $3.00. SUPERSTAR, by *Viva*. Putnam. $6.95. ONE OR ANOTHER, by *Rosalyn Drexler*. Dutton. $4.95. IN THE TWELFTH YEAR OF THE WAR, by *Philip Appleman*. Putnam. $5.95. BUBBLE'S SHADOW, by *Joel Gross*. Crown. $4.95. TO WALK THE LINE, by *David Quammen*. Knopf. $5.95. TWO TALES OF THE OCCULT, by *Mircea Eliade* (Translated from the Rumanian by *William Ames Coates*). Herder and Herder. $5.00. IMPRESSIONS OF AFRICA, by *Raymond Roussel* (Translated from the French by *Lindy Foord* and *Rayner Heppenstall*). University of California Press. $6.50. LOCUS SOLUS, by *Raymond Roussel* (Translated from the French by *Rupert Copeland Cuningham*). University of California Press. $6.50. THE ALEPH AND OTHER STORIES 1933-1969, by *Jorge Luis Borges* (Edited and Translated from the Spanish by *Norman Thomas di Giovanni* in collaboration with the author). Dutton. $7.95.

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"Every two Mondays," said Merz, "our local holds what we call—a procedure meeting . . ."

"Solly," his wife croaked, "you'll get a police record."

From the babushka: "Follows you all your life."

". . . during a procedure meeting we discuss, like—procedures."

"Tell him if I'm a liar," his wife appealed to the crowd, "tell him if they're not very strict when they see somebody, he's blocking a fire escape."

"First thing—a summons–" the babushka affirmed.

"On account of the meeting is after work and it can be sometimes a two-, three-hour proposition and we get hungry, our local has a custom started by our manager . . ."

From the boardwalk: "Abe Elkin, right!"

"Right!" Merz answered.

From the boardwalk: "A prince!"

"*Also* right" Merz answered.

"Tell him how he'll be in real trouble," his wife implored, "how you dassn't have on the fire escape even a galosh."

"You want a government job, it'll go against you," the babushka warned.

For another kind of suspense Markfield presents the struggle between Hymie's mother, Jewish *Ewig Weibliche* rampant (she lies, cheats, and hits), and the decrepit grandmother, whose native cunning has been only somewhat undermined by her senility:

> [Hymie's mother] . . . hummed Jewish songs for the bubbee to enjoy, then she said You know what Momma shane, you'll never guess who I met in the Sacramento dairy, I met Mrs. Roosevelt, she said her boys are crazy about a certain kind of chicken carp you don't get in her neighborhood. It turns out she anyway had to come see me, she and the president were talking about you, he's all set to give you some old age money only he's afraid for the neighbors it wouldn't look good, how is it going to look if he should give you old age money and you should have under your name the two family house in Rockaway, right away the vice president would be jealous. So his idea, listen to this for an idea, you should right away put the house in my name.
>
> While they were hitting each other Hymie went to the bubbee's pocketbook, he snitched fifteen cents and we used it for candy money in the movies. We saw an old picture in the Regal, Smiling Through with Norma Shearer and Frederic March and Leslie Howard. We saw it twice for the one scene when Frederic March shoots Norma Shearer by accident, he's aiming really for Leslie Howard. She falls in a way that you can see half the tits come out.

Youth must be served; and this, as Markfield richly shows, was a breast- and movie-centered culture. The importance of Simon's first

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grown-up love affair is confirmed when the girl gives him five minutes on each breast; it's a highly symbolic fact that Simon's father is head usher, later proudly advanced to ticket-taker, at a neighborhood movie theater; keeping an eye on Merz in his last performance, the matrons of the community continue to gossip with indelible curiosity about film stars Jewish and otherwise:

> "What I got against Sylvia Sidney," Simon's mother was bringing out, "is the same thing I got against George Arliss: They both take parts where they play up too too much to the *goyim*."
>
> "A message from the missus!" the babushka yelled. "Hold one second!"
>
> "You never see her in a picture without a cross," said Simon's mother. "Without the cross she can't move."
>
> Now Mrs. Merz appeared, saying, "To call the police it's a free call."
>
> "Rest assured," said Simon's mother, "you wouldn't see a Nancy Carroll or a Sally Eilers or a Patricia Ellis with a *Mogen Dovid*. They hold by their religion and that's why, they should drop dead, I give them the highest highest highest credit and I respect them and I admire them."

After such adventures, the book's collapse into nose-picking ethnic self-hatred is not only a shock ("The thing that gave me the sad feeling was my thought of come on stop the shit, what kind of shit with battleships, where do you come to battleships, you know what you are, what you are is just just just a Jewish boy from Brighton . . ."), but so obvious that one would expect even an editor to notice and insist on repairs or (better) dumping as many as the last hundred and fifty pages. Simon's college lecture notes are disastrously inferior to his boyhood diary (both cited *in extenso*); the Sahara wastes of 'thirtyish Stalinism tempt Markfield into dreary mirages of parody; adult sex and apocalyptic politics curb the youthful spirit ("Everybody gets laid, everybody is Hitler"); Jewish jokes turn sour at the approach of World War II. Earlier, Markfield spoils things a bit by occasional relentless emphasis on the new freedom: his Jewish boys yearn, kid around, curse, insult, and generally talk dirty with uninterrupted demotic explicitness sometimes for page after page (perhaps rather anachronistically too, since—though Coney Island may have been different—among boys in a comparable West Philadelphia Jewish neighborhood of the 'thirties the bad language of Markfield's teenagers would have been considered excessive and "goyish"). However take my word for it, the editor should drop dead, it's two thirds of a noisy, very funny, and densely imagined picaresque novel.

Wright Morris began publishing novels at the time (just after Pearl Harbor) that the action of *Teitlebaum's Window* ends; by the mid-'fifties he had been picked by numerous newspaper critics as the dark

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horse in the post-Hemingway All-American Great-Novelist Sweepstakes; he won a National Book Award; *Green Grass, Blue Sky, White House* is his twentieth book. It is a thin volume of three short stories: the first and third quite up-to-date—about the impact of the hippie ethos on Middle America, about the impact of Vietnam on Middle America—and the second story a timeless symbolic one about the similarity between women and stray cats. The third, and title, story is mostly a nostalgic litany of praise for a squeaky-clean old-fashioned Midwestern small-town family:

> The Collins kitchen is big, and uncluttered with modern conveniences. Mrs. Collins makes my toast under the flame in the oven, then scrapes the char off at the sink. She does not believe in anything, as she says, "that you have to plug in." The crackle of her long hair, worn in a loose bun at her neck, is her daily assurance that her health is in order and her battery is charged. In the house she wears a simple grey frock with touches of faded lace at the wrists and throat. I've no idea if she knows how much it does for her corn-yellow hair. She prefers to stand, rather than sit, her hip inclined on the stove rail, or the sink, with one of her brown freckled hands holding a loose wad of her apron, cupped like a bird. She tests heat and flavor with her fingers, spits on the skillet before making hotcakes. Into the first pot of percolator coffee she puts a pinch of salt and one fresh eggshell, preferably white. . . .

Several items here are manifestly not out of Ordway, Mo. but out of unassimilated readings in English lit: *e. g.*, "corn-yellow" (English "corn" = wheat; English poets rave about corn-yellow hair and brood amid the alien corn because it's wheat, and only Faulkner ever elevated an ear of corn to the dignity of art); "simple grey frock with touches of faded lace at the wrists and throat" ("frock" is England or New England, but Middle-American only for party dresses and among *Vogue* subscribers; Morris's housewife would be wearing a cotton print dress if she expected to be taken for Mrs. Nineteen-Ought-Seventy-One). Furthermore, a Midwestern housewife assured me that Midwestern housewives—like other housewives—are enraptured by electrical kitchen gadgets, and that they would regard spitting on the skillet as domestically equivalent to spitting on the floor. The effect Morris seems to be aiming at is Norman Rockwell; but he misses the Rockwell glaze of embalmed verisimilitude, and keeps falling into literature: "Nothing," he concludes a paragraph about Mrs. Collins, "diminished her appetite for life." It is as useless to ridicule that sentence as to accuse of insincerity the writer who, after thirty years of hard work, commits it. The story stops abruptly when the narrator identifies himself at last as a Federal investigator ("I was given ten days to look into the Collins case"), trying to discover why the Collinses' son Floyd has written a threatening letter to the President about Vietnam. The final

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paragraph tries to compress everything into a small bomb of understatement:

> "I raised Floyd to believe anything is possible," Mrs. Collins says. As it is, of course. Here in Ordway anything is possible. Not necessarily what Mrs. Collins has in mind, or Floyd has in mind, or even the town of Ordway has in mind, but what a dream of the good life, and reasonable men, make inevitable.

It's a paragraph which may or may not mean something, but which, certainly, the author's spastic efforts to seem simple and wise turn into a puzzle.

The first story in the volume confronts a visiting Kansas family with a herd of hippies, some naked and half-naked, some copulating, some just grazing, on a public beach in California. Only the father has a little live curiosity left in him ("He wanted to bring the point up, but how could he discuss it with a girl without her clothes on?"); his wife and daughter—"With their [conventionally clothed!] backsides to the wind both women looked broad as a barn"—are dead to the new world: "May, look—" says the father as he indicates a friendly crow on the sand, but, "her eyes down," his wife replies, "I've seen all I want to see the rest of my life."

The middle story concerns a man who, neglecting his wife in order to rescue and reclaim a starved cat, loses his wife's favors to a treacherous friend:

> The howling of the Toms will bring a flood of laugh tears to her eyes. It is Hanna's back that Lewin feels he knows the best. After her pleasure, like a cat, she shows him her back. Lewin lets his fingers glide along her spine, which seems to him as bony as that of Drrdla, the fuzz of hair along it rising, the back arching, as when Walter first extended his hand toward the dark. If he had then withdrawn it, an unawakened, famished cat still would be captive in the basement, and neither Walter nor Lewin would have on their hands a female creature awakened to life.

This isn't fiction, it's creative writing.

A thousand monkeys pecking away at a thousand typewriters for a thousand years would produce, if not the collected works of Shakespeare, at any rate within a few weeks Viva's first and thus far only novel, *Superstar*. Nothing but monkeyshines. These days the (if you'll excuse both expressions) in thing for the jet set seems to be the electric vibrator, which—if Viva's interminable tape-recorded transcriptions of henhouse gabble can be trusted to be telling some truth or other—is Topic A and the all-purpose bisexual post-pubertal pacifier of the Swinging 'Seventies; Andy Warhol wears a toupee; speed is the current drug of choice. Among "Gloria's" friends are "Adele Vargas," French film-maker; "Slim O'Reilly," drug guru and martyr; "Jean LaFonce,

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the famous American movie star, who was married to a French director who was really a Russian"; the book records one of Gloria's coast-to-coast phone conversations with Jean:

G. Oh well, speed . . . . we haven't been fucking tonight on the speed . . . . . it's great to fuck on but I'll tell you what happens . . . . remember when I told you about how I jerked off for five hours and I couldn't come?
J. Yeah.
G. That's 'cause I was going down on speed . . . . . you have to fuck right away when you take speed . . . . oh it's fantastic for fucking . . . . . it's the best . . . it's the best thing. . . .
J. Oh yeah?
G. Yeah, you come for hours!
J. And you crash?
G. Yeah, you crash, but you can take a sleeping pill before you crash . . . I'll tell you what . . . . You don't even have to . . . you don't . . . you just come without even getting your clit sucked or anything.
J. Haha . . .
G. You just come . . from fucking . . for . . like ten minutes . . .

To which (all those stammering ellipses are in the text), having mulled it over, "the famous American movie star" responds:

J. Well, I think I'll try it. I feel like an old ten minute come.
G. A what?
J. An old ten minute come.
G. An old hen that had come? [Pay attention! This is the moment when Viva experiences her apogee of high spirits.]
J. An old ten minute come! . . . . a come of about ten minutes.
G. Angelo says he's got a hardon right now, I have to look at it.
J. What is he doing with it?
G. Nothing. He's cutting out polaroids.
J. It's wasted then, girl!
G. Well, we've been trying to work all night. That's why we took it. We'll have to take some more and fuck.
J. You mean you're working on your novel?
G. Yeah!

It's a forlorn and stupid book, it isn't literature but it isn't filth and corruption either; it has the pathos and antiquity of a week-old newspaper:

> A crummy Lester Lanin type band was playing but Gloria and Alvin were so stoned when they got on the dance floor that they made the band look good. They did all kinds of dances, Russian, folk, belly, and rock, while the band played "Tales from the Vienna

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Woods." No one else was dancing, everyone was watching them, egging them on. Alvin, inspired by the Living Theater, took off his shirt, and knelt down on the floor to do bird calls, while pounding his chest.

Suddenly, three plainclothesmen attacked Alvin and begin to drag him off the floor. . . .

Alvin was shouting in Italian and English that they were being persecuted and: "Where are all you revolutionary film-makers now? You make all your movies about people being killed and pigs being ripped open, but you stand by while two innocent people get beaten up." Inside, Norman Mailer was dancing the Blue Danube waltz.

Wright Morris couldn't in a thousand years have written that evidently accidental last sentence. After many another sad tour of the tape recorder the book ends, all passion spent, with artless cheers for bank-burning, bomb-making, and widespread sabotage.

Romance is dead, and good riddance to Françoise Sagan. Vibrators "intrigue" Rosalyn Drexler's heroine too: "I imagine spending long sultry afternoons alone with my mechanical Robot . . . eventually, after long intimacy, daring to call it Rob." When her lover arrives, "I am wearing red nylon French panties: no crotch, ready for action." But honestly now, behind the façade of brittle sophistication and naughty words Melissa is a very romantic type: "More underwear: this time it is J's T-shirt. He has forgotten it in my house. June made him wear it, so he lost it. The name tape pressed to the inside of the neckline says: CAMP GULLIVER. I actually blush when I read that. Last year he was young enough to go to camp. Oh, J! (J!)" "J! (J!)" is J, Melissa's 17-year-old lover. June is J's mother. Melissa's husband is M, a brutal, cowardly, and insane warhawk racist halfwit, with whom recently she has been slowly falling out of love. "I don't want to hide my love for you anymore," to Melissa says J, squaring his downy jaw. "I am a stepping-stone into grown-up territory," muses Melissa when J "mounts me . . . enters me . . . centers me . . ." (ellipses in the text); but "if we separate (like the white from the yolk of an egg), some of me will cling to him always." Not if he washes well. How about a gnomic utterance? Miss Drexler has lots, each of them set off by itself like a Zen koan:

June once said to me: "If you didn't want to be with M., you wouldn't be. You are not forced to stay with him."

Of course she's wrong.

It doesn't make sense though. Melissa really isn't forced to stay with M. There is no spiritual bond between them. She could leave, she could get a divorce. She hasn't thought this thing through.

*"In the Twelfth Year of the War,"* says Philip Appleman's blurb, "is beautifully and precisely written as befits its author, a recognized poet":

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> But let's begin, Laura, you and I, make a beginning, take off the masks. I don't mean I don't want your beautiful warm thighs anymore—I want them right now, on the breezy Mediterranean, yes—but more, I need, *have* to have, *you,* the thing that tells me who you *are.*

"The humor is alternately bleak"—

> Mine eyes have seen the coming of United States Marines,
> They are trampling out my harvest of potatoes, rice, and beans . . .

"and uproarious":

> ". . . If I may quote again from my own definitive study, *The Critique of Pure Coif,* page 1532: 'It was that Platonic, Plotinistic, Augustinian doctrine of the body as an inferior substance, the proposition that man is merely a soul that *uses* a body, which led ultimately to the decline of barbering, and therefore to the decline of civilization . . .' "

"the protest against war, injustice" (" '*Gringo cabrón!*' he exploded, his fist shaking. 'You will never see my sister again while I am alive!' "), "and the human condition agonizingly poignant": "But once upon a time, men and women drifted in a big sky of love (didn't they?)—until they were shot down by that napalm sickness in all of us." "Mr. Appleman has written an astounding and moving first novel":

> Why do we go along with this whole mess at all, Laura? Why don't we all just drop out, jump ship? Is there any good reason *not* to cop out, take to the hills, go for pot or suicide? The suicide at least makes one *real* gesture, the hopheads at least *think* they're real, inside somewhere—but where are *you* with all your cool judgment? And where, God damn it, am I?

"He and his wife, Margie, a playwright, spend their summers on the Atlantic and Mediterranean coasts, writing and swimming."

Appleman, since he's a university professor, has a vocational vested interest in thinking: he furrows his brow with *Angst* in the expectation that applying the symptoms will produce the disease; but his late-late-show World-War-II-vintage plot couldn't support thinking even if he were in fact to produce any. Anyhow the next academic generation, Joel Gross and David Quammen (both of them undergraduates when their novels were written), aren't shamelessly asking us to read about love-hungry sailors and gorgeous native girls on a tropical isle; they have their own already famous preoccupations, which (so the publishers must hope) the public is eager to tune in on from the source.

*Bubble's Shadow* (a pretentious and unenlightening title, extracted from a much-anthologized Donne poem) tells the story of "two marvelous people," one of them a "wan faced and black bunned" girl

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who appears on Page 1 "at the Queens College Freshman Dance of September 1967"; ". . . when the hard rock band played a noxious, drum-backed facsimile of 'Moon River,' a boy approached her and asked, Would she care to dance? His face glistened with oil and acne." Needless to note, this isn't the other marvelous person, but the moral corners of the book are being laid out: oil and acne are unacceptable; "interesting" good looks and knowingness about pop music are indispensable. Later, interesting boys drive sports cars eighty miles an hour on Queens Boulevard (oil-and-acne shleps drive their ten-year-old Chevies at legal speeds); interesting girls say, "Like I could give a shit" whereas life-hating husband-hunters betray their nastiness to the reader (if not to the oafish hero) by remarking, at a picnic, that "the table would be far freer of ants and vermin than the grass"; all right-thinking college students will without a moment's thought storm and occupy any official building.

*Bubble's Shadow* is a compendium of current and perishable adolescent frivolities, for which on the other hand *To Walk the Line* has no time, whether or not it has the talent. It is a sober, anxious, worked-on book, which follows a team of tight-lipped young white do-gooders through urban black territory. A great deal of its energy is expended on attempts at reproducing the *ostinato* two-note patterns of black slum dialect:

> "Been busy, man. I been into some shit that been keeping me fuckin' busy. How the action been coming here?"
>
> "What kind new shit you been into? You got a line on some good green? I ain't heard what new shit you been into, I don't think. Any good angle you can cut me a chunk of? I could dig some of that fuckin' good green myself."

The reproductions never seem exact (as if Quammen's ear is dull, or he's trying to cram in too much information and loses the rhythm); nor do any of the scenes that intend to suggest what is possible these days between young white and young black:

> There was a half-flat volleyball lying in the driveway under the backboard and rim on the garage. Tyrone picked it up, palming it, spoke to John, then unconsciously lobbed it up. It swished.
>
> They played for half an hour in the still, ringing moonlight, sweating through the borrowed formal shirts, sliding across the blacktop in dress shoes, laughing and falling down. John ripped the knee out of Dr. Tanner's tuxedo pants. They didn't keep score or have much to say.

Except by suspending, for the sake of this marshmallow idyll, his own unbreakable rules, Quammen is unable to bring these politically antithetical characters together in a personal relation: they are as allegorical and irreconcilable as the Blatant Beast and the Red-Cross Knight. *To Walk the Line* is, in the narrowest sense, political fiction.

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A colleague once described a new novel he had read as "a by God *Republican* novel!" The line Quammen walks is a party line too, in his case Left-Democratic. In political fiction no friendship is possible, only solidarity; and solidarity between black and white isn't possible, as most of the time Quammen is honest enough to suspect, till unimaginable political changes make it so. The book is even more depressing than it sets out to be.

Mircea Eliade is the celebrated and vastly prolific historian of religions, who turns out to have been also, in his native Rumanian, a prolific writer of fiction, "some ten novels and three volumes of short stories," of which *Two Tales of the Occult*—both over thirty years old—are the first to be published in English translation. One is set in India, both have Indian subjects: the occult aspects of yoga, the world as mystery and illusion, time-voyaging. Eliade is a very learned man, but even in his book lists he can't help sounding as flashy as Poe:

> . . . when I had the opportunity to examine these shelves at my leisure, I discovered a number of extremely rare works, for instance the *De Aqua Vitae Simplici et Composita* of Arnauld de Villeneuve, or Christian apocrypha such as that *Adam and Eve* for which Strindberg searched for so long. . . . [The doctor's] books showed me that he wanted to satisfy himself as to the truth which is preserved, well-hidden though it be, in the hermetic tradition. Otherwise, there would have been no point in his reading Agrippa von Nettesheim and the *Bibliotheca Chemica Curiosa.*

Now why couldn't Dr. Zerlendi have read Agrippa and the *B. C. C.* just for kicks, or looking for the dirty parts? The simplest inferences are the most likely. Tales of the inane and the preposterous are a Jukes family of identical grinning imbecilities, as much fun for those who love them as Bedlam and Tyburn must have been for their own fans two centuries ago:

> One morning in the autumn of 1934 a messenger brought me a very strange letter, and said that he was to wait for an immediate reply. A lady named Zerlendi, whom I had never heard of, was writing to invite me to visit her that very afternoon. The letter was very proper and couched in extremely polite terms, as was customary in our parents' day when a lady was writing to a stranger. "I understand that you have recently returned from the Orient," she wrote among other things, "and I thought you might be interested in taking a look at the collections made by my husband."

So begins "The Secret of Dr. Honigberger," with cymbal-crashes of false specification ("the autumn of 1934," when Tulane had a terrific season and went on to the Sugar Bowl) and unmotivated hysteria (the letter may be unexpected or interesting, but it isn't "very strange" except for an author and a reader who, as early as Paragraph One, are beside themselves with the thrill of starting another romp together).

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"I knew, of course, that this realm is *invisible* only to the eyes of the ordinary man. To put it more precisely, what this meant was that this land was inaccessible geographically, that you could only discover it, that is, after a rigorous preliminary spiritual training": say, forty more years of tautology and platitude. "But there was another thing about which Dr. Zerlendi gave no precise details at all: he saw the whole world in its entirety—to quote from his manuscript—'exactly opposite to the way it appears to a person in the waking state.' He doesn't explain what he understands by the expression 'exactly opposite' ": well, it's probably that white looks black and black looks white, the way they do in a black-and-white negative; men look like women and women look like men, dogs look like cats . . . "I felt my mind reeling . . ." "What follows is no less spine-tingling . . ." "And then suddenly, on the 11th of May, 1910, he returned once more to the yogic exercises through which one can achieve the invisibility of the body. For readily understandable reasons I will not reproduce here these astounding revelations"—which is a disgraceful cop-out. The only hint of an explanation is in a single, apparently insignificant sentence in the other story: "I paled when I saw an immense forest all around me." The narrator has achieved the state of being able to see himself *from the outside,* including changes in his complexion, a state which seems to be intermediate between being *in* one's body and being *somewhere else,* walking the waters of timelessness. " 'I can't stand this any longer, Swami!' I cried. 'Wake me up! I can't stand going through the whole business a second time . . .' " But it's too late, he's already way down upon the Swami river.

Claptrap and mystification—whether or not under religious auspices—were never very promising literary materials. When Poe inadvertently invented modern French literature, his black cape and blazing eye passed into the repertoire of far more talented writers, who luckily read English badly enough to invent their own Poe, and who had two qualities the founder lacked: style and wit. The last, and least known, of them was Raymond Roussel, who, now that his novels are available in English translation, may come to be recognized in the land of Poe as the last best master of claptrap:

> We advanced a few paces towards a spot where a sort of paving implement stood, similar in construction to the punners—or paving beetles—used for levelling roads. Though made entirely of metal, the paving beetle seemed light and was suspended from a small, pale yellow aerostat whose lower part flared out into a circular mouth calling to mind the silhouette of a Montgolfier balloon.
>
> The ground beneath it was decorated in the strangest fashion. Over quite an extensive area human teeth were placed at intervals in all directions, displaying a great variety of shapes and colours. Some were dazzling white, contrasting with the incisors of smokers which provided the complete range of brown and chestnut. All tints of yellow found their place in the weird collection, from the palest

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straw colours to the darkest tawny shades. Blue teeth, both light and dark, contributed to this riot of colours, completed by a mass of black teeth and by the pale or gaudy reds of many a blood-stained root. They varied infinitely in shape and size—huge molars and monstrous canines jostled almost imperceptibly milk-teeth. A glint of metal blossomed here and there, derived from fillings or gold caps.

This passage is from *Locus Solus,* Roussel's second novel, published in 1914. His method for contriving and developing a situation is too complicated to be considered at length in a review; but briefly, Roussel plays an elaborate rhymelike and punlike game with almost any group of words, either taken at random from another writer or connected after having been drawn at random from a dictionary, as for instance in the passage above: "The grotesque notion," says Rayner Heppenstall,[2] "of a tooth mosaic executed by a suspended rammer comes from the collocation of words *'demoiselle à prétendant,'* distorted to give us *'demoiselle'* (in the sense of a paving beetle) *'à reître en dents,'* the only further modification recalled by Roussel being that, from *'prétendant refusé,'* he took *'rêve usé'* and so the soldier of fortune's dream, which plays an important part in the story. The perhaps unfamiliar word *'reître'* comes from the German *'Reiter,'* that kind of mounted soldier of fortune being characteristically a German product or thought so in medieval France." The method is a sort of parlor game: the "victim" is required to fabricate with all possible strictness a coherent story out of a chance association of words which may be used not as they are but only in whatever puns and homonyms, the more outrageous the better, can be derived from them. It is a method that, because the objects named by the new words occur in such unlikely conjunction, emphasizes the physical presence of objects virtually to the point of hallucination:

Near the altar, to the right of it, grew a gigantic palm of remarkable foliage which testified to its great age; a board, fastened to its trunk, bore the commemorative phrase: *Restoration of the Emperor Talu VII to the Throne of his Fathers.* In the shelter of the palm, on one side, a stake had been driven into the earth and on its square top had been placed a soft-boiled egg.

To the left, at an equal distance from the altar, a tall plant, old and withering, offered a sad contrast to the splendid palm; it was a rubber tree which had no more sap and was almost rotten. A stretcher, made of branches, lay in its shade, bearing the recumbent corpse of the negro king Yaour IX, wearing the traditional costume of Marguerite in *Faust,* a pink woollen gown from which hung a short alms purse and a thick golden wig with long plaits which fell over his shoulders and came half-way down to his knees.

This passage from *Impressions of Africa* indicates, of course, why the Surrealists regarded Roussel as a precursor and an inspiration; why,

[2] In his useful monograph, *Raymond Roussel* (Univ. of California Press, 1969).

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besides, one needn't know the artifice back of it—as Cocteau and Gide didn't when they first read and delighted in Roussel—in order to be fascinated by its wit and texture, as well as by its narrative possibilities. Roussel doesn't have the architectonic interest or power to be a novelist; his "novels" are loose sequences of tales; but the still-life of wildly mingled objects with which any of the tales begins tantalizes the mind with the prospect of exfoliation, explanation, resolution, all of which Roussel provides with an invariable grave courtesy of unflagging explicitness usually as comic as the conclusion of the talking-horse episode: "At the end of this amazing display, Urbain led Romulus away, the horse still murmuring vaguely to itself." Or observe the hairless cat steering its equipment through a specially oxygenated liquid to activate electrically the vestiges of Danton's head:

> Reaching its goal, the cat placed the tip of the metal cone lightly against the encephalon displayed before it and suddenly the fibres performed an impressive gymnastic. . . .
>
> Earlier, in the course of similar experiments, Canterel had accustomed his eyes to interpret the movements of the buccal muscles, and now as the words appeared, passing over the remains of the great orator's lips, he revealed them to us. They were disjointed fragments of speech, full of vibrant patriotism. Stirring periods, once publicly uttered, surged pell-mell from the pigeon-holes of memory to be reproduced automatically on the lower part of the ruined mask. . . .

Roussel favors the imperturbably gruesome, but in some of his tailor-made folktales, fairytales, and Oriental tales (some of them tales within tales, or tales within tales within tales) he is a fabulist of extraordinary delicacy and tenderness:

> Mad with rage, the eleven brothers sought out the wicked fairy Gunvere and begged her to encompass Ulfra's death by means of a spell. She was at once won over to the petitioners' wicked cause, but regretfully admitted that her power was too limited to bring about the girl's death directly. She could only change her into a dove for the space of a year, during which time the eleven brothers would easily be able to kill her if they managed to find her in the *Fuglekongerige*—or *Kingdom of the Birds*—the refuge where she would spend the whole period of her exile.
>
> The young men accepted Gunvere's offer; and after intoning a magic formula through her nose she informed them that Ulfra, suddenly changed into a dove, had just taken wing, leaving the field clear for them to seize her treasures.
>
> With endless advice, the fairy handed them a cage containing a linnet which, once set free, would flutter ahead of them and lead them to the kingdom of the birds—then taught them a cabbalistic word to protect them from a mortal danger just as they reached

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> their goal. For the Fuglekongerige was guarded by a terrible genie, in the shape of a medium-sized aerial globe of water, who denied adventurous huntsmen access. Any living creature touched by the strange globe's shadow would instantly die. During the night the danger still remained, for the moon and stars shone brightly enough in the perpetually cloudless sky of that favoured clime for their occultation to be noticeable. . . .

He is always mad, only sometimes merely perverse and boring, never unintelligent, whether training sea-horses to pull chariots and run races or employing homesick Scottish insects confined inside separate cards of a Tarot deck to trip mechanisms that perform with flawless textbook harmonies "The Bluebells of Scotland."

Heppenstall thinks that Borges, "whose marvellous *Fictions* seem to me to have much in common with Roussel," must have known Roussel's work: maybe; both are cameo fantasists; but the difference between their attitudes toward fantasy is all the difference imaginable. Roussel is a solitary and autonomous artist, his fantasy is mathematical not only in the scrupulous permutations of its origin but in its total dissociation from human beings in the daily world; on the other hand Borges, for whom fantasy is customarily limited to the *donnée* that sets his story going, seems in every other aspect of his art (and life) a sane, clear, kindly, social man quite capable of cheerful impatience with any silly ideas whatever and particularly with the silly pretensions of art:

> Carlos Argentino . . . after a few drinks, launched into a glorification of modern man.
>
> "I view him," he said with a certain unaccountable excitement, "in his inner sanctum, as though in his castle tower, supplied with telephones, telegraphs, phonographs, wireless sets, motion-picture screens, slide projectors, glossaries, timetables, handbooks, bulletins. . . ."
>
> He remarked that for a man so equipped, actual travel was superfluous. Our twentieth century had inverted the story of Mohammed and the mountain; nowadays, the mountain came to the modern Mohammed.
>
> So foolish did his ideas seem to me, so pompous and so drawn out his exposition, that I linked them at once to literature and asked him why he didn't write them down. As might be foreseen, he answered that he had already done so . . .

Thumbs down on McLuhan. Later in the same story, Borges qualifies this forthrightness by having the narrator discover that Carlos Argentino is the custodian of an Aleph, "one of the points in space that contains all other points," and that he had been the recipient of "unbelievable, obscene, detailed letters" from the beautiful girl, long dead, whom the narrator hopelessly adored in her lifetime and still

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adores: a moral no less: Not only is fatuity invulnerable, it gets entrusted with the most precious and the best. As for the Aleph—

> I arrive now at the ineffable core of my story. And here begins my despair as a writer. All language is a set of symbols whose use among its speakers assumes a shared past. How, then, can I translate into words the limitless Aleph, which my floundering mind can scarcely encompass? . . .

(Roussel would simply go ahead and describe it, he would never dream of asking the reader to believe it too; like his Scottish insects he's a musician not a philosopher.)

> On the back part of the step, toward the right, I saw a small iridescent sphere of almost unbearable brilliance. At first I thought it was revolving; then I realized that this movement was an illusion created by the dizzying world it bounded. The Aleph's diameter was probably little more than an inch, but all space was there, actual and undiminished. Each thing (a mirror's face, let us say) was infinite things, since I distinctly saw it from every angle of the universe. I saw the teeming sea; I saw daybreak and nightfall; I saw the multitudes of America; I saw a silvery cobweb in the center of a black pyramid; I saw a splintered labyrinth (it was London); I saw, close up, unending eyes watching themselves in me as in a mirror; I saw all the mirrors on earth and none of them reflected me . . .

and so on for another page, at the end of which "I felt infinite wonder, infinite pity." It's a pity that the wonder, if any gets generated, isn't left to the reader.

Borges' unassuming and genial commentaries on his stories, and an autobiographical essay equally unassuming and genial, are included in this volume. They are helpful in a number of ways. For one, they put on record Borges' debt to such writers of well-made tales as Stevenson, Kipling, Chesterton. For another, they attest to the fact that Borges' "fantasy" is often reducible to a type of deception, since one of its prominent devices is the author's argument for the truth of what he's presenting (a device of Eliade's also). It's not surprising, then, that "Once in Madrid, a journalist asked me whether Buenos Aires actually possessed an Aleph." Perhaps only Borges would have thought of writing a story in the guise of a review of a book that never existed: "The Approach to al-Mu'tasim" is, as Borges says, a literary hoax; a formidable and amusing one. Borges' frequent intention in his stories is to hoodwink the reader into belief: the trick is liable to be a refined version of a student's footnote references to nonexistent scholarly books— this private joke of students and librarians, who have inferred that one unreadable book is much like another even if both remain unwritten. Borges was a librarian for many years.

Borges' more or less realistic Argentine stories here—about gauchos,

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city thugs, soldiers in century-old Argentine wars and revolutions—vary in quality from very poor (Borges himself says he finds "Street-corner Man" "stagy and mannered and the characters bogus") to moderately entertaining ("The Other Death," about a soldier who died twice and redeemed his cowardice): in them Borges extols the "religion" of the gaucho, "the hard and blind religion of courage"; but his dramatizations of it are dim and wistful, neither truth nor poetry. The lightest and most likable of the fantasies is a story Borges wrote in collaboration with Adolfo Bioy-Casares, "The Immortals" ("Surgery brings immortality to mankind"), a "graft," as Borges remarks, "between Alfred Hitchcock and the Marx Brothers":

> ". . . The medical procedure in itself is painless. No more than a question of amputation and replacement. Nothing to worry about. On the eve, just keep yourself calm, untroubled. Avoid heavy meals, tobacco, and alcohol, apart from your accustomed and imported, I hope, Scotch or two. Above all, refrain from impatience."
>
> "Why two months?" I asked him. "One's enough, and then some. I come out of the anesthesia and I'm one more of your cubes. You have my address and phone number. We'll keep in touch. I'll be back next Friday at the latest."
>
> At the escape hatch he handed me the card of Nemirovski, Nemirovski, & Nemirovski, Counsellors at Law, who would put themselves at my disposal for all the details of drawing up the will. With perfect composure I walked to the subway entrance, then took the stairs at a run. I lost no time. That same night, without leaving the slightest trace behind, I moved to the New Impartial, in whose register I figure under the assumed name of Aquiles Silberman. Here, in my bedroom at the far rear of this modest hotel, wearing a false beard and dark spectacles, I am setting down this account of the facts.

There are also parables, chiefly about labyrinths, and quasi-autobiographical stories about the artist's distinctness from the man whose body he inhabits ("Borges and I," "The Maker").

The best and longest piece in the volume is the autobiographical essay, full of gossip and information, lively, serene, luminous with affection for persons and places: "I found America the friendliest, most forgiving, and most generous nation I had ever visited. We South Americans tend to think in terms of convenience, whereas people in the United States approach things ethically. This—amateur Protestant that I am—I admired above all." At seventy-one, blind and famous, "youthfulness seems closer to me today than when I was a young man. I no longer regard happiness as unattainable; once, long ago, I did." Very few other artists could open the final paragraph of an autobiography with the sentence: "People have been unaccountably good to me." The sense of the good and upright man in the work may help to explain Borges' major reputation among American readers on the basis of the small and uneven *oeuvre* up till now available in English. At least it's pleasant to think so.

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ROGER SALE

# Litter Bug

CHARLES A. REICH'S *The Greening of America* was extremely successful in condensed form in *The New Yorker* last fall, and shortly thereafter it became a national best seller.[1] References to him and to his Consciousnesses I, II, and III can be found easily in national journals and even in local newspapers.[2] There is some reason to believe, then, that a careful review of the book is in order. Yet I remember that when C. P. Snow lectured in this country shortly after his great success with *The Two Cultures,* he introduced himself by saying that any idea that caught on as quickly as his had done probably had a good deal that was wrong with it, and also a good deal that was obvious. Snow was right about his own work, and what he said holds true for Reich's as well. It can be pretty safely assumed that by the time this review appears any intelligent person who has actually read *The Greening of America* knows that it is an empty, fashionable book, and that the word about it will have gotten around pretty well. It may win a National Book Award or a Pulitzer Prize, and almost certainly it will have an extensive life among serious high school students and academics who don't read "new" books; the company it will keep includes Snow, and Edmund Fuller, and the Christian polemics of C. S. Lewis. After all, Hermann Hesse is enjoying a great revival and people still read Kahlil Gibran. But the people who will be reading Charles Reich in three or five years will never read these words. So this will not be so much a review as an essay on Reich and the subjects he raises; the latter are not perhaps as interesting as Reich thinks, but neither are they unworthy of consideration.

Consciousness I, II, and III: frontier man, corporate man, green man. One quotation for each should suffice:

> (*I*) Facing a new and vast land, a new freedom, and seemingly limitless riches, its reality centered on the truth of individual effort. America would prosper if people proved energetic and hard working. The crucial thing was to release the individual energy so long held back by rigid social customs and hierarchical forms. Each newly sovereign individual could be the source of his own achievement and fulfillment. One worked for oneself, not for society. . . . Consciousness I focused on self, but it saw self in harsh and narrow terms, accepting much self-repression as the essential concomitant of effort, and allowing self to be cut off from the larger community of man, and from nature (defined as the enemy) as well.

[1] THE GREENING OF AMERICA, by *Charles A. Reich.* Random House. $7.95.

[2] And in THE HUDSON REVIEW. See Lancelot Law Whyte, "Towards a Science of Form," in the Winter 1970-71 issue (p. 614).

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Quotations from Whitman, references to the tragic innocence of Isabel Archer and Billy Budd, allusions to checks and balances in the U.S. Constitution.

> (*II*) Believing that the best and most hopeful part of man is his gift of reason, Consciousness II seeks to design a world in which reason will prevail. . . . Consciousness II rests on the fiction of logic and machinery; what it considers unreal is nature and subjective man. Consciousness II believes more in the automobile than in walking, more in the decision of an institution than in the feelings of an individual, more in a distant but rational goal than in the immediate present.

The Kennedys, *The New York Times,* modern psychiatry, and suburban life.

> (*III*) One quality unites all aspects of the Consciousness III way of life: energy. It is the energy of enthusiasm, of happiness, of hope. Some people assume that what they are seeing is merely the energy of youth, but it is greater than this; other generations never had such energy in their youth. Consciousness III draws energy from new sources: from the group, from community, from eros, from the freedom of technology, from the uninhibited self.

Dylan, bell bottoms, grass, "a huge and happy noontime crowd in Lower Sproul Plaza at Berkeley."

In limiting himself to his Consciousnesses, Reich has the advantage of being able to ignore individual people, ironies, and complications; he can stick with clichés. He learns about Consciousness I from R. W. B. Lewis, about Consciousness II from Galbraith and Marcuse, about Consciousness III from rock music and Ken Kesey. Consciousness I doesn't interest Reich much and so his acceptance of standard myths is most complete here. Alongside his "each newly sovereign individual could be the source of his own achievement and fulfillment," we probably need do no more than place this statement of the "same idea" from Emerson, talking about the politics of slavery and abolition: "God must govern his own world and knows his own way out of this pit without my desertion of my post, which has none to guard it but me." Emerson's "sovereignty," which for him is an anguished and dubious necessity, is for Reich only "the source of individual achievement"—which is the language of Lieutenant Governors on the Fourth of July.

Reich spends a good deal more of his time, most of his book indeed, on Consciousness II, so perhaps another quotation is in order, this one about teaching in the American public school system:

> . . . except for the teacher who has a truly creative moment, the stuff of his working life will be impersonal, frustrating, and un-

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> satisfying, and only the goals of prestige and status will keep him going. The loss, on the other hand, is of the teaching relationship itself. Teaching, whether of kindergarten children or graduate students, can be one of the most rewarding kinds of work, for a genuine working community can be formed in which all gain.

When one thinks of this book littering the bookshelves and minds of a great many people, it is enough to make one cry. Here we all are, Consciousness II harmless drudges, oblivious of our great chance to trade in our "impersonal, frustrating, and unsatisfying" classes for "truly creative moments" and "genuine working communities." Well, I can offer at least one reason for that: when my students talk like Reich, and set up adverb-adjective-noun clusters as effortlessly as he does, I spoil it all and simply scream at the baby talk. Deeply satisfying experiences. Most moving people. Healthy personal relationships. Great seminal periods. Nor do I need Reich to remind me that my "impersonal" cry of "frustration" is not "satisfying," though I do strangely persist in thinking I am engaged in "one of the most rewarding kinds of work." And when Reich goes on to say that "the average professor does not have the time for the sort of personal concern for students that would constitute teaching in a more old-fashioned sense of the word," I think of two people. One is Henry Adams, at Harvard and Berlin, whose enjoyment of all that old-fashioned teaching was such that he could not stop resenting it for the rest of his life; the other is a friend who spent a good deal of time trying to figure out if "personal concern" meant taking off his clothes whenever one of his Consciousness III kids told him no one could "deeply communicate" with his clothes on.

But it is when Reich gets to Consciousness III that his childishness is most gaudily put on display:

> But the essence of beach life does not lie in surfing, but in something more spiritual: a renewal of self in the wildness, beauty and freedom on the beach. Older people may have "enjoyed" the beach all their lives without feeling this way; if they could be turned on to this, there is no need for them to surf, and they will be able to watch the surfers without envy, and be a part of the surfers' world.

Perhaps because I "enjoy" saltwater beaches but prefer freshwater ones I don't seem to have to overcome as much envy of the surfers as perhaps I should. But I do know what I am being told: once you were a ninety-seven pound spiritual weakling. Once you built a fire on a beach and your wife cooked spare ribs and the sand got into both the meat and the booze and you ran with your children and your dog along the edge of the water as the sun went down. Forget it. Family stuff. A sure sign that it was all wrong is that later that night we fought because I tried to find a campsite after dark and failed miser-

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ably in setting up the tent in a strong wind. Drop all that. Instead, watch that surfer. Smoke his grass. See Reich run.

Surely the most offensive phrase in the lexicon of Consciousness III is "turned on," and it is cause for minor celebration that it is now used mostly by those who, like Reich, are groping towards their second childhood. Like LBJ's poverty fighters who a few years ago were urging me as an Upward Bound director to "turn the kids on to college" or the loathsome minister who halted a recent performance of *The Messiah* to say "we are turned on to Handel." What starts out with Timothy Leary and the druggies and passes through the bureaucracies to the advertising agencies—surely even Reich can see he'd better leave it alone. And Reich seems to think to "blow one's mind" mans simply "to become more aware"; one wonders about the awareness of the man in "A Day in the Life" who blew his mind out in his car.

For when you talk as Reich does you don't attend to anything and so you end up making mistakes, simple ones that not even Reich would make were he not so anxious to tell that part of the country that has not "dropped out" what it is like to "turn on." For instance. "In northwest Seattle," Reich writes, which of course does not mean what it says but rather "In Seattle, which is in the northwest," except he doesn't mean *that* either, because what he is talking about is not in Seattle but across the lake in Bellevue, "there is an ice cream parlor." It is as Reich says and I can confirm, a lousy place, tasteless surroundings in which to serve tasteless ice cream. Yet it is not an altogether bad place for children's birthday parties because, inevitably, it makes a production of such things. But my "yet" is not Reich's "yet": "Yet somehow there is pathos as well. For these patrons are the descendants of pioneers, of people who knew the frontiers, of men who dared the hardships of Chilkoot Pass to seek gold in the Klondike." That gold-hunting was only an earlier journey to Vietnam, but no matter. Those who go to that ice cream parlor are about as much descendants of the Alaskan Gold Rush as Reich is or I am, or others are who in their journey west dared nothing worse than the black bears in Yellowstone. Reich and the management of the ice cream place are at one, then, in ladling their hokum in thick syrup. And, for the record, in his other reference to Seattle Reich doesn't mean Seattle either, or Bellevue, but Fort Lewis, an army camp about as far from Seattle as New Haven is from New York. And the anti-war coffee house he implies was closed down by governmental order is still open.

Enough. One could multiply at will the simplicities and mistakes in *The Greening of America,* and more serious matters are at hand. Charles Reich is not the only one busily writing about the relations between Youth and its elders, and while most of what is written is nonsense, perhaps it need not be. There is always the argument from

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experience, which of course has great limitations but the power of precision; there are, also, ways of stating the primitive truths that can be clarifying. I'd like to bring in some of my own experience later, but we can begin with one of the truths: the idea that this is history's blackest moment or that ours is the blackest of countries can be maintained only by those whose sense of history is strictly a matter of numbers or scale. What is "worse" about the war in Vietnam is that the country's capacity for destruction is numerically greater than it was in the war against Mexico in 1846. What is "worse" about our public schools is not that the schools are worse but that they are much more populous and therefore their influence is much more pervasive. What anyone who is attempting to describe the period of his own lifetime as though it were history must remember is how easy it is to create crises and make dire prophecies by playing the numbers game. Likewise with the game of cultural indicators. Because Reich is both a propagandist and not very observant, he lists only those items in the culture of Consciousness II that he dislikes; like Muzak, and whole families watching television together. Predictably, perhaps, I rather like these, but they are barely fringe on the tapestry of popular culture. Even when we come to those matters which might be expected better to represent the popular culture of the period 1930-1960, little can be said except that many people are now nostalgic for the music of Rodgers and Hart, or *Casablanca,* or the novels of Raymond Chandler, because they are all dead and other styles have replaced theirs. Considerations of "culture" along these lines are barely distinguishable from the crudest considerations of fashion, although even in these matters it is possible to remember obvious truths. Reich, for instance, is very pleased that popular music has in some ways taken on attributes of black or soul music: "Their music, with its 'guts,' contrasted with the insipid white music." One has heard the argument a hundred times, and Reich can be depended on to offer it in its crudest form, but even then it has its point, especially if you compare, say, Otis Redding, with, say, Steve Lawrence. Still, it is perfectly obvious that when popular music began to rock and "get soul," something was lost, a point easily made if you compare, say, Ethel Merman with Grace Slick. This is all pretty rudimentary argument, admittedly, and the truths offered *are* obvious, but Reich can't even get this far.

We should be able to do better than this, and maybe the argument from experience will help. In my experience, for instance, there are a great many truly free and interestingly curious people who live in the heart of one bureaucracy or another, people who are made free by the simple fact that if you can't see Them, the instruments of corporate power, then They can't see you either. Someone who lives on the fringes of a large bureaucracy may feel that it is all one massive and impersonal system in which everything is being kept

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from folding, spindling, or mutilation. Just so; no one pays the slightest attention to what happens to me or my students, and my university is so large and swampy that it would be very hard for Them to find us even should They want to, which They don't. I, like most teachers, have encountered increasing evidence of Youth seeing itself in theoretical or political terms in my classes, but many of my students are as they have always been; some even like to take notes, lots still fret stupidly about grades, many like to let others do the talking in class. We gather for ten weeks, almost always strangers to each other, and try to build some mutual respect, try to entertain the ancient notion that some ideas are better than others, try to see how some literature is worth careful attention even though none of it is very Relevant. Often I feel that what is good in these classrooms is only the result of trying to keep bad things from happening: no conspiratorial theories about the world surrounding us, no simplicities of self-expression, no sense that the study of literature is necessarily a mug's game. When I take this experience and then read about Consciousness II—me—and Consciousness III—the students—I feel that all the evaluative adjectives that Reich likes to use—"false" and "true," "impaired" and "healthy," "straight" and "hip"—simply aren't relevant. We have our opportunities and our freedom, we don't use them terribly well, but except in our slovenly moments we try a lot harder than he does to make our job of work make sense and its own kind of pleasure.

I think I treasure all this because it seems to me the best antidote I know to giving in to sentimental visions of what is happening in the world. If I enjoy Muzak or watching television with my family, I too have things about which I feel irritable and gloomy and prophetic: professional journals, diesel buses, the propaganda of the public schools and that of the more organized elements of Consciousness III. But I see no reason to believe that I am being more sensitive or more intelligent when I am also feeling irritated, gloomy, and prophetic. When I go near that ice cream parlor in the suburb across the lake, I know I am letting myself in for it, know that my visions of the awfulness of life there are sentimental, as are my pastoral visions of the farming communities that the urban sprawl has not yet reached. And I know this, mostly, because of my students; in the classroom I meet shockingly fine people from the suburbs and some very winning ones from the farming communities who tell me how awful it is to grow up in such towns. I even meet some who seem to conform exactly to Reich's description of Consciousness III who also appear to be every bit as superb as Reich's idealization of Youth; to say nothing of some Consciousness III's who are slovenly, brutal, callous, unintelligent, and indifferent.

Mostly, then, my experience tells me to lay off generalizing about America, to avoid contributing my little litter to the large pile we

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seem to be trying to accumulate, to avoid letting the banalities of the likes of Reich irritate me into counter-visions of our condition. What I would like to offer is some reflections on a couple of passages I found in another book which attempts to cover the same ground as Reich, but in a different way. *The Movement Toward a New America* is a collection edited by Mitchell Goodman; mostly it is just mod stuff collected from underground newspapers, nine out of ten of whose visions of The Crisis have dated badly.[3] But the one tenth has some good stuff in it, and perhaps most relevant of all in the present context are some words offered by Theodore Roszak:

> What was in the past a bohemian frontier populated by a marginal few—an elite of effete gentlemen, outcast revolutionaries, risqué artists—has been staked out and democratized by a mass movement of the young, and mainly the white, middle-class young. So where the "decadents" specialized, as old roués in corrupting little boys and girls, now the little boys and girls have gone into business on their own, but refusing to yield their claim to innocence.

Roszak is writing as a radical intellectual looking for the most fertile breeding ground for his ideas. In the past the radicals had to make it with the working class, and now it is the young who must be their allies, and Roszak quite properly realizes that is going to be a very tricky business:

> The kids, miserably educated as they are, bring with them almost nothing but healthy instincts. And the project of building a sophisticated framework of thought atop those instincts is rather like trying to graft an oak tree upon a wild flower. How to sustain the oak? More important, how to avoid crushing the wild flower?

As a radical, Roszak assumes that he and his build oaks, but he also is able to acknowledge that knowing what to do with the wild flower that is the miserably educated young is the more important problem.

Roszak sees, as Reich does not, that the point about Youth is not that it has this or that style, or embodies these or those virtues, but that it is a counter group of great size and potential power. That hundreds of thousands of kids who grew up within an empire created by their fanatically productive parents and grandparents should inevitably be a counter group is clear; they must object to what they know, which is the empire's brutality, its emphasis on making itself the hero and rendering the individual passive. What Roszak wonders is how we are to live under these conditions, and so do I, although I don't want Roszak's oak tree, his sophisticated framework of radical thought, any more than I want America to become green with Reich's

[3] THE MOVEMENT TOWARD A NEW AMERICA, assembled by *Mitchell Goodman*. Pilgrim Press, $5.95. Besides Roszak's, other items of note are Peter Marin on adolescents, Marge Piercy on being a woman in the Movement, and Eldridge Cleaver on jails.

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litter. What I suspect is that if there is a virtue in living in an empire, it is that it increasingly must allow for more play in the system, more individual opportunity, precisely because it is so big. Its size may lead to brutality, but mostly because empires are always created by societies that are unsettled, not yet mature, and inclined to barbarousness; it also is busily creating "opportunities" that are not only like those of the recent Democratic administrations, but the opportunity not to do very much, or to live by the dictates and directions of the Whole Earth Catalogue. More oddness, thus, is possible, more havens can be created, and more emphasis can be placed on individual inventiveness as less is placed on public or political wisdom. The advantage of making politicians out of the young is not that they will use their power very well—but it is good to remember that they will always be a counter group—but that the power affords them opportunities, which are not political at all, to move in a world of older people. Increasingly in the last five or so years I have seen students able to write papers which spoke as though both writer and reader were individual people, isolated, trying. They are that much at home inside the empire that no matter how much they hate the empire they can treat me, its putative agent, simply as me, and this is something I could not even begin to do when I was their age and insisting that anyone who had not read D. H. Lawrence had it all wrong.

Ruskin was right, the goal of men is not freedom but right relations one with another. What the empire allows for is not change of its public policies, but inventiveness, tolerance, and even a good kind of pushiness on the part of its citizens. No one can seriously contemplate for very long the fact that Richard Nixon is president, but then he does not have to. Instead, put some people in a room, young and old, give them a subject, then see if the enemy, which is dogmatism, can be kept at bay. It seems to me that is more possible now than it was fifteen or twenty years ago. Grant youth the cumbersomeness of its politics because there is no other way at present to give it parity with its elders; grant age its received wisdom and hope the politics of the young can keep their elders nimble. Teaching and learning are always difficult, especially when so few of us know where we are and when so much in the world outside invites one to feel angry or powerless. But that difficulty, and the enmity to the littering of Charles Reich which is thereby created, is also a great possibility and may well be entering a new and better time. The problem is to keep America from becoming green, or any other single thing.

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